

Australian

PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

APRIL 1991

BLACK LABEL E D I T I O N



PET OF THE YEAR ISSUE!

GAY BASHING
HOMOPHOBIC HATE CRIME

F O R S U B S C R I B E R S O N L Y

Great Music Should Fill Your Senses.



Introducing Sonance in-wall speakers. ■ The first speakers built on the theory that music should be heard, but not seen. ■ Off the floor and out of sight, throughout your home, they satisfy your sense of aesthetics as well as the demands of high fidelity. ■ With your choice of paint or fabric, Sonance blend perfectly, almost invisibly, with the decor. ■ But more remarkable, these compact but powerful speakers reproduce music so accurately, even an audiophile's expectations are surpassed. ■ See your



T H E ■ L E A D E R ■ I N ■ A R C

Not Your Living Room.



nearest Sonance dealer. He's the one source for the speakers, switchers, wire, and accessories you need to add extraordinary ambience to the bedroom, library, bath, or kitchen. ■ Without ever intruding on your space. ■ For more information on all Sonance products and your nearest dealer contact Concept Audio Pty. Ltd., at 32 Roger Street, Brookvale 2100. Or call (02) 938-3700. FAX: (02) 938-3836.



H I T E C T U R A L ■ A U D I O™

Australian PENTHOUSE

The Australian Men's Magazine/Vol 12 No 4/April 1991 Black Label Edition



Cover by Bruce Coulter

FEEDBACK	Reader Opinion	4
FORUM	Correspondence	7
SEX	Article John Georgeff	15
TRAVEL	Article C.J. Mackay	16
SPORT	Article Con Kringas	19
WINE	Comment Elisabeth King	21
STYLE	Comment Mark Abernethy	22
MONEY	Comment David Quicksilver	24
STATE OF THE ART	Service Paul Burrows	26
MODERN MALE DILEMMAS	Counsel Dr Bob Montgomery	29
ADVISOR	Correspondence	30
CINDY	Pictorial Denys Defrancesco	32a
KANTOR'S CELEBRITY SKINS	Satire Frants Kantor	33
THE NIGHT STALKERS	Article Paul Wilson	34
JOE AND JAQUI	Pictorial Glenn Morales	41
FORUM COMPETITION WINNERS	Correspondence	52
DUMB & DIRTY	Humor C.J. Mackay	58
SUSIE	Pet Of The Month Bruce Coulter	52
HITMEN	Article Grantlee Kieza	74
ESTRELLITA	Pictorial Michael Moore	80
BLACK MAGIC	Motoring Peter McKay	89
PET OF THE YEAR	Pictorial Bambi	95
ANOTHER WORLD	Cartoons Kim Murray	107
BRIDGITTE	Pictorial Hank Londoner	112a
PATRICIA	Pictorial Stephen Hicks	114
ELIZA	Pictorial Jon Harroll	127
SOUND	Reviews Jeremy Cook	136
THE TRAVELLING HEDONIST	Comment Al Goldstein	138
LOOSE ENDS	Service C.J. Mackay	140

Australian and New Zealand Editorial and Advertising Office: PH Editorial Services Pty Limited, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6677. Facsimile (02) 922 6284. Copyright © Penthouse International Limited (1983). All rights reserved. Portions are reprinted by permission. On request licensee will issue formal copyright assignment of licensed material appearing by permission of licensor. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations. Fiction manuscripts are welcome but these must be typewritten, double-spaced, using only one side of the paper, and accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope for return. Names and addresses should also be written on the manuscripts. Australian Penthouse does not accept responsibility for lost manuscripts or photo submissions. Please allow several weeks for return. Printed by Dai Nippon, Hong Kong, ISSN 0158-0655.

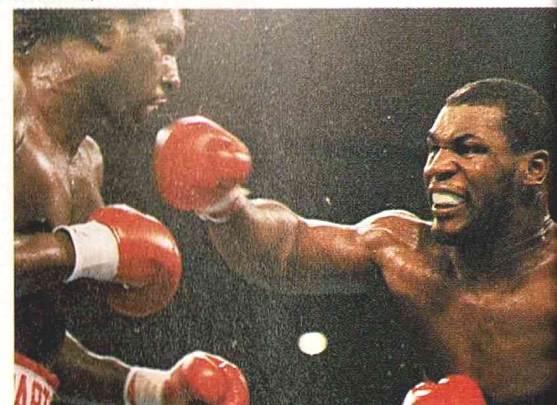
*Recommended price only



The Night Stalkers



Dumb & Dirty



Hitmen



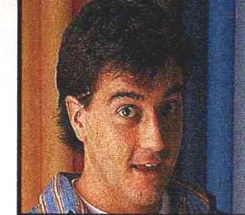
Black Magic



C.J. MACKAY



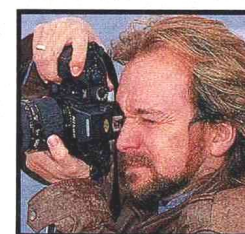
PETER MCKAY



ERIC LÖBBECKE



GRANTLEE KIEZA



PAUL BURROWS

HOUSECALL

ANNOUNCING THE 1991 PET OF THE YEAR

The votes have all been counted, the die is cast, and the winner of the coveted title of Pet Of The Year is revealed on page 95, along with an assortment of fantastic prizes worth — well, worth an awful lot of money. Here's one girl who can forget all about the words "economic recession."

NIGHT STALKERS

Gays have always been targets in this homophobic country, but life for them has never been this tough before. In the past 18 months four Sydney men have been murdered by gay bashers, another half a dozen have been beaten almost to death, and police estimate an average of 30 attacks per week in the country's gay capital alone. Paul Wilson tells a disturbing story of mindless adolescent sadism on page 34. The photographic artwork was contributed by Geoff Howden.

FORUM COMPETITION WINNERS

Aspiring scribes in the field of erotica came out of the woodwork when *Penthouse* offered a \$1000 prize for the most titillating Forum letter. Many were of such a high standard that the judges found themselves immersed in serious literary criticism for the first time since high school. The winning letter, along with four runners-up, are presented for your enjoyment on page 52.

DUMB & DIRTY

Not content with offending the nation's sensibilities with yet another collection of offensive riddles, resident *Penthouse* humorist C.J. Mackay has gone all out this time with a compilation of 50 foul jokes with which to amuse your friends and shock your relatives over dinner. Turn to Eric Löbbecke's illustration on page 58.

HITMEN

Punchers, as opposed to boxers, never lose their punch. George Foreman, probably the hardest hitter the fight game has ever seen, is proving that adage at an age when most men contemplate the pleasures of grandfatherhood. Sportswriter Grantlee Kieza chronicles the exploits of Foreman and many others among boxing's greatest punchers on page 74 — a hard-hitting story if ever there was one.

ANOTHER WORLD

It's always a pleasure to introduce a new cartoonist with outstanding talent. Kim Murray's quirky, beautifully rendered artwork is presented on page 107.

BLACK MAGIC

The standard Jaguar XJS sports coupé is not a fast car. Handsome, beautifully appointed, and a pillar of the Establishment, but not fast. However, one specialist in Jaguar modifications has created an XJS that will easily outrun even the quickest Ferrari or Lamborghini — and in the sort of style that the Italian exotics have never approached. Motoring Editor Peter McKay transported himself into the stratosphere in this astonishing machine, and his report, with photos by Paul Burrows, appears on page 89.

APRIL



EDITOR

Phil Abraham

EDITORIAL

Art Director: Tim Donnellan; Senior Editors: Corinne Mackay, Greg Hunter; Copy Editor: Trish Murphy; Assistant Art Directors: Mark Renton, Nikki Brady; Production Controller: Brett Fuller; Motoring Editor: Peter McKay; Photographic Director: Susan Daub; Contributing Editors: Paul R. Wilson, Jeremy Cook, Al Goldstein; Typesetting: Excel Imaging Pty Ltd.

ADVERTISING

Advertising and Marketing Director: Howard Jenkins; National Sales Manager: Sarah Bowring; Advertising Traffic Manager: Cynthia Ragga; Vic: Bob Gaff, Brown Orr Fletcher Burrows P/L, 95 Palmerston Crescent, South Melbourne 3205. Tel: (03) 696 5188 Fax: (03) 696 5131; SA: Tony Giuliani, Cumberland Media, 12 Eaton Street, Cumberland Park 5041. Tel: (08) 373 1142; Qld: Sue Horne, Geoff Horne Agencies Pty Ltd, PO Box 247, Kenmore 4069. Tel: (07) 202 6813 Fax: (07) 202 7133; Japan: Universal Media Corporation, CPO Box 46, Tokyo. Tel: 666 3036 Telex: 2524665 (KANDKJ).

PUBLISHERS

Published in collaboration with Penthouse Publications Ltd c/o Ronald Fletcher, Baker and Co., 80A Stoke Newington Rd, London N16 7XF England. Edited by PH Editorial Services Pty Limited, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062.

EDITORIAL OFFICES

PH Editorial Services Pty Ltd, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6677. Facsimile: (02) 922 6284.

ADVERTISING OFFICES

PH Editorial Services Pty Ltd, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6677. Telex AA 27833. Facsimile: (02) 922 6284.

DISTRIBUTORS

Gordon & Gotch Ltd.

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD
(US edition)

Bob Guccione (Chairman and Chief Executive Officer); Kathy Keeton (Vice-Chairman); David J. Myerson (President and Chief Operating Officer); Anthony J. Guccione (Secretary-Treasurer); William F. Marlieb (President, Marketing & Adv. Sales); John Evans (President/Foreign Editions).

EDITORIAL

Editor-in-Chief & Publisher: Bob Guccione; Sr VP/ Graphics Director: Frank De Vito; VP/Art Director & Publisher International: Joe Brooks; Art Director: Richard Bleiweiss; Editor: Peter Bloch; Managing Editor: Robert Sabat.

ADMINISTRATIVE

Sr VP/Administrative Services: Jeri Winston; Sr VP/ Production Director: John Evans; Sr VP Associate Publisher: Don Myrus; Foreign Editions Manager: Michael Stevens.

EDITORIAL OFFICES

New York: 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y., 10023-5965. Tel. (212) 496-6100. West Coast: 6728 Eton Ave, Canoga Park, Calif. 91303, Tel. (818) 992-4777.

FOREIGN EDITIONS

France: Editions des Savanes, 65 Avenue des Champs-Elysees, 75008 Paris; Germany: Redaktion PH, RedMag Gesellschaft f. redakt. Leistungen mbH, Postfach 140460, D-8000 Munchen 5; Greece: Nautica Ltd, 66 Posidonos Ave, 17455 Alimos; Holland: European Publishing, 21 Holborn Viaduct, London, England; Hong Kong: Yongder Hall Ltd, 661 King's Rd, Quarry Bay; Mexico: Corporacion Editorial s.a. de C.V., Lucio Blanco 435, Col. San Juan, Tijuana DF 02400; Spain: Editorial Formentor SA, Calle Rocafort 104, 08015 Barcelona; UK: Sightline Publications Ltd, PO Box 381, Mill Harbour, London e14 9TW.

feedback

Rascals Rule

The photo story by Wayne Miles about New Guinea's Rascals in the December edition was nothing less than brilliant. What's with this guy Miles? I have followed his stuff in your magazine since his story and photos about bowhunting feral buffalo up north a couple of years ago and his articles and shit-hot photos of Britain's skinhead gangs and the color wars in LA were one of the main reasons I kept buying your magazine. True. I wanted to see where Miles was going to put his balls on the line next. My question is this: is Miles mad? — *K. Montgomery, Beecroft, NSW*

Bore no more

Even though C.J. Mackay's very funny list of Australia's 30 greatest bores in January *Penthouse* (beautifully illustrated, I might add) was hard to argue with, it must be admitted that you barely scratched the surface. For the record, I wish to add these names to C.J.'s list of the toweringly tedious: Fred "Tuckerchute" Nile, Brian "Bunter" Bury, Ita "Ita" Buttrose again, Kylie and Danii "Twostrokes" Minogue, Joh "Blow" Bjelke-Petersen, Siimon "Suuuucks" Reynolds, Ian "Golly" Meldrum and Bill "Cobwebs" O'Reilly. May you all rest in peace, even though you gave us none. — *R.J. Ryan, Tamworth, NSW*

Mayday!

I was much impressed with Trish Murphy's excellent investigation into the appalling record of the Federal Sea Safety Centre (January *Penthouse*). It gave the distinct impression that as long as all the loose ends are tidied up, these shiny-burns couldn't give a rat's arse whether the seaman in question sinks or swims. A country's status (First, Second or Third World) is reflected in many things, but the surest indicator in the end must be the respect that is accorded to human life. Can't we afford to place life before all else any more? — *Richard Harris, Hurstville, NSW*

A slice of heaven

Hooray! You've finally catered for us Kiwis by featuring Stacey Burford — a Pet of our own. We'd like more Kiwi girls in *Penthouse*, please. And how about some Kiwi stories? Something like Rascals Rule (December *Penthouse*), but from New Zealand. There's plenty going on here.



Stacey — slice of heaven

And would you all fall about laughing if I dared to suggest you run some Footrot Flats cartoons? Even just in the NZ edition? Keep it up, anyway — it's great. — *Happy Kiwi, Auckland*

Tech talk

As a longtime subscriber to *Australian Penthouse* I have seen many changes in your pages over the years. Some I have welcomed and some I've wondered about. I never could stand a bar of that comic strip Bodyguard. Not to put too fine a point on it, it was a load of tripe. But a couple of changes you've made have been winners. To wit, the State Of The Art column, the regular inclusion of couples pictorials and Kantor's Gallery. I have spoken. — *Andrew Cummings, Brisbane, Qld*

Real rooting

The fiction story, "Transference", in your January edition was really good — and quite scary. I always enjoy the fiction, although some months you don't have any. Presumably because of space? Anyway, I also used to enjoy the Sid Fysh stories, so give us more.

I also agree with "Tripod" in Feedback a couple of months back, who is not threatened by the male models. Nor am I. I don't think they're scrawny runts, but I'm

quite happy with my own dick and in fact enjoy the couples pictorials, as does my girlfriend. Only thing is, they're kind of simulated. What about some real rooting? Or ain't that allowed? — *Name and address withheld*

It ain't allowed — except in the Black Label Edition. — Ed

Truth in publishing

I buy your magazine for the pictures. — *Name and address withheld*

Speed kills

In your February edition you had a story about speed, and a story about bikies, with hints of connections between the two. So what about the real story — or did somebody get paranoid? — *Name and address withheld*

Lucky you

Last week I travelled to the city on business for a few days. I stayed with a girl I used to work with, who shares a house in the suburbs with another girl and a guy. The first evening, after dinner, they all had to go out, leaving me alone to catch up on some work and watch a bit of TV. In a bookcase next to the TV was a collection of *Penthouse* magazines in a classy set of binders, and I was perusing these when the girl who had invited me to stay arrived home. She said that after looking at a couple of these books "they're all the same", and asked me to give her a handful of them. "I'll bet you twenty bucks I can find a girl in one of these books who is the same as me from below the neckline."

I accepted the bet and left her alone while she waded through the magazines. After about half an hour she came through to me in the kitchen and told me I owed her twenty bucks. I'd never seen her in her birthday suit, so I said I wanted proof. "After a cuppa I'm taking a shower, so poke your head in if you don't believe me," she said. I did that and agreed to pay her the twenty bucks. She then agreed not to take the money if I joined her in the shower and soaped her back for her. At this my tool nearly bust through my pants and within moments we were engaged in the most fantastic sex I've ever had.

Thank you for your magazine, which made this all possible. — *Name and address withheld*

YOU PAY ONLY \$71.88 FOR A MIXED DOZEN WORTH OVER \$100!



TO GUARANTEE YOU THE BEST \$5.99 WINES IN AUSTRALIA, WE HAD TO CHEAT A BIT

We confess. To give you a mixed dozen at an average of \$5.99 a bottle, we had to pack it with wines that normally sell for up to \$9.49. But that's the least of our sins.

We're also guilty of having National Wine Show Judges on staff, full-time, tasting and approving every wine you receive. And refusing wines that have to be sold elsewhere.

Your local bottle shop takes whatever the wholesalers have on special, but we deal direct with the wineries and pass the savings on to you. We cheat a lot of middle-people out of their mark-ups, but if that's what it takes to give you \$7.99 wines for \$5.99, we do it gladly.

FREE Home Tasting Guarantee

With a record like that, can you trust us? As Australia's largest single wine merchant, with over 114,000 Members, the answer is probably "YES!" But

find out for yourself. Order today and try a bottle. Try two bottles. If you don't agree that it's the best \$5.99 wine you've tasted recently, we'll collect the remainder and credit you with the cost of the full dozen. And you keep the free gift. Guaranteed.

ORDER TODAY

Give yourself an edge. Enjoy better wine for less money, with the convenience of home delivery. Order your Introductory Mixed Dozen right now, and you get 6 months' membership of CELLARMASTERS: The Wine Cellar, absolutely FREE!

FREE Home Tasting Guarantee

Try a bottle or two. If you don't like it, we'll collect the remainder and credit you with the cost of the full dozen. And you keep the free gift! You can't lose; it's GUARANTEED!



ENROL BY PHONE: 008 222 237 FREE. (387 6066 in Sydney)
8am - 7pm MON - FRI; 9am - 4pm SAT. OR FAX YOUR ORDER ON (02) 387 4129.

Please complete and mail to: Cellarmaster Wines Pty. Limited, 500 Oxford Street, Bondi Junction, NSW 2022. Or order by phone or fax at the numbers above.

Mr/Mrs/Miss/Ms

Billing Address: No. and Street

Suburb or Town

State

Postcode

Daytime Phone ()

Delivery Address: (if different from above, please attach details)

Special Delivery Instructions: (e.g., 'Leave at back door')

A. ☐ Please bill my ☐ Bankcard ☐ MasterCard ☐ Visa ☐ Diners Club

Card number

Expiry Date

B. ☐ Enclosed is my cheque for \$, including delivery and insurance charges.

Delivery times: Credit card orders — allow 10 days (14 days in W.A. and Tas.) Normally much faster. Cheque orders allow an additional 7 days for bank clearance. Delivery charges (per case): Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, ACT: \$5.50. Gold Coast, Newcastle, Wollongong, NSW Central Coast, Ballarat, Bendigo, Geelong: \$5.95. VIC Country: \$6.95. Perth, SA Country: \$7.95. Hobart, Launceston, NSW Country, Alice Springs: \$8.95. Darwin: \$9.95. QLD, WA, NT and TAS Country: \$10.95. (In outlying areas, your wine will be delivered to your local Agent.) Insurance charge: Your wine is fully insured. A charge of 1.8% of the value of the wine is automatically debited to your credit card account.

YOURS TO KEEP, FREE!



When you buy the Mixed Dozen, you also get 2 bottles of Sepelt Classic Cuvée, worth \$13.31. They're yours to keep, FREE, even if you don't keep the wine.

Item	How many cases?	Price each	Sub total
MY35-ZW91 Introductory Mixed Dozen	☐	x \$71.88 =	\$
Insurance (1.8% of wine cost)	☐	x \$ 1.29 =	\$
Delivery (see below left)	☐	x \$ =	\$
			TOTAL \$

6 months' FREE membership of CELLARMASTERS: The Wine Cellar. I hereby authorise you to enrol me in CELLARMASTERS: The Wine Cellar and to debit my credit card account by the appropriate amount. As a first-time joiner, send me the Member's Catalogues and Special Offers FREE for 6 months. After the 6 months' free membership, I understand you will bill my card account for the \$22 p.a. membership fee, but I may cancel at any time for a pro-rata refund. I understand I am under no obligation to buy. I certify that I am over 18 years of age.

Signature X

Date / /

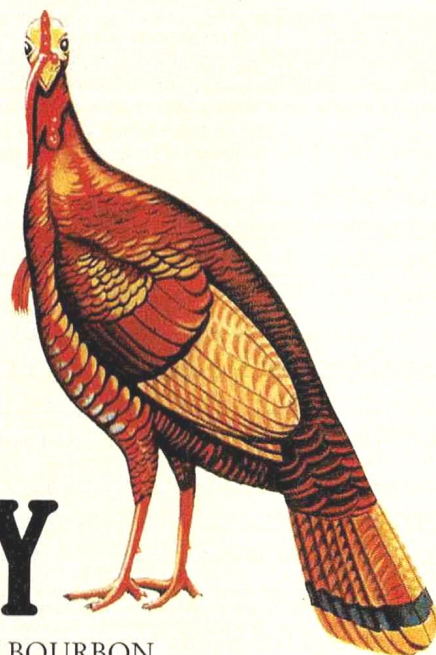
Savings based on previously published prices.



Quality birds always get a lot of attention.

WILD TURKEY

WILD TURKEY. AMERICA'S FINEST BOURBON.



APB 14667-A PER 0203/B

Taipan Charlie

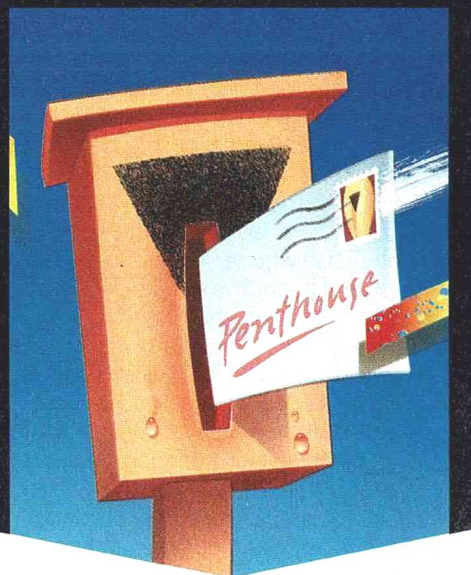
I was in the Philippines doing some research into birds — the feathered kind — and my work had taken me to a large island on which there were one or two resorts, but little else, except a guest house in a village on the remote west coast. The guest house was a bamboo affair, with several rudimentary cottages and a large hut with a big deck on which people gathered to drink warm beer or coffee. At the time I was there, it was the rainy season, so the place was more or less empty, and I was mostly alone.

Felix, the proprietor, had just got married, and he and his new wife, Tani, occupied the hut next to mine. Sound carries, in the tropics, and every night I would lie under my mosquito net, listening to them carrying on like banshees. Tani was noisy as hell, and night after night I found myself hot and frustrated. I would slip my hand down between my legs and keep the newlyweds company, timing my orgasms to theirs. Nice enough, but it's not the same, whichever way you look at it.

After a couple of weeks, I had to go on a longish expedition, which kept me away from the village for five days. When Dong, my guide, and I returned to the guest house, both filthy, caked with mud and sweat, there was a stranger sitting at a table drinking a San Miguel. He introduced himself as Taipan Charlie, which I thought was a bit of a wank. But he went on to explain that his name arose from his being a herpetologist — ie, he was into snakes. He was something to look at, himself. He was lean, tanned, with long, blond hair hooked back into a ponytail. There were various collections of beads around his wrists and neck, and his jeans did nothing to hide the easy power of his body.

I explained that I was an "ologist" too. He nodded, and invited me to sit down. I declined, saying I was keen for a shower, but would join him for dinner.

I did. Tani had cooked a lapu-lapu in sweet ginger sauce, and Taipan Charlie, myself, Dong and the Diving Club boys settled down to an evening of San Mig and mosquito dodging. There was a big yellow moon over the bay, and Taipan Charlie



forum

was flinging me red-hot glances across the table. Everything about him turned me on, and it stood to reason that we'd end up in the same hut for the night. I was so overheated that I was squirming in my chair, and by the time we walked down under the coconut palms, I could hardly breathe.

In the doorway of my hut he moved up close, and kissed me hot and hard. I was running my hands up and down his back, feeling the shape of his muscles and the valley between them, along his spine. Through my sarong, and the faded denim of his shorts, I could feel his cock springing to life. I put my hand down and slowly began to massage the bulge, making him harden rapidly beneath my fingertips. With a short, swift movement he ripped off my sarong and slipped a finger between my very tropical lips, sending hot flashes through my body. Just then, I heard Tani give a clear, bird-like call from the next hut. Her too. I reckon I've never wanted to be screwed as much as I did that night.

Taipan Charlie had a red cobra tattooed across his belly. This I explored while he rolled a joint. Moving on, I released his dick from his shorts and inspected it with my fingertips. It was an excellent dick, not too big, with a slight curve to the left and a noble head. It stood up hard, and the sight of it drove me wild. I decided that I wanted to lick it, so I started by running my tongue

along the creases of his groin and around his balls. Warming up a lot, I moved up on to his shaft. About then Taipan Charlie abandoned the joint and swung me around into a 69.

I tried to concentrate on what I was doing, rolling my tongue across the head of that immaculate cock, touching the little slit in the top of it and working around the edges and down on to the shaft. He had a couple of spots that made him really move, and I found those and returned to them often, licking and licking like a cat. Taipan Charlie had gripped my hips and pulled me down on to his face. He was delving his tongue in and out of my box, and moving up from there to tease my greedy clit. His tongue was relentless, circling

my button, moving away, coming back to suck it and make me writhe. There were rivulets of sweat running across the ridges of muscle on his stomach, and I could feel my own juices running out of me and on to his nose.

Taipan Charlie had me taut as a bow-string and I started really working on his dick, sucking it deep into the back of my throat and not giving him a minute's break. I sucked away the salty pre-come and delighted to feel him become jumpy, the way men do when they're right out on the edge and trying to hold out. I was on the edge myself and he knew it. He quit teasing and concentrated strictly on my clit, rolling it beneath the tip of his tongue. Just at the last minute, he drove two fingers deep into my soaking hole. That was it. It sent me way over the top, and I thrashed wildly. He held me down, keeping his tongue on me until I wanted to yell for mercy. But I couldn't — I had a mouthful of out-of-control dick. He was thrusting like crazy and I wasn't going to let him get away. He was groaning, and his fingers were digging hard into my flesh. He shot off like a cannon, and I kept on sucking him until he subsided and softened slightly. I swallowed the lot. I don't usually like swallowing come, but this time it turned me on more than ever.

We collapsed in a sweaty tangle to catch our respective breaths. Taipan

forum

Charlie managed to finish rolling the smoko while I gulped water from the bottle beside the bed. While we smoked, I traced patterns in the sheen of sweat on his chest, running a fingernail down to his navel and along the sinuous lines of the red cobra on his stomach. He investigated my nipples, licking them and then blowing on them to cool them down. He licked up the sweat that had gathered between my breasts, tickling me and making me giggle. By the time the smoke was finished, his dick was back in action, and we were both ready for it.

Taipan Charlie rolled me on to my stomach and pulled my hips up to meet him.

I was slippery as a seeded coconut in there, and he went in to the hilt first thrust. He held still for a second, pressing in deep, and it nearly drove me over the top again. I controlled that, wanting to spin things out a bit first. He started to move, nice and slow, drawing back to the tip of his dick and then edging back in, teasing me.

I wriggled backwards, trying to get all of him, begging him to fuck me hard. He licked my neck but kept his pace slow, playing me until I was crazy for him. Then suddenly he gripped my hips and, holding me steady, began to fuck in earnest, still

drawing right back but coming home hard and deep.

His erection was bigger this time, but I had no trouble taking him in. I could feel every inch of him, feel his balls slapping against me. Sweat was running off him and dripping on to my back, running down my spine. He buried one hand in my hair and pulled my head back to kiss me, and I told him I didn't ever want him to stop. Not ever. He grinned, and said he'd see what he could do.

He did well. Taipan Charlie and I fucked each other from every angle we could think of — backwards, forwards, me with my legs up around my neck letting him in deep, sideways and then back to backwards again. I was jumpy as a cat, by that time, with my blood on fire. Taipan Charlie, right out on his own edge and breathing hard, pulled another one on me. Without warning, he licked his forefinger, slipped it up my arse a little, and wriggled it around. I was done for, and shot way out of control. It started in my fingertips and my scalp and the soles of my feet, and flooded through my body in a red-hot wave. I screamed, and ground myself against him. It set him off, and he let out a shout, ramming into me with all the force in his body. I felt him burst inside, felt the heat of it spreading, starting to seep out and run down my legs. He slowed down to a stop, and we held very still for a while, not wanting to break it yet. At last we rolled over

and stretched out like cats, looking at each other.

Taipan Charlie let out a long breath. "Fuck," he said.

I nodded. I trailed my finger through the stickiness on my thighs and licked it. Outside, except for the chattering of the fruit bats, there was silence. No sound from Felix and Tani this time. So they had competition. So they were going to have to get used to it.

At least, as long as Taipan Charlie and me stayed in town. — *Name and address withheld*

Taxi ride

My wife is a very classy woman. She is also one of those incredible people who just exudes sexuality and luckily for me, she's happy to explore those wonderful feelings of passion that overcome you from time to time.

Recently, we attended a ball in Sydney and it was one of those nights where everything clicked. The music was great, the company terrific and the wine flowing. We danced and chatted all night and left the ball late, but on a real high. Luckily, we'd caught a cab in so we could both drink.

After hailing a cab to take us home, we both relaxed in the back seat. We started discussing the night as we were driven home and I soon got the feeling that Deb was in one of those "explore me" moods.

As we talked, I slipped my hand on to her leg and started caressing her, slowly moving up further. She obviously enjoyed the contact and squirmed a little as her pussy started responding to the stimulation. During our discussion we managed to draw the driver into the conversation.

I moved my hand up Deb's leg to her crotch and cupped her. I could feel the heat radiating through her knickers and I ran my finger along them to trace the shape of her cunt. Her legs parted and she shifted forward in her seat.

I continued talking to her and the cabbie as if nothing was happening. When Deb could grab her breath, she joined the conversation. I could tell she was getting very excited by sitting behind the cabbie with her legs apart and talking as though nothing was happening, so I slipped her knickers aside to expose her now dripping hole. I slid a finger between her lips and spread her juices all over her groin. As I did so, it made that soft, wet-cunt sound.

At first I recoiled at the sound in case the cabbie had heard, but I could tell that the possibility of being caught was adding to her excitement. The fact that there was another man within a metre of her who couldn't see her with her legs wide open, really turned her on. I continued running my fingers in and out of her lips and gently and rhythmically rubbing her clit. As her lips swelled with excitement I inserted another finger, as Deb loves that feeling of being filled up. As my two fingers explored

THIS IS **GOD**; I'M
NOT IN RIGHT NOW BUT
AT THE SOUND OF THE **TOVE...**



"... and what would madam like to
order after she's finished her hors d'oeuvre?"



YOU DON'T NEED TO CUT YOUR CAR WHEN YOU POLISH IT.

Many car polishes contain harsh abrasives to remove faded enamel. However, these abrasives are not only unnecessary for modern paint finishes, but potentially damaging. Armor All Car Wax contains polishing agents so fine, your car won't end up with cuts and abrasions. Just a great shine.

ARMOR ALL



forum

her I continued talking to the cabbie. Deb, however, was by now incapable of talking and was near to exploding.

As we got closer to home I stepped up the rhythm on her clit and the thought of her coming in public really excited me. As we turned the corner about 500 metres from home, I could tell she was close so I sped up the pace and slid a third finger into her. She absolutely exploded but had to contain her gasps for fear of being heard. She bucked in the seat as her orgasm took hold, but was determined not to make a sound.

As we pulled up outside our house Deb couldn't wait to get inside to finish off what we had started. I paid the cabbie and as I got out he gave me a little smile. He obviously knew. — *Name and address withheld*

Hot-tub tango

While I was working on the construction of a mountain resort last autumn, I had an experience that I thought was worthy of your magazine.

It was just after a long weekend and I decided to get up to work a day early. We had been working on a chalet that was near completion, and a day of lounging in a partially furnished house with a hot tub sounded like just what the doctor ordered.

On the way up, I stocked up at the bottle shop, then stopped at the local stable where my foreman's girlfriend works. We had talked before, but the idea of fucking this raven-haired goddess seemed beyond the realms of possibility.

After some small talk, Angie said that she had to take a group of tourists out on a one-hour ride, asking me if I wanted to go along. Of course I did. I had not been on the back of a horse in more than a year, and after the ride my arse was sore. I told Angie that I was going to the chalet to soak in the hot tub and invited her to come over after work. She readily agreed. At this point the luckiest I thought I would get would be to see her 38Ds covered by the thin material of her bikini.

Once I got to the house, I put some wine and beer in the fridge to cool and sat down in front of the TV to wait for her. When she arrived, I let her in, sat her on the couch, got her a drink, and went to check on the temperature of the water. It was ready, so we changed into our suits, paused to grab a bottle of wine, and headed for the tub.

After about five minutes of soaking, talking, and laughing, I felt a foot on my thigh, slowly working its way higher. When it reached my groin, Angie sighed and said, "I'm so lonely; my boyfriend is away working all the time."

My cock swelled to its full length in my shorts. With the stimulation of the warm water jets and that beautiful foot, it took all

my restraint not to fuck her right there and then.

She removed her bikini, allowing me free access to her wonderful tits and closely trimmed pussy. I ripped my shorts off, letting my dong swing free.

Starting at her neck, I slowly kissed my way down her well-tanned body, pausing at those beautiful tits to nibble and suck her nipples until they stood at attention like pencil erasers. I moved down to her navel as she arched her back and worked my way to her sweet-smelling mound. I put my hands under her buttocks, holding her on top of the water, and dived in with great gusto, licking and sucking her until she had a shuddering orgasm. It was so intense that I had to support her firm behind with both hands when she screamed with pleasure, driving my face deeper into her sopping cunt.

As Angie's quivering subsided, I rose to give her a long, lingering kiss, at the same time teasing her swollen hole with the head of my dick, allowing just the tip to disappear before withdrawing until it slipped out of her well-lubricated tunnel. Finally, she couldn't take it anymore. She grabbed my bum, forcing my full eight inches inside, and a low moan escaped her lips. Slowly at first, but with an increasing tempo, I drove my dick in again and again, until our lovemaking reached a frenzied pace. With her nails gripping my back, I brought my beauty to the brink several more times. I knew I couldn't hold out much longer myself — I felt my come bubbling up from my balls. With one more deep thrust and a primal growl, the most intense orgasm of my life consumed me. Exhausted, but not wanting the sensation to end, I sat back on one of the benches with Angie straddling me, my throbbing member still deep inside her.

Taking a sip of wine, Angie eased off and sat beside me. We enjoyed the afterglow, the wine, and each other's company. Then she reached over and placed one hand on my semi-soft tube. I felt it stir from her touch. She stroked me back to life, then told me to sit on the edge of the tub.

She engulfed my manhood with her sensuous mouth, taking in my whole length by applying some hard suction. This sensation, coupled with the sight of her raven hair spilling over my loins, was almost all I could take. With one last lick, she stood and turned around, her back to me. She put her hands on the edge of the tub, giving me a wonderful view of her arse and slit. With her legs spread, she looked over her shoulder and purred, "Take me from behind, baby."

I needed no further encouragement, and entered her with one stroke. This time our lovemaking was less frenzied. I watched my dick disappearing into her hole time after time. Soon her moans became louder and more urgent. When she said, "Come with me, baby. Come with

me," it was all I needed. I throbbed and gushed with my second orgasm of the night.

By now it was pretty late, and I asked her to sleep over — she agreed. I took her hand and led her upstairs to the master bedroom and bathroom. Angie gasped when we entered the bathroom — all the walls were covered with mirrors and the oversized tub was oval. I turned on the shower and Angie grabbed my balls, sending shivers up my spine. Once in the shower, we soaped each other up, and the sight of this sex-starved vixen covered in lather stirred my well-used member to life once again. Usually, twice in one night is all I can handle, but Angie had a wild effect on me.

The water pelting down my back and the vision before me made my desire even more intense. Angie sat on the edge of the bath, her legs resting on either side, and cooed, "Give me face." Obliging, I knelt between her legs and licked her inner thigh, slowly moving toward her sex. With wide strokes I lapped at her wetness, my nose full of her scent, as she rocked with orgasm after orgasm. We rinsed off and I led her to the bedroom, where we spent the rest of the night in each other's arms.

Since then, Angie has broken up with my foreman and I've left the company. We are now living together, very happy and content. — *Name and address withheld*

Bon voyage

It was a spring Sunday afternoon in Sydney. Two friends and I boarded the ferry at Manly, heading for the Sydney Football Stadium to see the Rugby League final between Canberra and Brisbane. It was the 12.15 ferry, and it was packed with locals and tourists going to the city.

It was a fairly rough ride. My friends and I were sitting in the middle seats. I looked to my left and saw a couple, both about 25, healthy looking. The bloke was wearing a parka and shorts. The girl was wearing a sweater and was quite attractive in skin-tight jeans.

At the same time as I noticed them, I saw that the girl's hand was buried between the guy's upper thighs. I thought this was pretty interesting, and the next time I looked, her hand was under his parka and the movement left no doubt that she was giving him a hand job.

It was Sunday lunchtime on the Manly ferry; people were sitting all around this couple, and she was wanking him! Spare my days!

It was a rough ride. The bloke was pretending to be asleep, or at least, nodding off. Then the girl put her head above his groin, nestling up against him, also pretending to be asleep. But I noticed her head and mouth weren't facing outwards, but pointing down to his prick. She was giving him head — you could see the

Continued on page 122

CUT

You've convinced me that Armor All Car Wax will give my car a great shine without scratching it. Please send me a free sample* so I can see for myself. Post to: Armor All Car Wax Sample, PO Box 303, Sutherland, NSW 2232.

Full Name: _____

Address: _____

Postcode: _____ Age: _____

Car Make: _____

Model/Years of Age: _____

(*Whilst stocks last/one sample per household.)

SEL 379/P/Palace

AND POLISH





If you'd like to know more about Lynchburg, drop us a line.

MR HUBERT SIMS' APPLES are only one good reason to visit Lynchburg, Tennessee, in the fall of the year.

You'll find Mr Sims (along with his wife) up on the courthouse square. And not far away you'll find the Jack Daniel Distillery, where smooth-sippin' Tennessee Whiskey is still made. (We have a man who carries you on tour and shows you how we make it.)

If you come about now, you're sure to leave with some good apples. But whenever you come, we believe you'll take home a good time.



JACK DANIEL'S TENNESSEE WHISKEY

SJD 0271

UNWELCOME ADVANCES

All this fashionable talk about sexual harassment in the workplace, or any other place for that matter, brings back painful memories for me. It doesn't just happen to women, you know. Out there, many men — in fact, a great many men — have had their lives changed by sexual harassment and are too ashamed to talk about it. Sad to say, I have been sexually harassed repeatedly — thankfully, mostly by women. There! I've admitted it now and I feel better already.

My first such experience happened when I started my first "real job" and faced the office Christmas party at the end of the initial week. Alone I stood, a callow recruit, hardly knowing anyone, trying to look engrossed in the buffet table and hoping I didn't look too conspicuous.

"Excuse me," an attractive 30-ish bombshell slurred as she tapped my shoulder. "Those ladies over there have bet me that I wouldn't have the nerve to come up and kiss you." She waved drunkenly at a group of giggling women on the other side of the room.

"That's easily fixed," said I, happily offering my cheek.

How naive could I be? She grabbed my head and jerked it forward. Breathing wine, Cheezels and garlic bread over me, she pushed her tongue firmly down my throat while I fought for breath and tried to act as if this happened to me every day. "Stay cool," I thought, as she repeatedly thrust her body against mine and probed every corner of my mouth with her tongue. At least I wouldn't have to floss my teeth.

All at once, the giggly group of women was standing next to me. Ladies of all shapes, sizes and ages took it in turns to shove intimate parts of their anatomy into mine. My teeth were polished to a mirror shine. Having read *Cosmopolitan* and its sister publications in an effort to find out what women actually liked, I'd been led to believe that only men came on like a bull with a matador in its sights. Obviously, none of my assailants had read those magazines for the articles.

As waves of stale perfume, stale

wine and stale potato salad engulfed me, questions filled my head. Who were these people? Were they secretaries, professional employees, wives of the top brass, or what? Would I lose my job if I didn't play along? Were bodily fluids exchanged? Did I really swallow a bit of someone else's coleslaw? For a young chap with a steady girlfriend and a sheltered upbringing, it was a real eye-opener.

Then there was the time I entered

Been goosed by a randy female lately?

an elevator full of young professional women. Smiling vaguely at the throng, I turned to face the door. All at once, I was goosed. Frozen to the spot, I wondered what the hell to do next. The elevator seemed to take three hours to descend 20 floors while the ladies collectively snickered. Humiliated, violated, I bolted out of the doors as they opened, just as the snickers turned into peals of laughter. Why me? A sensitive young chap, I was the prototype of the New Man. Did I deserve this? I felt cheapened, used, as if I had brought it all upon myself. Would anyone sympathize if I told them? "You must have provoked it," they'd say. "You obviously put yourself in that situation deliberately. Why not just enjoy the attention?" No, telling was out of the question.

As if this wasn't enough to turn me into a nervous wreck, I then started work at a firm where the receptionist took a perverse fancy to my bottom. She would leave her desk whenever I appeared to chase me through the foyer, trying to pinch my bum. Very difficult it was, attempting to look cool and professional in front of the clientele while some demented dragon paid unwelcome attention to my anatomy. Judging from the bruises she inflicted on my backside, she had steel-tipped fingers. Try as I might, she couldn't be stopped. Imagine the hoots of laughter if I took the matter to our Grievance Officer. Anyway, the Grievance Officer was too busy dealing with a million petty complaints from the female staff. Silly stories of being groped by the office Romeo, or fanciful accusations of harassment against some playful, innocent man. "Where is the

protection when there's a genuine case, like mine?" I asked myself. Of course, had I shoved my hand up the receptionist's dress in an act of self-defence, I'd have been dragged up to the Grievance Officer and horsewhipped before you could blink. Life can be so unfair. Eventually, the lady in question went to work elsewhere and I breathed easily again.

As I grew older, I learned how to parry unwelcome advances. Predictably, they were becoming less frequent. But at yet another boozy office party, the resident *femme fatale* oozed her sozzled way in my direction. A "kiss and tell" type, she definitely spelled trouble. She was also the current mistress of my boss — not to be trifled with, if you valued your position. Breathlessly, she offered to take me



Illustration by Doug Roberts

into the back room and suck my toes, for starters. I liked my job, so she had to be dissuaded. "Sounds irresistible," I cooed in reply. "Thank goodness my tinea has just cleared up."

End of romantic advance. Although I often wondered afterwards what it would have been like to have my toes sucked, for starters. — John Georgeff

HELLDORADO, NEVADA

In Las Vegas, Nevada, the glitziest city in the land that invented glitz, the biggest crowd-pulling lounge act consists of a pair of aged homosexuals named Siegfried and Roy. They perform magic tricks and tame albino lions and tigers. These old boys push the outside of the high camp envelope, and Vegas punters in their thousands pay \$US68 — no dinner, no drinks — to lap up their schtick.

Sieg and Roy were not in town when we arrived in Las Vegas. Their big caged cats were on display for daytime crowds at The Mirage Casino but the chaps themselves were elsewhere. Word had it they were counting their money and laughing all the way to the plastic surgeon, a trip both have made so often that they now sport the ghastly waxiness of the freshly embalmed.

While the sequinned mantle of the late Liberace now adorns the shoulders of Siegfried and Roy, the royal cape of that other dead Vegas great Elvis Presley has been bequeathed to another. Wayne Newton, a performer your mum might vaguely recall as the chubby kid who had a Fifties hit with "Danke Schoen", now rules Vegas — not because of any remarkable talent (more of that later), but because he happens to own a big chunk of the city.

In Vegas you've gotta see at least one show, so we figured, heck, with the queens away we may as well settle for The King. Forty-eight hours into the Las Vegas experience and four Aussies were forking out \$US50 a head — two drinks, no dinner — to catch a clapped out one-hit wonder who got lucky in real estate. Ah, Vegas!

It takes about 48 hours in this town before your gob stays shut and your head stops spinning. You pull into Vegas by day through Paradise, its sister city, and you wonder if someone slipped a funny one into your breakfast mushroom omelette. After the moonscape of the Mojave Desert the joint shimmers up like a pile of fool's gold. The traffic crawl along Las Vegas Boulevard South — the legendary "Strip" — takes you past one crassly gorgeous 2000-room palace after another, each bearing testimony to the tastes of



the mobsters who wet-dreamed them up since the Forties. By day, The Strip can make even the most world-weary bunch goggle like a truckload of Clampetts arriving in Beverly Hills. But at night... at night the place lobotomises you; it's brilliant and throbbing and beautifully, astoundingly bizarre.

It takes at least 48 hours before you're accustomed to the noise generated by a thousand people feeding big popcorn buckets of nickels and dimes into acres of jangling, musical slot machines. And

it takes about that long to get used to the people Vegas attracts. For they are not as normal folks.

Las Vegas is Fat City. The arses on at least 40 percent of the middle-aged white Middle Americans who throng here are not merely large — they can be measured in multiple pick-handles across. Gluteus truly maximus, and these huge suspended hams are rendered all the more obscene for being swaddled in pastel stretch polyester.

But Fat City is Happy City. The friendliness of the tourists in Las

Vegas is overwhelming. Get into a lift and there's five crinkly strangers with cock-eyed grins exhorting you to have a lucky day. But like I said, after a couple of days you sort of get used to it.

So we're 48 hours in and we're dressed up (unusual in this town of the comfy tracksuit) and we're going to see Wayne Newton at the Hilton. The cab picks us up beneath the turreted facade of Excalibur, our

Las Vegas is crass, bizarre and bloody wonderful

medievally-inspired \$30-a-night hotel/casino where staff dress like Sherwood minstrels and distressed damsels. "We're going to see Wayne," one of us says and the driver nods.

It's quiet in the cab as we crawl past the veteran casinos The Dunes, The Aladdin, the lurid old Flamingo, and the little quick-wedding chapels with names like The Hitching Post. It's quiet still as we approach the

Desert Inn, where Noel Coward used to strut his classy stuff and addled old billionaire Howard Hughes once maintained his penthouse hermitage, changing his blood by drip each week and escaping occasionally by night to walk in the desert with Kleenex boxes on his feet.

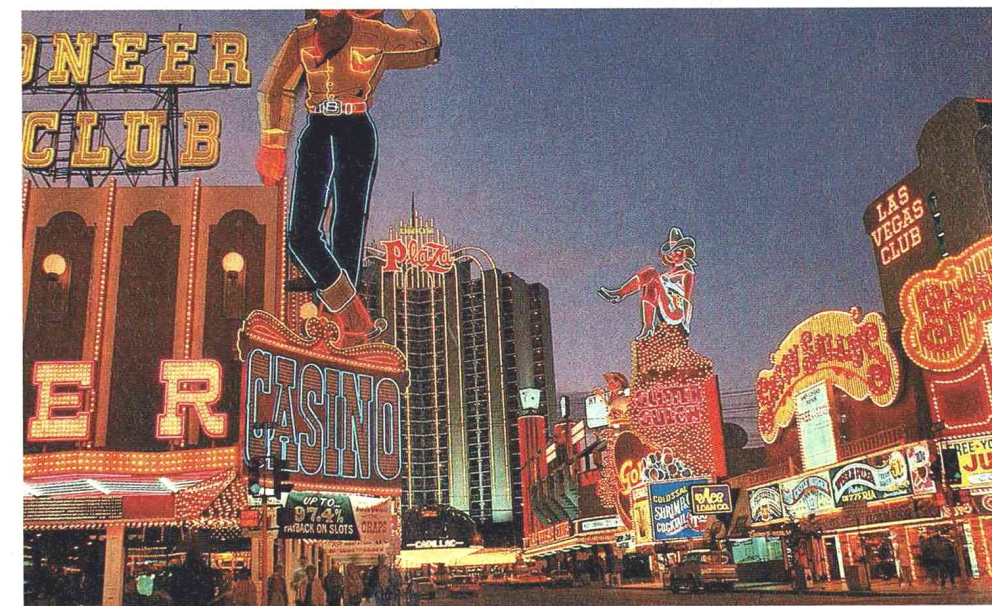
Too quiet. So one of my companions pipes up in a really dumb Australian way: "You must get some pretty good tips in this job, mate."

The driver grunts and says, "Yeah,

into a three-metre high pokie outside Slots-A-Fun.

"'Gainst the law in this county, of course," he continues. "Closest legal whorehouse is the Chicken Ranch. Took some boys there last night. \$200 round trip. I seen this girl comin' out and kissin' this big African guy goodnight, and she looks around and says, 'Who's next?' And I says, 'No way it's me, sweetheart, no way it's me.'"

That's when we got out. We tipped him only what we had to and he took



exceptin' from niggers and Mexicans." It goes quiet again and the massive Roman orgy of excess that is Caesar's Palace slides by on the left. Then the volcano erupts outside The Mirage Casino and we go noisily apeshit. A beautifully landscaped tropical fountain by day, the Mirage forecourt nightly turns into Vesuvius, shooting out flames and lightshow lava every 15 minutes. We're impressed and suddenly the driver gets talkative.

"Crazy town, this. I had all kinds in this cab: winners, losers, whores. Lotsa losers, lotsa whores. Girls drift here after the big bucks. They can make forty grand as cocktail waitresses, but there ain't that many jobs." The lights of The Riviera pulsate on the right. Paul Anka's playing there and they're offering lobster and steak dinners for \$6.95.

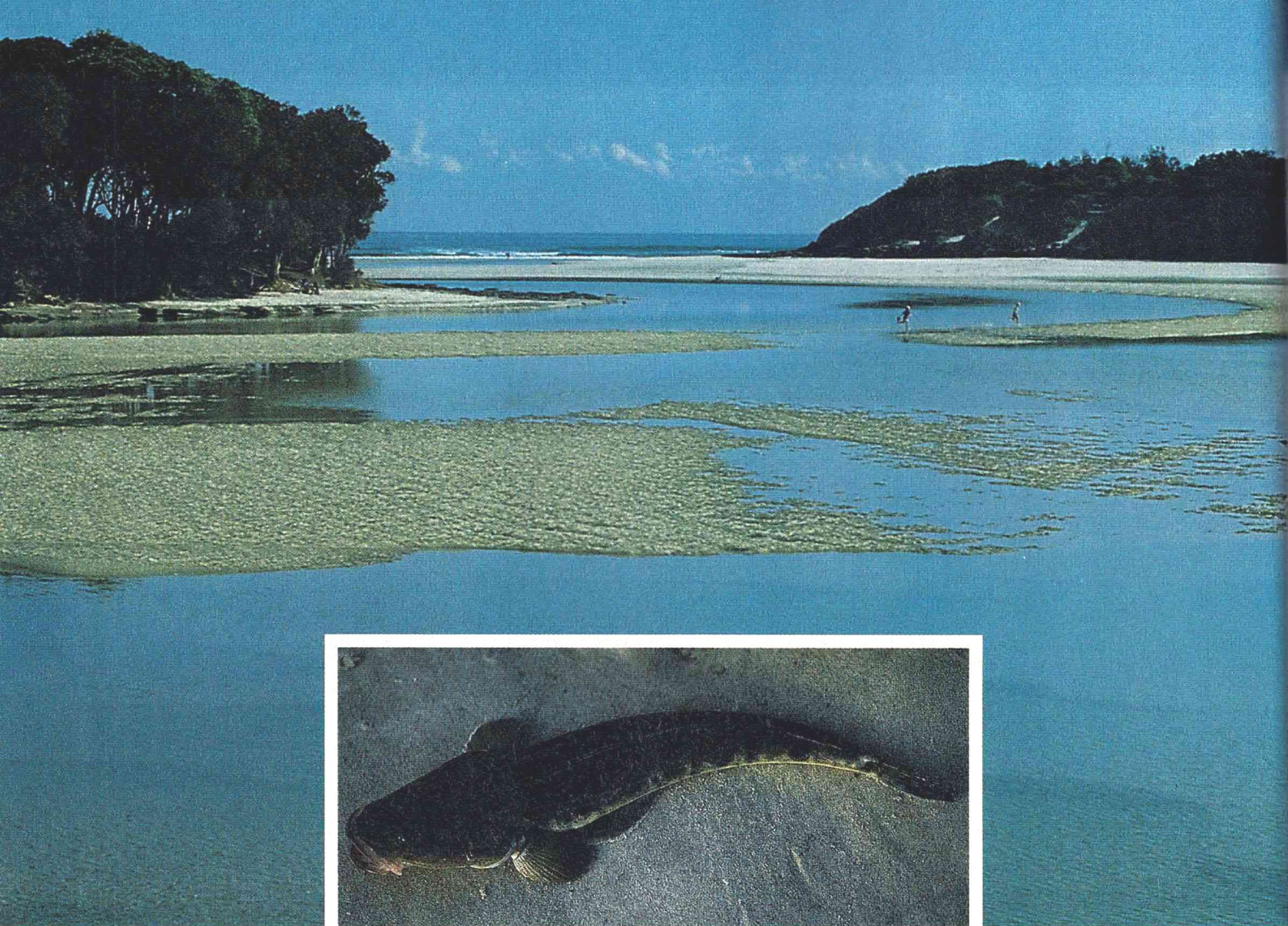
"Funny, I haven't seen any street girls," I blurt from the back. He looks at me in the mirror like I'm shit and says: "Believe me, honey, they're here. You want I should show you some?" I shut up quick and watch some mug ploughing silver dollars

off so fast that we didn't even get to hear him snarl, "Niggers, Mexicans and Australians."

Amid billows of fake fog, Wayne Newton beamed down on stage in a silver spacesuit and launched into a routine that included "I Gotta Be Me", "By The Time I Get To Phoenix" and sleazy gags. A curtain of raindrops surrounded the stage as The King wailed out the closing refrains of "Macarthur Park" at show's end. For all the chintzy bulldust, Wayne was fucking terrible and the crowd loved him.

Later, as we polished off a few Jack Daniels in the revolving Horse-A-Round Bar on the Midway at the Circus Circus Casino, while a trapeze act performed overhead and the punters kept a-puntin' noisily down below, we agreed that we would have been mighty disappointed if Wayne had turned out to be a class act. As it was, he epitomised Vegas — sham glamor run to seed, shit wrapped up in tinsel, but shit that's sure as shinola worth paying good money to experience once in a lifetime. — C.J. Mackay

Photos courtesy of APL



The Lure of the Flathead

The Dusky or estuary Flathead (*Platycephalus fuscus*) has become one of the sportfishing challenges of the past couple of decades. The development of techniques to catch flathead on lures has brought great fun and rewarding results to thousands of fishermen. It was not actually the techniques that were important, simply convincing anglers that flathead were great takers of lures.

The Dusky, a fierce predator, and largest of the flathead, grows to at least 12 kg. The giants of the species are rare, but fish up to 6 kg. are quite common. They inhabit most parts of the estuary and

river systems, their favourite spots including channels, sandbanks, edges of weed beds and drop-offs.

The flathead uses these locations to set a deadly trap for its prey. The fish feeds on prawns, small fish, crabs, worms, shrimps of various kinds, and often locates itself where the current will bring a steady supply of food past its ambush spot.

Anglers can look for likely hiding

places that a flathead might use, and with light casting gear, work a lure to attract a lurking fish. One of the best lures available for flathead spinning is the Nilsmaster Deep Diver minnow. This lure has a body shape not unlike a small mullet, a flathead favourite. They dive deep, staying close to the bottom and within striking range for the whole retrieve.

All you need is a light casting rod and reel with a Nilsmaster Deep Diver.



Nilsmaster lures

Successful fishermen swear by them!



THE BEST WAY TO FISH

THE BITTER-SWEET SCIENCE

The great French boxer Georges Carpentier, who fought Jack Dempsey, was a champion at it. Bruce Lee, martial arts film star of the early Seventies, knew some of its secrets. Novelist Alexandre Dumas, who wrote *The Three Musketeers*, praised it to the hilt. Its present practitioners defeat professional kickboxing champions. Its popularity in Europe has boomed in recent years. And an Australian practitioner,

The French fighting art of savate is coming out of its corner

Terence Bridgeman, has been invited to teach aspects of it to members of the SAS.

Savate, or French boxing, is the only sophisticated kicking system ever developed by Westerners. Yet very few people in the Anglo-Saxon world know what it is.

Numerous explanations have been given for this oddity: the habitual secretiveness of key *savate* masters; long-standing British distrust of just about anything French; the Victorian idea that kicking as a form of self-defence was for pansies or low-lives; the deaths of many *savateurs* during the blood-letting of World War I; its eclipse by the world-wide rise of English (Queensberry Rules) boxing as a spectator sport; the mystical appeal since the Sixties of the Oriental martial arts; and the poor quality of the very few books on the subject. Probably it's a combination of all these reasons, but whatever the case, ineffectiveness is definitely not a factor.

In 1969 Japan, then thought to be the world's leading nation in the martial arts field, shook to its foundations when visiting featherweight *savate* champion, Christian Guillaume, defeated its best kickboxers, often with a *chassé* — drive kick — into the stomach. So impressed was Glen Barclay by Guillaume's feats that the author of

Mind Over Matter wrote: "The most practically effective of all the fighting arts . . . and the only Western system of self-defence which is incontestably superior to its Asian counterparts, French boxing or *savate* . . . is at once immensely systematised, highly and deliberately artistic . . . and a most reassuring thing with which to be familiar." In the mid-Eighties a team of six Japanese *tae-kwon-do* and karate fighters fought French boxers in Paris. The home side won all six bouts, four by knockout. More recently, *savateur* Richard Sylla defeated Canadian world kickboxing champion Pete "Sugarfoot" Cunningham.

Savate originated in the slums of early 19th Century Paris, whose inhabitants were routinely described by visitors as the most vicious in the world. *Savate*'s creator, Michel Casseaux, a slender baker by trade but a hooligan by nature and preoccupation, became the most feared bully in "La Courtille", the worst quarter of Paris' slum district. In 1820 he set up a school which attracted many students, three notables being the Duke of Orleans, British aristocrat Lord Seymour and Charles Lecour, who later was to revolutionise *savate* by incorporating conventional boxing.

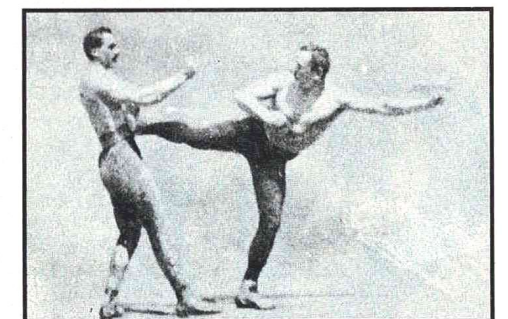
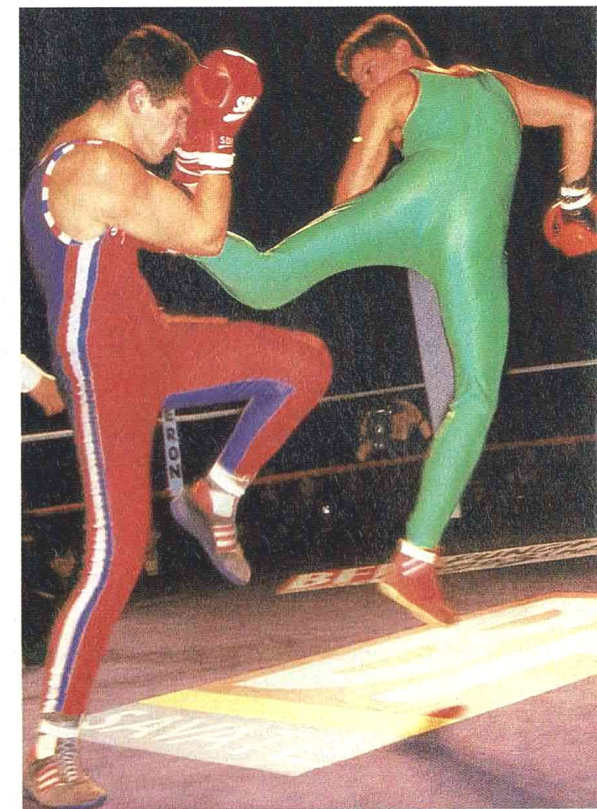
In the early 1870s Joseph Charlemont, the man most revered by today's *savateurs* because he epitomised the ideal of the highly educated individual with superlative physical skills, toured Europe's fighting halls, taking on all comers at the rate of two or three a week. Not once was he beaten. Before him there was the streetwise Louis Vigneron — on whom Balzac may have based his famous character in *Old Goriot*, Vautrin — who flattened a giant of a wrestler with three thunderous kicks.

Rivalry between English boxers and French *savateurs* began in 1825 and did not cease until 1914, culminating in 1899 with what was billed as "the fight of the century" between British champion Jerry Driscoll and Charles Charlemont, son of the great Joseph. Though the *savateur* won with a powerful *chassé croisé*, controversy still surrounds the bout, with some observers claiming the kick struck illegally below the belt.

Between the Wars, English military establishments adopted basic *savate* tactics; and in America,

training courses featuring many *savate* skills were sanctioned by the FBI, the Department of Justice and the Marines. In the previous century Joseph Charlemont actually designed the complete training program for the French Army and for the Gendarmes.

Today's 35,000 practitioners of the art can tap into 200 years of experience from which to refine their techniques. It was developed by men who had more than enough practical experience in the streets; men who gave meaningful thought to what they were doing, with the physical environment well in mind — as exemplified by the *coup de pied bas* (specialised lowkick and the fastest of all kicks), a technique requiring the wearing of smooth-soled shoes and



the wide availability of polished wood and carpeted floors — conditions not present in non-industrialised Asia, where it could not have been invented. — *Con Kringas*

CHEAP DRUNK

I knew there was a recession on long before Keating 'fessed up that it was official. Full-color ads for \$3.99 wines started appearing in *The Bulletin* magazine. Sales managers of wine companies began to talk about value for money when just a few years ago they were trumpeting that it was time the Australian consumer started paying "real world" prices. Domestic wine sales fell by over six percent in 1990, quashing the myth that when the going gets tough, the tough drink.

The Greek philosopher Diogenes was once asked what wine he liked best and he wisely said: "Somebody else's." But no-one can go on bludging indefinitely. Enter the *Penthouse* list of recommended wines for the recession.

For those increasingly random celebrations, domestic bubbly comes in trumps at under \$5. Seppelt Great Western Imperial and Brut Reserves have improved immeasurably since the days when every would-be Lothario used them as social lubricants, yet the average price of \$3.99 seems to have been caught in a time warp since the days when safe sex meant locking the bedroom door.

Minchinbury has also come a long way quality-wise from its reputation

as a "poor man's" Great Western. The four varieties — White Seal, Brut, Brut de Brut and Fine — all retail around \$4. Yalumba Angas Brut, Seaview Brut and Grand Cuvee and Queen Adelaide Vintage Brut 1988 are the cheapskate's boon companions; absolutely nothing can beat them in the \$4 category.

Over the past few years chablis, the revived generic, has been a face-saver for those strapped for cash. As is their wont, Australian winemakers have risen to the challenge of making crisp, refreshing wines for throwaway prices. Put your money down for Queen Adelaide Chablis 1989 (\$5),

A wine list for lean times

Glen Osmond Chablis (\$3.99), Orlando Jacobs Creek Chablis 1990 (\$5.99), Seaview Chablis 1989 (\$4.99) and for those out to create \$2 more of impression, there's Wyndham Estate 1989 Chablis Superior (\$7.95).

Journalists are always broke no matter what year it is, which is the reason why they are big fans of Penfolds Koonunga Hill Claret — easily the best commercial red in its price bracket with a cellaring "window" of ten years. What more can I say for the 1987 vintage at \$5.95?

Trying to save face by serving cabernet sauvignon in this tight

economic environment isn't a mission impossible. Most of the bottlings on the market are expensive, sure, but for the sleuth there's a few easy pickings out there. Scan the bottle shop shelves for Tollana Bin TR222 Cabernet Sauvignon 1987 (\$9), Killawarra Cabernet Sauvignon 1988 (\$6), Kaiser Stuhl Red Ribbon Cabernet Sauvignon 1987 (\$8), Seppelt Gold Label Cabernet (\$5.99) and Moyston Shiraz Cabernet 1988 (\$6.99).

Bargain chardonnay used to be a contradiction in terms; it still can be but it needn't be. Again, you have to be on the hunt for cheap chic. Top of my list is Orlando Jacobs Creek Chardonnay and Queen Adelaide Chardonnay 1990, both at the scarcely to be believed discount price of \$4.99. A tad more expensive but worth the extra tiny gold coin is Seppelt Gold Label Chardonnay at \$6.99 in major discount stores. Slightly diluted, but still with the magic moniker in the name, come Moyston Colombard-Chardonnay (\$4.99) and Penfolds Semillon-Chardonnay at \$7.99.

Long the volume white of the Australian market, the lower-priced rhine rieslings have always offered the bargain basement prices so beloved of even well-to-do-drinkers. There is simply no need to break the \$6 barrier for a beautifully made wine. Consider: Kaiser Stuhl Green Ribbon Riesling (\$4.99), Leo Buring Rhine Riesling (\$5), Wynns Coonawarra Estate Rhine Riesling (\$5.99), Queen Adelaide Rhine Riesling (\$4.99) and Glen Osmond Riesling (\$3.99).

How many times have you heard the cry for a decent red? No varietal names, no other qualifications. Here is my top seven mixed bag of reds, all under \$7 at discount prices.

Try Queen Adelaide Pinot Noir 1988 (\$5), Wynns Ovens Valley Shiraz/Burgundy 1988 (\$7), Orlando Jacobs Creek Claret (\$5.99), Matthew Lang Beaujolais (\$3.99), Lindemans Nyrang Hermitage 1988 (\$6), Queen Adelaide Claret 1988 (\$4.99) and Seppelt Gold Label Cabernet (\$6.99).

Value for money whites to keep you away from the metho are everything in the Killawarra, Seaview and Lindemans Premier Selection ranges, Lindeman's Cawarra Chablis, Moyston Semillon, Queen Adelaide Sauvignon Blanc 1990 and Koonunga Hill Semillon-Chardonnay. All under \$6. — Elisabeth King



Illustration by Amanda Upton

SIX APPEAL

FASHION VICTIMS

Something very strange is happening to the modern male. Not all men, of course, but among those sharp-dressed blokes on the cutting edge, there's something sinister on the rise.

Fashion. It's an absurd form of masochism running rampant among the ranks of young urban professionals. Form has won an ugly victory over function. Style is now the despot where comfort once ruled. Young Australian men are becoming so anxious about the "look" that the only look they'll end up with is the one with nervous eyes and grey hair.

Where all this backward fashion came from is a mystery to the average person. After all, it wasn't so long ago that comfortable garb was all the rage. The fashionable working fella of the Seventies could feel comfortable in suit pants that sat nicely on his hips and a sloppy shirt collar combined with a large knot in his tie that gave him all the breathing room he needed. Long hair and a woolly face was pretty cool 15 years ago, and the happening dude could be a happy dude too.

But with the anti-Seventies movement reaching its zenith some time after 1985, the male fashion tables have turned with a vicious backlash that's likely to make waves well into the Nineties.

At this very moment, around Australia, there are hundreds of yuppie men clawing furtively at their crotches. The stylish villain of the piece is boxer shorts. Victims of this curse are wondering how such a popular undergarment could be designed to ride so high up their arses. Why, these guys are wondering, did the manufacturers make their boxer shorts from hard cotton, with a razor-like seam running up the centre? Others have just sat down to lunch and are squirming and fidgeting as they try in vain to tuck their loose equipment into a tidy position. And those boxer rebels running for a taxi aren't trying to draw attention to their loins — they're clutching themselves because they know the price of not doing so is a set of bruised nuts. Boxer shorts may be stylish, but there were very good reasons why men gave them up for Y-fronts more

than 20 years ago.

While underwear is the most glaring example of uncomfortable men's fashion, there is a raft of other trendy garb and accessories that look good and feel bad.

Case in point: suspenders. Clipped on to pin-stripe pants, they may have seemed like perfect power dressing in the film *Wall Street*. But there is nothing powerful or chic about the methods required to have a simple piss at the urinal when wearing the bloody things. In fact, Oliver Stone would have made a quiet bundle by writing a book for Australian power-dressers titled: "How To Take A Leak When Wearing Braces." There would be a ready-made market in the financial/professional cliques of the major cities, because the average suspender-man is finding himself all dressed up with nowhere to go. Should he, for instance, take the braces off his shoulders, hold his pants up with one hand and search



frantically in his boxer shorts with the other, or should he keep his braces in place and attempt to go through the boxer shorts and over the bottom of his fly with the risk of embarrassing spillage?

Modern male manes are taking a

If your bum's chewing your boxers and your beer tastes like water, you're one trendy guy

battering too. Not only is baldness creeping up on the fashion conscious man, but he's torturing his coiffure with every hair oil, gel, hairspray and pomade known to science. The "wet look" is in, so in wade the would-be slickers. If everyone could look like Gordon Gecko they'd be happy, but Gordon only existed in the movies; in dealing rooms and yuppie bars across the nation, with-it males are suffering itchy scalps, greasy fingers and oil stains on their snow-white tailored shirt collars.

The pain of variety is not limited to what the vogue man of today is wearing. Up-to-the-minute beer drinkers aren't giving themselves any respite either. The man who wants to be seen drinking a certain beer, rather than just wanting to drink it, has a choice of indulgences. If he can drink the undrinkable, then he'll probably go for one of those boutique in-house ales that taste awful but produce little or no hangover the next day. Or if he's in the mainstream of beer fashion and wants a beer so tasteless that the Mexicans themselves won't drink it, then he'll go for a bland but pretty Corona that needs a chunk of lime thrown in to give it any taste at all.

The list goes on. Zippo lighters that need refilling every other day and leave the smoker with a mouthful of butane; \$500 fountain pens that are messy to fill and always run out; and Italian cars that have hypochondriac personalities.

One of these days the modern fashion-man will look back on his awkward vanity and laugh. But right now he's probing the latest edition of *GQ* or *Esquire* for the next painful fad. And we all thought Saddam Hussein was a madman. — Mark Abernethy

Illustration by Amanda Upson

CRUISE YOUR CARES AWAY 'ITALIAN STYLE' FROM \$690.



1ST FOUR
1991/92
CRUISES
BOOKING
NOW.

The elegant European cruiseship, Achille Lauro, is here to take you to the idyllic tropical islands of the South Pacific.

Excitement, fine food, first class entertainment. Plus that inimitable Italian flair for style, great service and fun. And all from only \$690 all-inclusive!

Yes, there still is a cruiseship with style and elegance that you can afford.

And you can make sure you're on board by booking one of these magnificent cruises now:

Christmas in Paradise Cruise
12 Nights from \$1180*.

Departs 15 Dec. 1991.

New Year Welcome Cruise
13 Nights from \$1320*.

Departs 27 Dec. 1991.

Midsummer Dream Cruise
12 Nights from \$1180*.

Departs 9 Jan. 1992.

Magnificent Seven Cruise
7 Nights from \$690*.

Departs 21 Jan. 1992.

See your Travel Agent or phone
(02) 247 5399 or (008) 028 502.

Achille Lauro



STARLAURO CRUISES

Accommodation subject to availability at time of booking. *Based on six-berth accommodation on B Deck. QTA 003126. ACN 003 526 725. SLC2898PH

THE GREAT SUPER CON

We must admire the gall of promoters of the idea and the brilliance of the idea itself. It's a bit like those forestry investments in timescale: y'know, those scams which take 20 years to discover you've been had. By the time we finally discover the productivity-superannuation pay scheme is a dud it'll be too late to sack the politicians who put us into it. They will have retired on their fat

all \$47,460 of it. That will last him about three years — or even less if inflation keeps on as it has over the past 20 years.

What this means is that people now in their forties and who have no superannuation other than their productivity claim are going to need something else to keep body and soul together when they retire during the first decade of the next millennium.

They may struggle on for another ten years in work, after which their super savings would have grown to \$141,000, which is looking better if we ignore inflation, which we can't.

getting six percent of his salary paid into his super fund. For an average worker on \$25,000, that's \$1500 a year. After 20 years his nest egg is worth \$38,870 — not even two years' salary!

After 30 years, the average worker's six percent super fund has grown to \$66,920, which I suppose is all right if you've never had a brass razoo, but it isn't going to replace the pension. The worker could, I suppose, invest it at ten percent and then move to Bophuthatswana or some other Third World country and live, after a manner of speaking, like a king. How would you like your yams today, your majesty?

The investment advisers reckon a fella needs about a quarter of a million in retirement pay — and to own their own home as well — to organise a modestly comfortable retirement. Quarter of a mill would buy a 65-year-old a fully CPI-indexed annuity (a pension you pay for yourself) of about \$20,000 a year. On that, and without too many long restaurant lunches, you could just about get by.

Now, to get that \$250,000 retirement payout, taking our generous assumption that the fund does 2½ points better than inflation, an average worker in the scheme for 30 years (forget the 20-year scenario unless you want to shove half your pay away now in the ridiculous hope of spending it later) would have to have 22 percent of his \$25,000 going into the super fund, ie, he'd have to top the boss's six percent with 16 percent of his own money.

Oh, it's better for the kids. It will even work for the kids if, as is hoped, the six percent is eventually doubled to 12 percent of salary. If so, given a 45-year working life, great, at the end of that the poor mug will get the mighty quarter of a mill — and then have the opportunity of investing it all in some shyster company and losing the lot.

Life is a lottery, but gee, isn't this taking it a bit too far? The way things are going, the most honorable man in the world is just as likely to end up dead broke, while the biggest villain ends up quite comfortable, thank you, in 2020 — as they are today. The big difference then, of course, will be that we will have paid for it directly, from our stabilised pay packets, whether we get the money or not!

You think this stinks? You're right — it does. — David Quicksilver

parliamentary pensions while we're left with a few bob and a bleak future.

The idea behind the push for superannuation is the forecast doubling the percentage of old codgers in the general demographic profile by the year 2020. If it's hard for the government to pay pensioners much now, then it'll be doubly difficult then. So, the politicians argue, encourage people to look after themselves. Indeed, if we can be conned into it, let people fund their own pension.

Ha! The mathematics mean we'll be even more tight-fisted providers of pensions than the meanest of governments. I'll show you.

Take Bill Smith, on average earnings of \$25,000 a year. His union has done the right thing and has won him his three percent "pay rise" which is not paid to him directly but goes into the union super scheme, not to be touched until he's 55 years old and retired. That three percent works out at \$750 a year.

Let's assume the super fund earns 10 percent a year. After 20 years Bill decides to retire and take his super:

Thirty years ago you could buy a house in Sydney for what you pay today for a second-hand Holden.

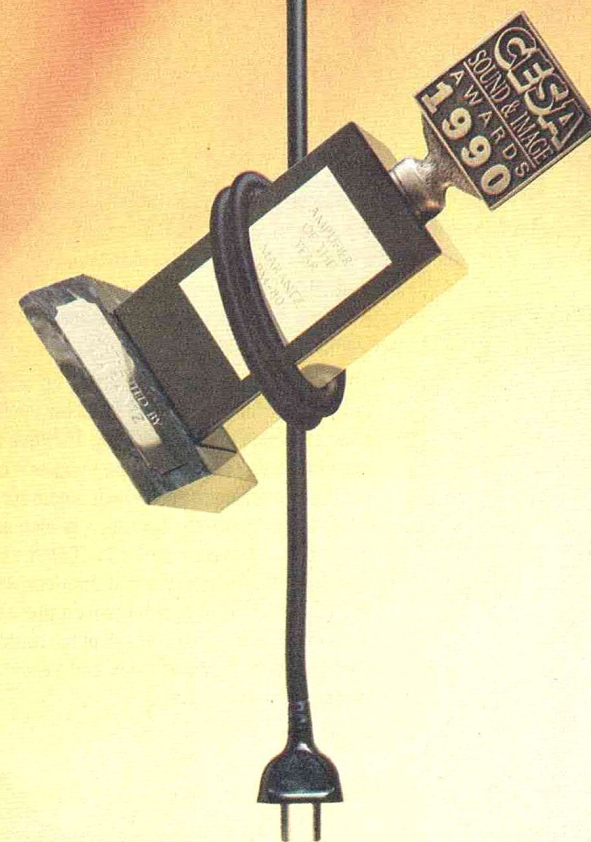
So let's deal with inflation by assuming an earnings rate on the super fund which is just a little better than inflation. We assume an earnings rate of 2½ percent, which is really quite generous (ie, we assume the fund earns 2½ percent more than inflation; so, if inflation is eight

Will you be eating dogfood in 2020?

percent, the fund earns ten and a half percent, and so on; the result of our calculations will be in dollars with the buying power of 1991; inflation has been taken into account but calculated out.)

Also, let's assume that the next round of productivity increases — the next three percent, due to come on stream about now — does actually happen, so that the worker is

Illustration by Doug Roberts



**stands
alone.**

AMPLIFIER OF THE YEAR

When Marantz released the PM 80 we promised that no other amplifier even came close to matching its brilliant performance. In the recent CESA Sound and Image Awards the PM 80 grabbed the title of Amplifier of the Year. From a field that included models three times the PM 80's \$1299 price, the CESA Award confirms that our dedication to audio integrity stands alone. In the judges' words, "Streets ahead in specifications, quality, performance and value for money"*

The PM 80 delivers an incredible 2x100w RMS into 8 Ohms with true low impedance drive capability that

can be switched into true Class A mode with up to 20w output. Also boasts super low-noise moving coil phono input, three tape monitors and a massive range of inputs.

You can take CESA's word. You can take our word. But the only true test of audio perfection is listening. Reward your ears at your nearest Marantz dealer.

FOR YOUR NEAREST RETAILER DIAL 008 226 861 (SYDNEY 742 8322)
*Recommended Retail Price.

HEHEHE
NOT FOR THE CASUAL LISTENER



▲ Question: How do you stop some two-bit gangster ripping off your car hi-fi? Answer: Remove it before he does.

Easier said than done? Well, Pioneer has come up with a very practical and convenient arrangement which involves detaching the unit's control panel, thereby rendering it inoperable. Pioneer has introduced the system with the DEH-750 CD player/tuner and the detached panel (which includes all controls and the display) is easily accommodated in a pocket. Of course, the trick is not to lose it. Other notable features of the DEH-750 include 24 station presets, autostore and full range of compact disc replay modes (including repeat and random play).

Keeping your head clean is particularly important when you're a video cassette recorder, which is why Hitachi has introduced a deck which looks after its own hygiene. Every time a cassette is loaded or ejected, a cleaning roller gives the record/play heads a quick dusting down. Not only does this prolong their lifespan but it also contributes to a better quality image. Hitachi's VT-M728E also offers full remote control (including programming), digital tracking, on-screen displays and plenty of convenience features such as auto rewind and play. All this for \$699 from Hitachi Sales Australia.



There isn't much left to automate on a 35mm camera, but Minolta has found one function overlooked by its rival... simple on/off switching. The Riva Zoom 105i incorporates tiny sensors in the eyepiece and when you put the camera up to your eye, it automatically switches on. Every subsequent operation is also automatic and the Riva 105i boasts a useful 35-105mm zoom, sophisticated exposure metering and autofocus and a red-eye reduction flash system (which prevents your subjects from looking like Transylvanian refugees). Distributed by Kayell Photographics and available from most leading camera stores.



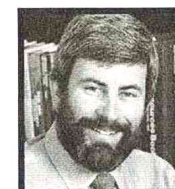
Beloved by professionals, the Nikon marque has built an enviable reputation, but this hasn't come cheaply. However, a fully-featured Nikon 35mm SLR is now available for less than \$1000 and what's more, it's complete with 35-70mm zoom lens. The F601M is manually focused, but offers multi-zone metering (read: *extremely accurate*), five exposure modes from fully auto to fully manual, and a built-in motordrive. Also on tap are some professional-grade features such as auto bracketing (for making decent exposures) and a top shutter speed of 1/2000 second. All this costs \$975 from Maxwell Optical Industries and Nikon stockists.

So a busy schedule precludes shopping around for a component hi-fi system, but how about one out of the box? Akai has put together a sample of combinations to suit budget and neighborly relations. The Pro-26 system pumps out 100 watts and comprises a four channel amp, dual cassette deck, AM/FM stereo tuner, programmable CD player, auto turntable and five-way 100-watt loudspeakers. It's yours for \$1599, while the slightly down-specced Pro-16 has 60 watts on tap (to drive a pair of four-way speakers) and costs \$2399. Both systems are supplied complete with a rack for the components.



Believe it or not, the luxury of viewfinding in color hasn't been possible with a video camcorder until now. An acknowledged leader in liquid crystal display technology, Sharp has replaced the old black and white picture tube with a full color LCD screen so you can see red, green, etc. The Sharp VLC-7950X (VHS-C format) is the first camcorder thus equipped to be sold locally and remarkably the price tag is a reasonably modest \$1990. For this money, you also get the most powerful zoom lens in the business (12x) with variable speed zooming, fully automatic operation and a high-speed shutter.

▲ If missing an episode of *Neighbours* is too dreadful a proposition to contemplate, Philips has just the product for you. Known as CarVision (what else), it's a TV system designed especially for installation in a car and comprises a liquid crystal color TV and mini-VCR. The TV is fitted to a gooseneck mount so the screen can be viewed from all angles while the system's tuner is designed to give long range reception. For obvious reasons, the system is linked to the car's handbrake and won't operate unless this is applied. Philips has just launched the system in Europe and it's expected here shortly... provided it's not outlawed in the meantime.



Dr Bob Montgomery is a clinical psychologist with a Melbourne-based consultancy. He is the author of several self-help books and is a regular guest on a variety of radio and TV programs.

WHOSE CAREER COMES FIRST?

The dilemma of family and the two-career couple

It could have been one of the things that first attracted you to her. She was no dill. Not only attractive and fun, but clever. She was doing well at her work and obviously enjoying it. It made her an interesting companion with plenty to talk about in her own right. She also understood the demands on you from your own developing career. You could give each other space when you wanted it, without feeling threatened, but have great times together, too.

You became a modern couple, with a lifestyle reflecting two incomes. You have always prided yourself that you share the domestic chores. Even when the first baby came along, you changed your share of nappies. It was not sexist, just the natural consequence of your different rates of earning, that she wound up doing a bit more than you around the home, but she never complained about that. Everything was fine until she got that job offer. One that recognised her abilities and offered her a real challenge, not to mention a considerable hike in salary.

But it is clearly going to be very demanding on her time. There's no way she can look after a home and do this new job. Who does? If you have young kids, who's going to look after them after school and on holidays? Her, you or a nanny? If her job involves moving, can you easily move your career, too, or interrupt it?

The traditional answer has been that the man's career takes priority so, if her career goals threatened his, she gave them up. This traditional answer is based on some traditional assumptions that don't hold up too well any more. First, there's the assumption that he will earn more than she can, so if one salary must be sacrificed, it should be hers. Although the equal pay movement has some distance to

go before it is genuinely successful, there is a growing number of women achieving professional and managerial positions with comparable earnings. Some men with a fragile sense of masculinity, still clinging to a notion of the man as the primary breadwinner, are threatened if their wives earn more than they do. Personally I find this hard to understand. I'd be delighted if my wife earned more than I did. It would mean I could afford to take more time off. There's more to life than work and my masculinity does not depend on beating my wife at anything.

Second, there are the assump-

I am happy to counsel these women that there is no research evidence that shows they need to coop themselves up at home with their infants in order to be good mothers. In fact, the trend is in the opposite direction. Children who spend some of their time in good quality child care show some advantages over children who spend their early years at home with only one parent most of the time.

Child care gives children the chance to form relationships with several adults, as well as the other kids there, a situation more like the extended family that has been a more typical developmen-

“Recent research shows that children who spend some time in good quality child care show some advantages over children who spend their early years at home with one parent.”

tions that children need to be cared for by their own parents while they are young and that the parent best suited to do this is Mum. I see a steady number of women, in my clinical practice, who have fallen for this line. Usually they have had a job before they had babies, often a responsible and interesting job. Believing they're doing the right thing, they stay home with their first and subsequent babies and quietly go around the twist. The truth is that children, especially very young ones, are mostly rewarding in reasonable doses, but also often demanding and not adult company.

tal environment for humans than today's artificially small nuclear family. The time the parents then spend with the child is more by choice and so more likely to be quality time.

Some couples have solved this dilemma by swapping roles. Although still relatively few, there is a growing number of men who have decided to be “house-husbands”, meaning to be the parent who is at home most of the time, looking after the domestic chores and being available to the kids. If this genuinely suits him, bearing in mind my reservations about housework and the fact that it is not necessary for

your kids' welfare for either of you to be there full-time, that's fine. Dads can be just as good primary care-givers as Mums can.

So having a family to care for need not be the basis of a clash over career development. If it genuinely suits one of you to interrupt your career and spend a few years in the quite valid role of home-maker, then he or she can do that. If it doesn't suit either of you, then you can make use of good child care and home help without any unnecessary guilt.

The more difficult conflict will be when her (or his) next career step involves a move, one that would prevent him (or her) from continuing in their job.

Researchers have found that all couples face problems from time to time. What distinguishes between successful and unsuccessful couples is not whether they have any problems but how they deal with them. Successful couples work through their problems, finding mutually acceptable solutions and sharing the decisions. Unsuccessful couples make unilateral decisions, don't discuss, try to coerce and manipulate.

The key to solving problems cleverly is to identify each party's real wants in the situation and then brainstorm lots of possible ways of meeting those wants. In most cases it's possible to find a solution that genuinely meets both partners' wants. If she (or he) is attracted to a new job offer, why? What does she expect to gain from it? Are there other ways of meeting those wants? If he (or she) is keen to stay in his present job, why? What does he expect to gain from this? Are there other ways of meeting those wants? With some imagination, goodwill and cooperation, you could be surprised at the answer you finally come up with — one that allows you both to develop your career interests. ☺

THE GOLDEN BEER IN THE BLACK BOTTLE.
IMPORTED FROM MEXICO BY AUSPAC MARKETING.

SIMPATICO

advisor

Candid counsel on everything you wanted to know about sex but couldn't find anyone to ask

Multiples for men

Lately, every time I make love my penis stays hard a while after ejaculating. If I continue screwing, can I have another ejaculation? Do men have multiple orgasms?

Men certainly can have multiple orgasms, although not as routinely as women do. If you keep an erection and continue sex after ejaculation, you may well have another orgasm. There's no law that a man has to go soft between ejaculations.

There's the rub

I am 26 and have a casual friendship with a girl. We often give each other back rubs. Sometimes, while rubbing her, I perform cunnilingus. She never wants to reciprocate, though she seems to enjoy being pleased by me. What am I doing wrong?

It sounds as though you're doing everything right. Maybe she's afraid that her oral skills aren't as good as yours. Or maybe she's spoiled. Sometimes sexual relations fall into patterns: one partner does most of the giving, thus spoiling the other partner. She might not know she's neglecting you unless you tell her. You say she doesn't want to reciprocate. Have you asked her? Or do you just hope for something more than a back rub to happen? Tell her what you want. Or turn over and let your cock do the talking.

Going down

How can I get my girl to go down on her best friend in front of me?

Does she go down on her best friend when you're not around? If they're already playing around with each other, they may easily make the transition to a threesome. Another possible scenario is that they've considered, but not engaged in, sex with each other. Perhaps you sense this attraction between them. If it exists, you may be



on stretching your performance, perhaps you could help your girlfriend achieve more orgasms manually and orally. If she is satisfied, it shouldn't matter when you come.

Enlightened man

I love to perform oral sex on women, but some tell me they don't like it. They say their clits are too sensitive. How can I perform oral sex on them so that they can enjoy it?

Many women cannot tolerate direct pressure, however gentle, on the clitoris. The trick is to lick around, not directly on it. The next time you have a

able to act as a catalyst to get them started. There's always the possibility that they aren't interested in a lesbian experience. If you've asked your girlfriend and she's said no, well, that's her decision and it should be respected.

Crossed lines

My wife caught me wearing her underwear. She was turned on, not angry as I thought she would be. Is this a normal reaction?

You sound almost disappointed. Many men who enjoy cross dressing have written to say their wives don't approve. In some cases wives have found the practice revolting. Like you, some luckier cross dressers have wives who don't mind and enjoy sharing clothes with them. So what's a "normal" reaction anyway?

Stretching it

My girlfriend complains that I come too soon. How can I last longer?

Sex therapists recommend the "squeeze technique." By lightly pinching the base of your penis you can delay orgasm when you feel you're close to it. There is also the "testicle pull", whereby you pull your balls down and away from your body when you feel orgasm is near. Many men find that shifting positions or alternating intercourse with oral play helps.

Why don't you practise base-pinching and testicle-pulling while masturbating? (For more detailed descriptions, consult a good sex guide.) And while you're working

very sensitive clit under your tongue, tell its owner to guide your ministrations by holding and directing your head. And be alert to each tug of her fingers.

I commend you for trying to open a new world of pleasure to women who usually reject oral sex. It is an incredibly delicious experience. Once you have helped them to realise this, they may not want to let you come up for air.

Last count

According to Kinsey, the average penis size is six inches. But his findings were published some time ago. Does this still hold true? Are blacks bigger than whites in the penis department?

The Kinsey Institute for Sex Research continually updates its sexual data. The average penis is still about six inches in length. A lot has changed since the Fifties, when Kinsey released his first study, but average cock size has not.

According to statistics, a slightly higher percentage of large penises can be found among black men than white, and a slightly higher percentage of large penises can be found among whites than Asians. But remember, I said slightly. The differences are imagined in the minds of men.

Carnal knowledge

Are all women sensitive to breast stimulation? Can some women come this way? And is it possible that a woman can experience orgasm without even knowing it?

Breast sensitivity varies wildly with

women. And some women lose it, or most of it, after giving birth and nursing. Others are so sensitive that they can have orgasms simply through having their breasts fondled. (Time of month will probably influence this; some women report greater sensitivity during ovulation, others before or after.)

I don't see how a woman can have an orgasm and not know it, unless it is her first and she confuses it with the earth moving, or the wrath of God, depending on her background. If she does have one and doesn't know it, it can't be much of an orgasm, can it?

Not close enough

My wife has trouble coming. Most of the time she gets close but doesn't quite make it. I've been thinking a threesome might do the trick. What do you think?

I think you want a threesome, which gives rise to another question, not this one. The next time she gets "close", try finishing the job orally or manually — or both. Then try a sex therapist. If she can't reach orgasm with you, it's doubtful that she will in a threesome either.

Taste test

My boyfriend complains about the way that I taste when he goes down on me. What can I do to taste better?

I assume that you bathe or shower before sex. (By the way, a lot of men complain about this practice — they prefer their women to smell and taste natural.)

If you are clean and healthy and he doesn't like your natural taste you can infer that (1) he doesn't really like going down; or (2) he doesn't like going down on you. If it's the first, blaming you because you "taste bad" takes the onus off him. You won't criticise his hang-up because you feel so bad about tasting bad.

If it's the second, there isn't much you can do to change the way you taste. And I find taste the most subjective of senses. When the chemical reaction is right, two people lap each other up; when it's not, they don't. But it's no-one's fault.

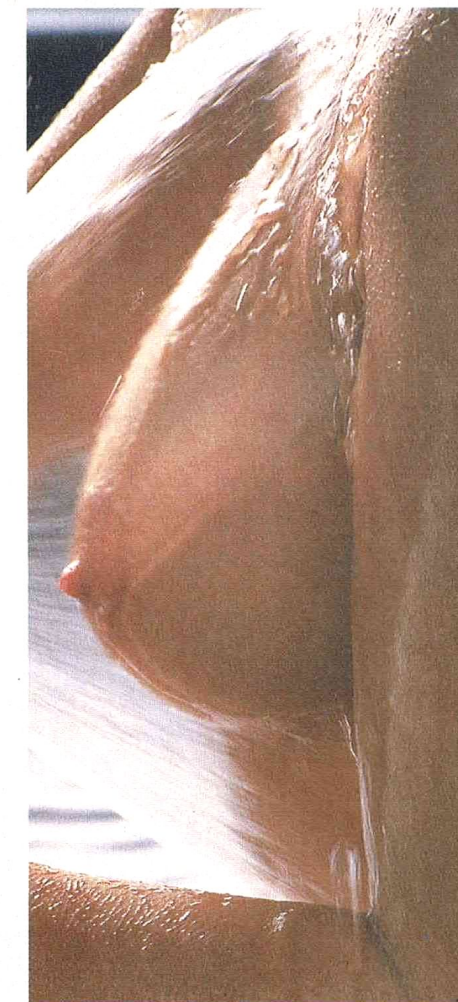
Breast man

I have a fetish for tit-fucking. I like it better than regular sex. Is this strange?

"Strange" is such a judgemental word.

Rather, let's say that preferring tit-fucking to regular sex is not typical. But certainly it is a fetish that does no harm and makes you happy.

I see only one problem; how do you find women who also prefer tit-fucking to intercourse? Surely the number of women willing to forego or limit the pleasures of the clitoris are few.



Surprise, surprise

I like to use different techniques while masturbating, especially rubbing different areas of my penis. I find stimulation at the base on the underside of the shaft most pleasurable. Why is this?

You are probably surprised to discover the sensitivity of this area of your penis because erotic writing — and fellating women — concentrate on the head. Really, the entire penis is very sensitive, and whatever is best for you is fine. When you stop to think about it, the area you are

stroking is probably the same area that gets the most friction during intercourse. You are more nearly simulating intercourse when you masturbate this way.

Ants pants

My girlfriend has a lot of fancy lingerie, but she only wears it on special occasions and not in the bedroom. She will use sex toys, so why won't she dress up?

Most women buy fancy lingerie with the bedroom in mind. Where is she wearing it, if not there? Maybe she doesn't want to get stains on her silks; lingerie is quite expensive. Why don't you buy her some lovely lingerie yourself, with the proviso that she wear it in the bedroom when she's with you?

To cut or not to cut

I am uncircumcised, and in this society I'm beginning to feel like a social outcast. The limit was when my new girlfriend refused to go down on me because she said that having a foreskin was disgusting.

Honestly, you shouldn't worry about it. Tell her that it's natural — that it's the cut men who are unnatural. Maybe she doesn't want to go down anyway, and she's using it as an excuse.

If your foreskin is becoming a serious bother, you can always undergo circumcision — it's not a big operation. But once it's done there's no going back, so think about it carefully first, and ask your GP what the details will mean.

Drive time

I sometimes masturbate in my car on the way to work because I don't have time to do it at home. I do it while waiting in traffic going over the Harbour Bridge. Would this offend female drivers if they saw me doing it?

I should imagine so. If you are being surreptitious and somebody sees you by accident, without you knowing it, they might get a little kick from it. But if you're out there exhibiting deliberately, well, watch out. Most women don't enjoy being confronted with the sight of strangers masturbating in public at all — most simply find it revolting. Anyway, isn't crossing the Bridge dangerous enough already without trying to do it one-handed? ○—

Australian
PENTHOUSE
BLACK LABEL
E D I T I O N

**"I don't want you
to miss anything!"**

If you haven't yet experienced the extra pleasures of subscribing to the Black Label edition of Australian Penthouse, now is the time to do it.

Each month you'll receive the most explicit edition of Australian Penthouse which includes 16 extra pictorial pages and an exclusive couples section that can only be obtained by mail.

In addition, you'll never have to worry about missing an issue. The Black Label will be delivered at no extra cost to the address of your choice.

**CALL OUR HOTLINE NOW
FOR CREDIT CARD ORDERS**

Sydney: (02) 922 7179. Elsewhere in Australia: 008 227236
free call (Mon-Fri 9am to 5pm EST).

Or mail this coupon: FREEPOST 1 (no postage required)
Australian Penthouse, P.O. Box 32, Cammeray, NSW 2062.

YES, Please ☐ enter my subscription 633
☐ renew my subscription
TO THE BLACK LABEL EDITION
for ☐ \$74 for 12 months* ☐ \$144 for 24 months

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

Name:
INITIALS SURNAME

Address:

P/Code

Payment details: I enclose a cheque/money order for

A\$ OR charge my

☐ Bankcard ☐ Visa ☐ Mastercard
☐ American Express ☐ Diners Club

Cardholder's Name:

Cardnumber: Exp. Date

Signature:

* Offer only applicable in Australia to persons over 18 years of age, includes postage and handling. Overseas surface mail A\$100. STC 614



Maid in Heaven

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DENYS DEFRANCESCO



"Dusting and sweeping is pretty boring, most days," says Cindy Rodgers, 21, who works for a city cleaning company. "So I always look forward to doing this flat. I can't tell you who lives here — he's quite famous — but I can tell you that he likes my style."



Cindy cleans the flat once a week, and always at a time when she knows the occupant will be home. "I wear my best uniform when I come here, and my laciest lingerie. And I always bring a new feather duster, which I definitely don't use for dusting."

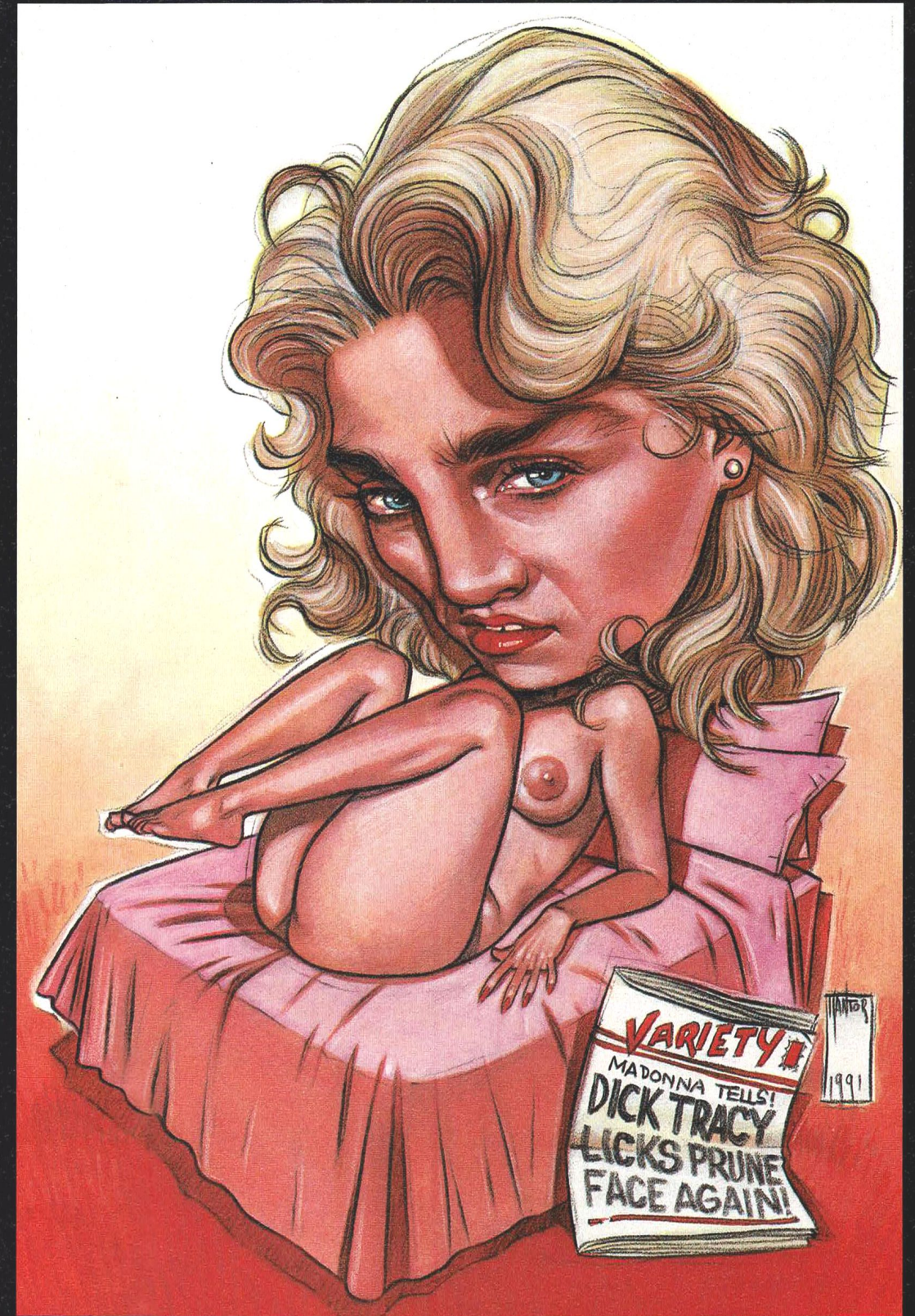




"These days," says Cindy, "I get hot just putting on this uniform. I get a lot hotter taking it off! I do it bit by bit, to tease him — my skirt while I'm vacuuming, my knickers while I'm doing the kitchen, my shoes in the loungeroom. I make sure that by the time his flat is clean, he's desperate to get dirty!"



K A N T O R' S



CELEBRITY SKINS

Madonna



The boy was only 14 but looked older. The Reebok shoes and the designer black leather jacket, coupled with the arrogant swagger, gave him the appearance of a 20-year-old. His clothes smacked of Double Bay or Toorak, rather than his bleak neighborhood in Sydney's western suburbs.

His name was Alan and the night before I met him he had tried to kick a man to death. "Me foot got him in the balls," he told me, "and he fell on the footpath. Then I put me boot in his mouth and heard his teeth crack. I wanted him to bleed, so I kicked him again until some vomit and blood came out of his mouth."

I asked Alan what his mates were doing while this was going on. "One of them was kicking the guy in the knees," he told me. "Me other mate was standing around laughing and telling us to kill the poofter."

Alan told me that he and his friends often went into the city on Friday or Saturday night to bash gays: "I hate the queers. I think they should all be killed."

Had he ever been approached or assaulted by a gay man? Never, he said. Then why did he hunt gays? "I just hate the bastards," he said. "That's all."

Alan is typical of hundreds of teenaged youths who are roaming the cities of Australia bashing and murdering homosexual men and, occasionally, gay women. In Sydney, police estimate that packs of adolescents, up to 15-strong, are responsible for about 30 attacks each week. In Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide and Perth there are fewer bashings than in Sydney. But gay activists report that during the latter part of 1990, the rate of attacks in these cities increased substantially.

BY PAUL WILSON*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
GEOFF HOWDEN

Gay bashing is

on the upsurge

in Australian

cities. Many of

the perpetrators

are little more

than boys.

NIGHT STALKERS

* Paul Wilson is a writer and criminologist.

NIGHT STALKERS

"Poofter-bashing" is on the up and up.

Most of the attacks are against men. Gay women are apparently less of a threat or object of hatred than their male counterparts. This may be because there is a certain titillation for heterosexual males in the thought of two women making love; it may be that lesbianism is not a factor in the spread of AIDS, although it's uncertain whether the AIDS issue has anything to do with gay-bashing anyway; or it may be due to the lower public profile of lesbians, who have few beats and obvious public hang-outs.

What surprises police most about the bashing of gay men, however, is the relative youth of the attackers. "It's as though there's a new generation of kids out there who love to bash gays," a NSW cop said. A special report commissioned by the Gay Rights Lobby confirms this observation. In a study of 67 Sydney attacks, the Lobby found that six percent of the assailants were aged under 15, 43 percent between 16 and 20, and 45 per cent between 20 and 25.

The bashings are delivered with controlled venom and fury, resembling the senseless, vicious violence postulated back in the Sixties as a vision of the near future by Anthony Burgess in *A Clockwork Orange*, and often exemplified in the Britain presided over by Margaret Thatcher. In the past 18 months four men have been murdered in Sydney by gay-bashers, and at least another dozen beaten to within an inch of their lives.

Last year a 30-year-old gay man found himself surrounded by a gang of adolescents in the upmarket Sydney suburb of Paddington during the middle of the day. The man was set on by the youths and within two minutes had suffered a broken leg, lacerations and severe bruising. Another broad daylight attack was launched on Marcus Craig, aged 31, who has grown a beard to hide the scars after being karate-kicked by a gang in the gay centre of Sydney, Oxford Street. Craig says he's been assaulted three times in the past six years.

Gay activist Paul Costello, who was also bashed in Oxford Street by a gang of skinheads, tried to raise attention to the issue by asking everyone who'd suffered similar fates to wear red armbands at last year's Gay and Lesbian Mardi Gras in Sydney. Thousands in the throng wore them. The violence in Australia's gay capital is so endemic that the gay community has begun what they call "The Whistle Project", in which homosexuals carry whistles to alert others if they're attacked.

Even men who are not gay have become helpless victims. Greg Moore, standing outside a public toilet in Coogee, was mistakenly taken for a homosexual. He was attacked by a pack of youths who

inflicted injuries leading to fluid on the brain, a fractured right cheekbone, horrible facial and head wounds and deep bruising to various parts of his body. But he survived.

Not so lucky was 45-year-old Patrick McBrien, a cleaner of Maidenstone, Melbourne. McBrien visited Footscray Park on Geelong Road, a well-known meeting place for gays. He had been to the park often before.

Standing alone, he casually watched a group of young men kicking a soccer ball around. One of the group saw McBrien glancing at them and told his mates. The youngest of them, a well-built 15-year-old, broke away from his friends and ran furiously towards the middle-aged gay man. His friends followed and finally caught up with their quarry. The youth tried to trip the man up, but McBrien stood his ground.

"Keep away or I'll throw acid on you," he yelled at them. McBrien then threw a

Though the seven bashers pleaded guilty to killing McBrien, they were only convicted of manslaughter.

bottle of liquid sex stimulant over the youth, causing a stinging sensation on the boy's arm. The youths, infuriated by McBrien's resistance, continued to chase him. They eventually cornered him near the Footscray Institute of Technology. Knocking McBrien to the ground, they kicked him ruthlessly.

After the attack McBrien staggered back home and complained to his flatmate that he was in pain. He went straight to bed and was found dead the next morning.

Though the seven bashers pleaded guilty to killing McBrien, they were only convicted of manslaughter — a conviction that did little to appease the gay community.

Jamie Gardner, president of the Gay Legal Rights Coalition, points out: "When a gang goes out, intending to poofter-bash, and bashes someone to death, we would expect to see it treated as the bloody murder it undoubtedly is. Yet they're allowed to plead to manslaughter, as though they didn't mean it."

There can be no doubt that murder is very much on the minds of many gay-

bashers. Unlike pub fights, muggings and street brawls, the attacks on homosexuals have elements of hatred and viciousness singularly lacking in most serious assaults. "It's just like the Nazis torturing and gassing the Jews," says NSW Police Gay Liaison Officer Sue Thompson. "It's a real example of what the Americans call a 'hate crime.'"

The killing and bashing of gays, blacks and other minorities in the United States has reached such proportions that some states have enacted special laws to deal with these offences. Any assault, intimidation or harassment that is due to the victim's sexual orientation, religion or ethnic background is defined as a hate crime.

In America, the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force says anti-gay hate incidents rose to an all-time high of 7248 reported cases last year. Though in Australia no national statistics are kept, homosexual leaders are convinced that similar attacks against Aussie gays have reached record proportions. No-one is sure exactly why such attacks are growing. One common theory is that AIDS — the most feared disease of the Nineties — is blamed on homosexual promiscuity. But Sue Thompson is not so sure.

"Kids in schools we talk to are fairly sophisticated about AIDS," she says. "They don't see the disease as only being a gay problem." In any event, those assaulted by the gay-bashers say that AIDS is rarely mentioned during the attacks. "They just tell you that you're a bloody poofter," one man, the subject of three bashings, said. "They mention you're a queer, pansy, deviate or whatever, but I haven't been accused of spreading AIDS yet."

Some gay community leaders claim the huge rise in bashings has been caused in part by the anti-gay sentiments put forward by groups such as the Reverend Fred Nile's Festival of Light organisation. Carole Ruthchild, co-convenor of the Gay Rights Lobby, is adamant about the influence of Nile. She says the bashings are "directly related to the propaganda put out by people such as him."

Nile, not surprisingly, denies this accusation: "I have strongly condemned violence against homosexuals," he is reported to have said. "We are totally opposed to that and there is nothing either by word or print that we have put out that would in any way encourage that. In fact, it would discourage it."

However, when the Gay Rights Lobby released their report into violence against lesbians and gay men, Nile was asked his opinion about the statistics in the report demonstrating a high level of gay-bashing in Sydney. The driving force behind the Festival of Light did not want to question the figures. But he did believe that such statistics helped homosexuals exaggerate the extent of bashings and create a public climate sympathetic to the gay cause.

Two words assure you these Shiraz wines will be classic reds of the future.

Lindemans and history.

For nearly 150 years, Lindemans have been making classic wines from two of the grape varieties that have proved themselves perfect for the Hunter Valley... Semillon for the whites and Shiraz (traditionally called Hermitage in the Hunter) for the reds.

These wines are not just classics here in Australia. They are recognised around the world, in countries that also grow these grapes, as quite exceptional in flavour and staying power.

Strong men grow weak when they recall the Bin 1590 of 1959 and the Bin 3110 of 1965.

They are still great wines, rich and powerful with a long, lingering flavour you'll never forget.

In your bottle shops now you may find some of the older wines, alongside the new releases.

The younger wines taste just as the glorious classics did when they were just starting out.

The Hunter River Burgundy is a fine example. It shows soft, peppery Shiraz character with a hint of nuttiness from American and French oak.

The Hunter River Steven Hermitage is an excellent, more complex and fuller-bodied wine. It shows attractive oak and a firm, tannin finish. This future classic should continue to improve for many years.

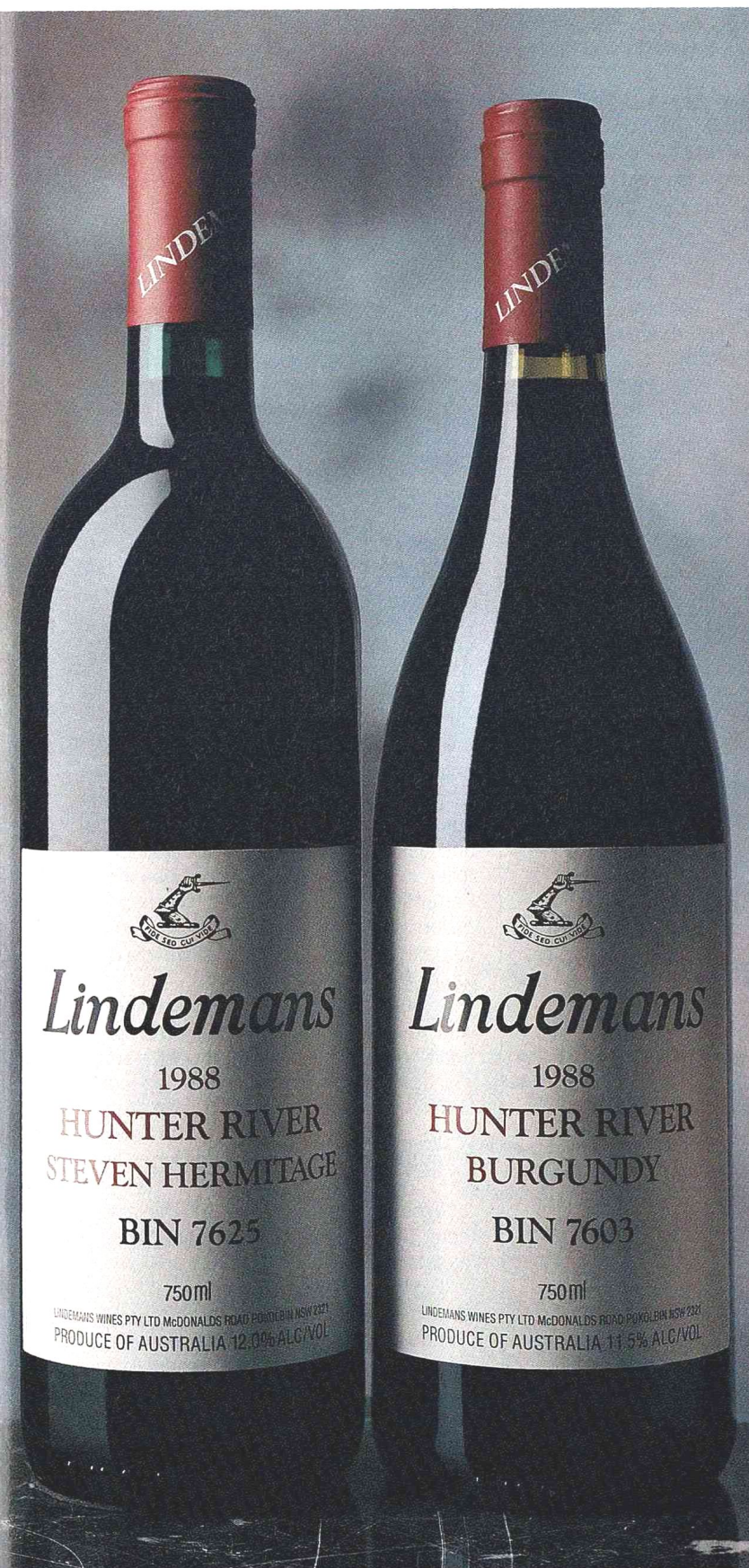
Taste some now, put some away. History, and of course Lindemans, is on your side.

The brilliant crimson of a young Lindemans Shiraz on its way to maturing and greatness.



WINERY VISITS

You are always welcome to visit the historic Lindemans winery in McDonalds Road, Pokolbin in the Hunter Valley. Open seven days.



NIGHT STALKERS

Such views do little to alleviate the concerns of gay leaders regarding the role that anti-homosexual missionaries play in motivating bashers. Last year, Bruce Grant, another convener of the Gay Rights Lobby, told *Sadness Telegraph* newspaper that people "such as Nile perpetuate hate; there is definitely a cause and effect relationship."

In the latter part of 1990, Dan Gleeson, mayor of the Townsville-based Thuringowa City Council, was reported in the *Townsville Bulletin* as saying: "Homosexuals spreading AIDS should be treated like drug pushers — they should be lined up against a wall and shot."

As Bill Rudkins, President of the AIDS Council, remarked, this type of comment "only encourages people to think there is nothing wrong with violently assaulting gay people."

More than anything else, though, the high profile of gay people themselves undoubtedly contributes to the spate of assaults.

In the last ten years homosexuals have adopted a militant stance: Mardi Gras marches, gay solidarity meetings and articulate homosexual media spokespeople have given gays a public face which, though it may have made them many friends, has no doubt encouraged the

haters and homophobes to rise like scum to the surface.

In this regard the position of homosexuals mirrors that of other groups who are the victims of hate crimes. In the United States youthful "white power" groups have arisen in large towns and cities. They resent the more visible presence of gays in inner-city suburbs and they firmly believe that Afro-Americans and other minorities have been given unfair advantages by government affirmative action programs. Though gays, either in America or in this country, have no such advantages, the obvious presence of homosexuals in areas like Oxford Street in Sydney makes them more visible targets.

As with most thugs, the bashers are basically cowards. They hunt in packs and nearly always attack homosexuals who are alone or with only one other person. Although it's popularly thought in Sydney that most of these youths come from the deprived western suburbs, according to the editor of the gay newspaper *The Sydney Star Observer*: "The fact is that the attackers come from other areas as well, including the lower North Shore." Educated, advantaged, but thugs nonetheless.

Although dimly-lit streets are the favorite hunting grounds of the youthful bashers, there is an increasing tendency for homosexual "beats" to be targeted as well. Anonymous sex in toilets, parks and deserted beaches may be the erotic

preference of only a small proportion of homosexual men these days, but for that minority, their sexual playgrounds have become very dangerous.

Public toilets have also been favorite haunts for vice police who try to entrap gays by morally and legally dubious tactics. "Agents provocateurs" — generally young, good-looking policemen posing as gays — have been an unfortunate aspect of Australian law enforcement since Federation, and that remains the case in states where homosexuality is still illegal. By standing at a urinal and playing with their cocks, the cops try to entice a gay man into making a pass.

But now the homosexual who visits toilets looking to get his rocks off faces an equally sinister foe. Either inside the toilets or outside them, young men casually loiter, waiting patiently for unsuspecting middle-aged men to approach them.

John, a 50-year-old gay man, was one victim of this ruse. He had visited the toilets at a suburban park in Brisbane where he had, in the past, successfully met others who were looking for what the Americans call "tearoom" (toilet) trade.

While waiting just inside the door of the toilet he heard a man whispering from a closed cubicle. "Put your cock in the hole," the voice said, "and I'll suck you off." John obliged and found a willing hand slowly masturbating his erect penis. Slowly sinking into ecstasy, he felt a wet substance being rubbed over his cock and imagined that it was part of the sexual play. But then he heard a match being lit and felt a searing pain along the shaft of his organ. Screaming in agony, he withdrew from the hole and saw that his entire penis was on fire.

He ran towards the door of the toilet, only to be blocked by a gang of teenagers who laughingly displayed a can of lighter fluid. The youths then proceeded to bash and kick John till he sank to the floor of the toilet in a state of semi-consciousness. Fortunately, the youths left when a car pulled up to the toilet block. The driver came to John's help and took him to a doctor.

Sometimes the bashers are rewarded with a dose of their own ugly medicine. Sue Thompson tells the story of a strong, well-built ex-cop who was walking down Oxford Street. Some young drunken thugs, staggering down the street towards him, inadvertently bumped into him.

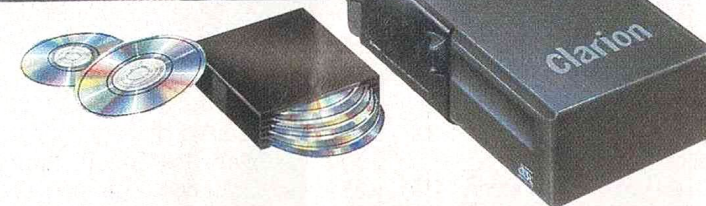
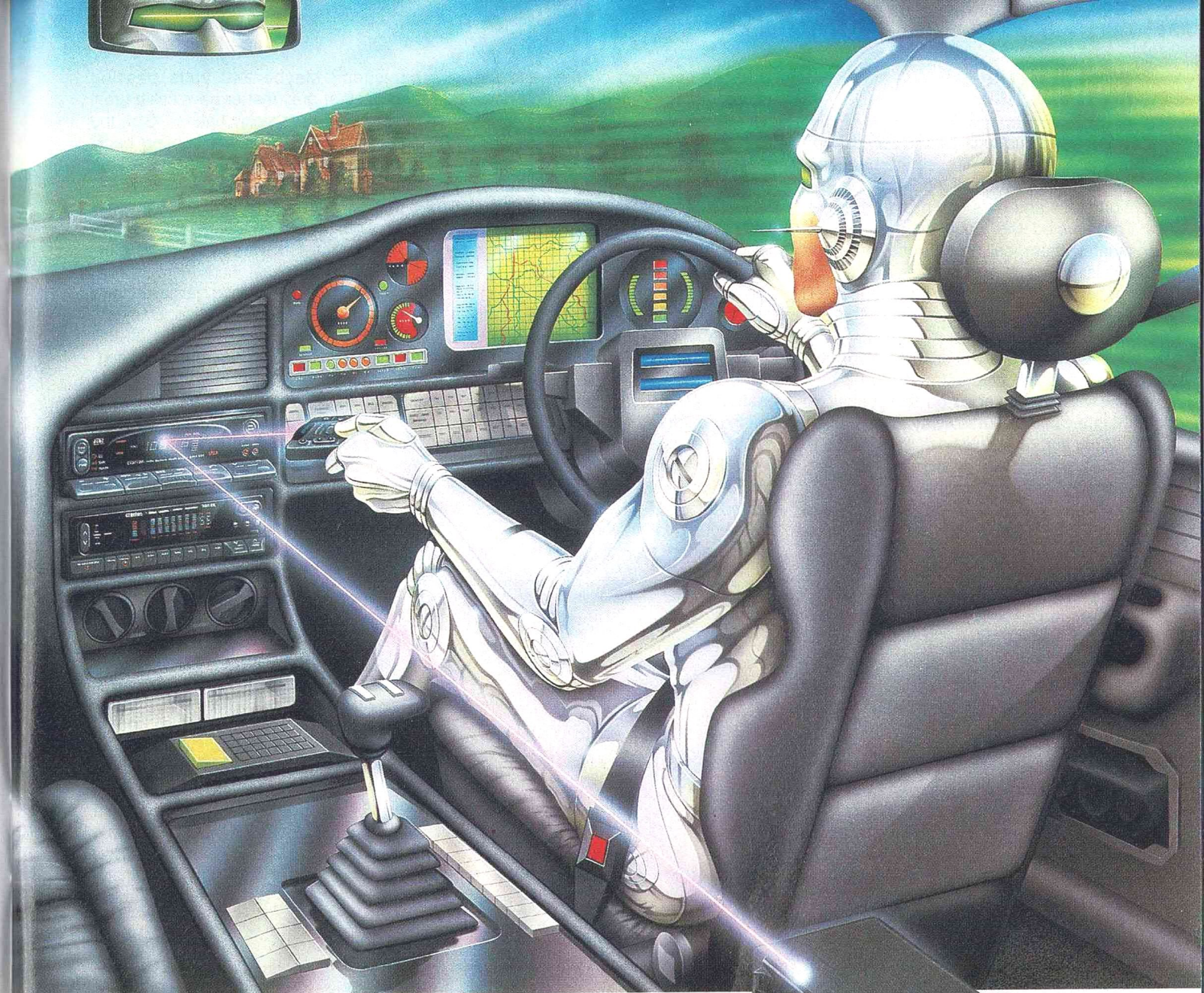
"What are you kids up to?" he asked them. They replied that they were "looking for some poofers to bash up."

"Well, look no further," he said. "You're looking right at one of these poofers."

Then it was on. The ex-cop found one of the kids on his back and two others flailing his body with fists and boots. He tossed the one on his back on to the road and started dealing with the other two. Then, without warning, a knife appeared.



"You're kidding — don't tell me Genghis Khan't?"



SEND YOUR EARS INTO ORBIT WITH THE AFFORDABLE CD

Featuring the latest technology, today's Clarion CD and car audio systems carry on a 50 year tradition of excellence. To take your car audio into another world see your nearest Clarion car audio specialist

or call 008 252 391.

clarion

Sole Australian Distributor • AWA Distribution Limited

Sydney: 02 888 9000 Melbourne: 03 693 3322 Brisbane: 07 844 1631 Adelaide: 08 272 2366 Perth: 09 244 2884 Launceston: 003 27 3566

Bozell Cla 3524

NIGHT STALKERS

The game suddenly looked very dangerous. Before the knife could be used, though, people appeared from the gay nightclubs and bars down Oxford Street. They circled the would-be bashers and taunted them, calling them cowards and animals.

The adolescents were petrified, faced as they were with the same insurmountable odds that they'd mounted on their victims in the past. But once a cop, always a cop, and the man who was to be their next victim intervened on their behalf so that they could scuttle away to safety.

What sort of people bash gays? Though some homosexual men argue that any heterosexual male is capable of verbally or physically assaulting gays, this argument seems as absurd as the hard-line feminist assertion that any male is likely to rape a woman.

For a start, you don't have to be exclusively heterosexual to engage in gay-bashing. Last year the ABC's *7.30 Report* broadcast an interview with a young man who had been viciously beating gays for a number of years. The man admitted that he had strong homosexual tendencies and beat up gays in order to convince both himself and his mates that he was really a "normal" man. He has now given up the pretence of being straight and accepted his homosexuality.

It would be a mistake, however, to blame gay-bashing entirely on people who are unsure about their sexual preference. Rampant homophobia is endemic in Australian society and it is given legitimacy by religious and political leaders who are convinced that their moral agenda is good for the country.

Anti-gay rhetoric, coupled with the way many police behave towards gay victims of assault, surely provides impetus for the bashers. There are plenty of documented examples of police apathy.

In October 1990, James Timmins, 41, was bashed so badly in Darlinghurst, Sydney that he was hospitalised. Timmins and a friend were attacked by a gang of youths as they waited for a taxi outside the Oxford Hotel. The two men were knocked to the ground, stomped in the face and repeatedly kicked in the groin.

His friend ran off, but Timmins, dazed and bloodied, raced towards Victoria Street. He spotted two of the gang and went to the Kings Cross police station, hoping to give the police a sporting chance to grab the assailants. "There were two constables," Timmins said. "One was on the phone and the other was sitting there with his feet up on the bench."

The cop looked up at Timmins and, without even taking his feet off the bench, asked the badly hurt man what he wanted. "I've been bashed," Timmins replied,

"and I've seen two of them and they're across the street and if you go now you can get them."

The cop asked Timmins whether he had been drinking at the Albury — a gay hotel — and then made no further attempt to help him. "I can only assume that his comment about the Albury meant: 'Oh, another faggot-bashing — we're not really worried about it,'" Timmins says.

In October last year the NSW Minister for Police, Mr Pickering, promised to investigate Labor MP Paul O'Grady's claim that he was told to "get lost" at Kings Cross police station when he reported being bashed. (The politician had attracted national media attention earlier last year when it became known he was gay.) O'Grady was in obvious distress when he turned up at the station and had to be treated at Sydney Hospital for a broken cheekbone and other injuries.

The incident took place in March and at

It was claimed that two policemen were asked by onlookers to help, but they refused.

the time he decided not to publicise it nor formally complain to the Police Department because he thought it was an isolated event. But later in the year he received several complaints from gay men about similar treatment from the wallopers. One involved a man who was attacked by two others in Taylor Square on September 21. It was claimed that two policemen were asked by onlookers to help the victim, but they refused and walked into a milk bar instead. Eventually they had "strolled" to where the man had been attacked.

It's difficult to see the incidence of gay-bashing decreasing in the future. As economic conditions decline, fascist and hate violence tends to spread like wildfire. And it's doubtful that there will be much public sympathy for homosexuals in the community generally.

The *Brisbane Sun* recently published a letter typical of those streaming into newspapers: "We can no longer pretend to take notice of the lowest form of life," the letter stated. "Gays are creators of misery and death. How many more innocent victims of AIDS have to die before homosexuality is

banished? Maybe 240 volts passing through that grey matter gays call a brain might nullify their sickly habits." Still, the homosexual community is fighting back. Letters such as this receive dozens of irate replies from gays and their supporters.

But for many of those bashed, much more than public sympathy is needed. Some gay activists were threatening to expose the homosexual inclinations of politicians who did not support gay law reform or equal opportunity legislation. One activist said that in Queensland a list of politicians, judges, public servants and sporting figures who have engaged in gay frolics had been drawn up and would be released if the legislature blocked pending homosexual law reform (it didn't). If information that's already public is an indicator, the list would have been a long one. It was reasonably well-known that during Joh Bjelke-Petersen's reign — the most homophobic period in that state's history — there were at least three National Party MPs, including two former Ministers, and a number of senior public servants who were practising homosexuals.

Beside these guerilla tactics other, more orthodox, moves are underway. Gay-police liaison committees are being established in some states, and some cops, at least, are actively encouraging those who are bashed to report their attacks. But as the examples of police apathy above show, this is difficult. Studies confirm what you'd naturally assume: that the police culture is typified by conservatism and macho behavior. The cops, like many others, have a tendency to moralise about gays and to regard most expressions of homosexuality as improper or disorderly.

Within the homosexual community there is considerable debate about the importance of legislation that outlaws sexual vilification. Critics argue that such legislation is only effective if it is obeyed and, as the large number of bashings indicate, many people positively hate gays. Besides, the critics argue, laws which outlaw any form of vilification — racial, religious or sexual — cripple free speech and lead to a more censorious society.

It's clear that the bashings, like the spread of the AIDS virus, are not just a "gay problem." Already we have seen that many of these thugs can't discriminate between gays and non-gays — which is hardly surprising, since gay men may sometimes dress distinctively but don't have an insignia tattooed into their foreheads — and many more "innocents" will be hurt in the future.

And there's the very real possibility that the youthful thugs may tire of gay-bashing and turn to other groups — pensioners, women, the handicapped — for their physical and mental kicks. It's therefore in the interests of heterosexuals, as well as homosexuals, to stop the gay-bashers before their mindless violence envelops us all. 

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GLENN MORALES

ONE HOT NIGHT

It had been much too long. Joe had been away up north for six weeks, working on an engineering project. All they had had between them was the phone, and that wasn't good enough. Then Joe told Jaqui he would be able to fly in for a night.





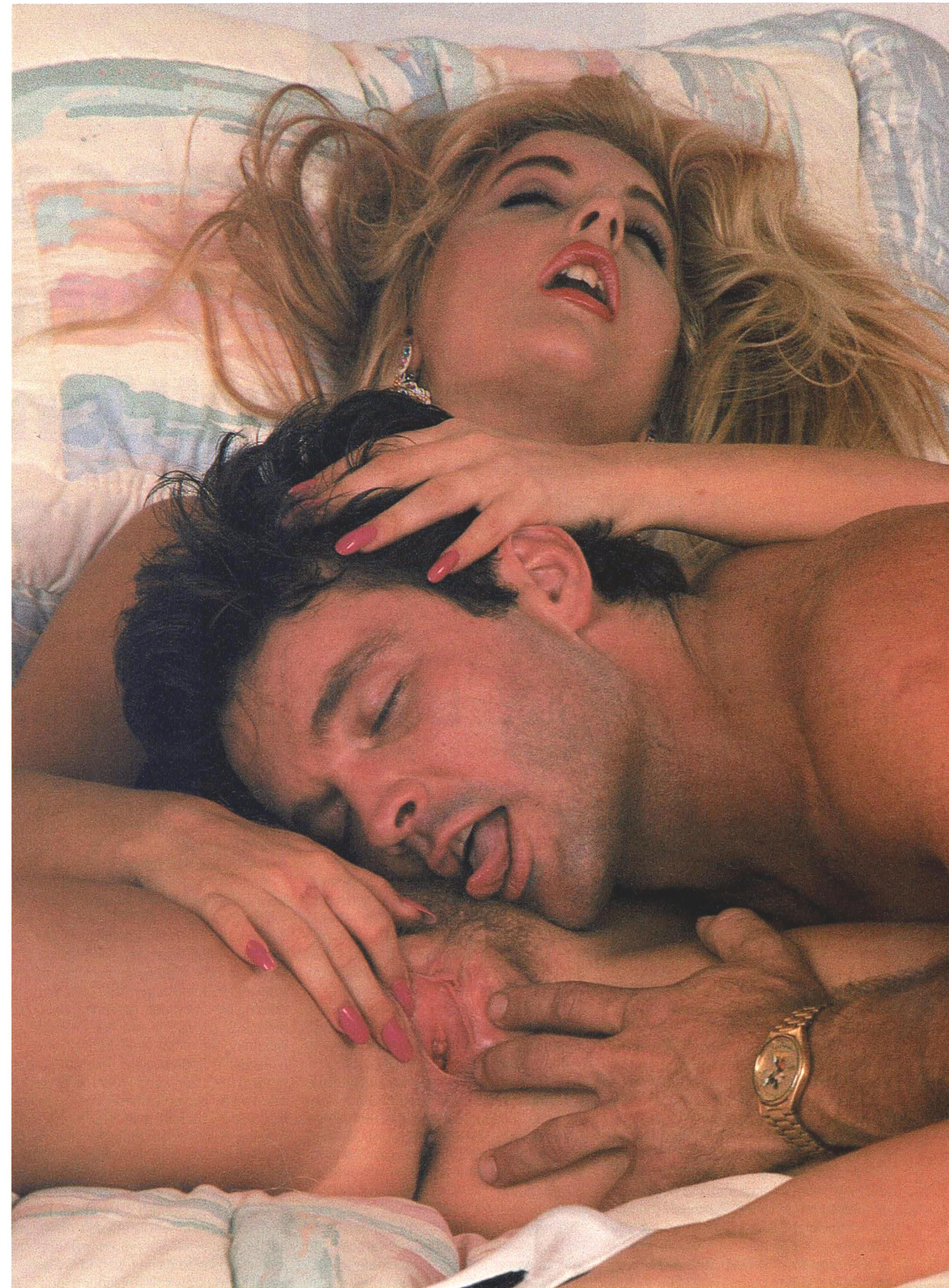
Waiting for Joe, Jaqui thought she was going to burn alive she was so hot and so excited. She got everything ready: she spiced the spa with exotic oils and chilled the champagne. Every minute seemed to take an hour to pass by; every nerve ending was on fire with anticipation.

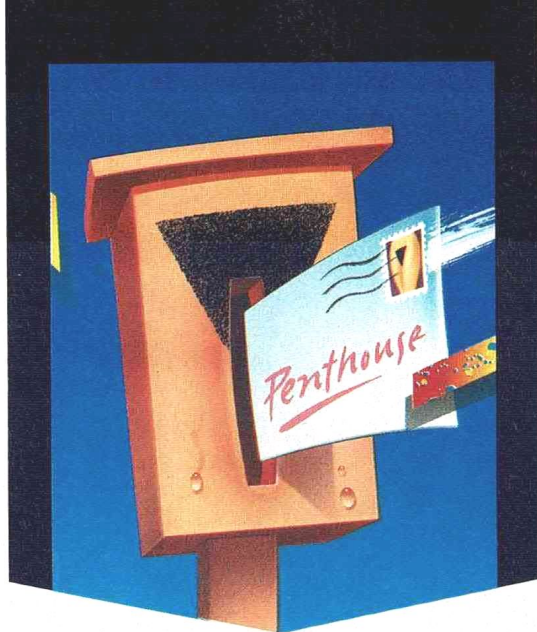


At last, he was at her door, and they didn't bother with formalities. They couldn't wait another second — they were together again, with a long, hot, tropical night ahead of them. They made the most of every minute of it. The whole world could have gone up in smoke, right then, and they wouldn't have given a damn.









\$1000 forum letter competition winners

\$1000 FIRST PRIZE: **Berlin wallflower**

Although I'm now a very happily married woman, I still find myself occasionally masturbating to the memory of an incident that happened to me when I was young girl backpacking around Europe.

Short of money, I'd ended up in Berlin, where the only well-paid work I could get was waitressing in a nightclub. The uniform should have warned me what type of club it was, but I was very naive in those days. So I duly reported for duty early, feeling rather self-conscious in the "French Maid's" outfit they'd supplied, complete with high heels, black fishnet stockings, suspenders, and minute panties and mini skirt that left nothing to the imagination.

On arrival I was told that Jurgen, the manager, wanted to see me and was surprised to be shown into the dimly lit office of a blond, blue-eyed young German.

He could see how nervous and shy I was and so I gratefully accepted the Schnapps he offered me while he explained the layout of the club. Looking out through the two-way mirror on his wall, I was surprised to see how small it was. Just a few little booths and a tiny stage. However, what I

saw happening on the stage stunned me.

An exquisite blonde girl with the most perfect breasts I have ever seen was kneeling above a magnificently muscular negro and stroking his thick, sleepy cock awake with her strikingly long pointed nipples. I was hypnotised . . . fascinated by her ability to turn a man on like that in public.

Pulling her long silky hair off her gorgeous face, she started sensuously licking along the length of her companion's huge shaft like a cat. A few licks and a gentle sucking on the tip made it suddenly swell and rear up, shining under the red glow of the stage lights.

By now, the Schnapps was hitting the spot and I could feel myself getting moist along the little strip of gauze running like a G-string between my legs. As if sensing my frustration, Jurgen leaned across to refill my glass and almost by accident steadied himself with his hand on my thigh.

"Enjoying the show?" I heard him whisper and I could only nod as I watched the temptress on stage . . . fascinated. With little wriggles she was teasing herself by

rubbing her cunt lips along the tip of the massive cock beneath her before finally lowering herself right down and absorbing it up to the hilt. Oh, how I longed to ride that shaft like that too.

Meanwhile, Jurgen's fingers had crept up the insides of my legs, which I opened with a minimum of resistance since I was so turned on and mesmerised. The girl was now on all fours, showing her superb buttocks and wide-open cunt lips to the audience. Rising above her, her partner, holding his enormous, glistening phallus in his hand, slipped it into her and started mounting her, in full view, from behind.

Jurgen's fingers were now mercilessly tickling my clitoris and I had my legs wide open as he played with me. I heard myself gasp as I watched that huge black cock dipping in between those creamy white cheeks, which wobbled with every long thrust. Her lubricated labia locked around that pole every time it pulled out.

By this time Jurgen was on the floor in front of me, his head between my thighs as he lasciviously tongued my sopping pussy. I moaned as he reached my quivering clit and threw my stockinged legs over

his shoulders to squeeze his head further into my cunt. As he expertly sucked on my pulsing little button I squirmed on his face, groaning with frustration because I was so close to coming.

On stage they were fucking in a frenzy. He was pounding it in and out of her at a frantic rate when suddenly he cried out, pulled his twitching penis right out of her and with a mighty groan sent jets of sperm arcing up into the lights like a fountain and down on to her arse. The curtains came down, and hearing the applause, Jurgen suddenly stopped sucking me and said: "Time for work now. Please go and see what they want in the booth in the corner with the blue light on."

I could have killed him. I was absolutely desperate to come — right on the verge of orgasm. But he thrust a tray and a bottle into my hand and, before I knew it, I was teetering on my high heels to the darkest corner of the club. I could just about make out two young men in the gloom as I got to the booth. Because there was a table in the way I had to lean across to reach their glasses, giving them a good eyeful of boob in my low-cut costume. As I did so, I

jumped with shock — I felt a hand slide up my buttocks. Because I was so horny, I couldn't help but writhe with pleasure. I went to get up but another hand held me down and I felt my legs being parted as a voice asked for "just a little feel."

Before I could object, a sensuous finger was stroking my already soaking vaginal lips so well that I just moaned and lay there. As my eyes adjusted to the light, I realised that in front of me one of the young men had his cock sticking out from his opened fly and I found myself desperately reaching over to stroke it. Meanwhile, his friend had moved behind me and was leaning over my arse with what was an unmistakably large erection pulsing its way between my opened legs.

As soon as I felt my panties pulled aside and the tip slide between my cunt lips, I was gone. I was so desperate and he pushed it in so easily and quickly from behind that it felt too fantastic to fight. Meanwhile the youngster in front of me was resting his hands on the table and pressing his cock inches from my gasping mouth.

I'd never had two men before (or since)

but that night I was so horny I wanted all I could get. I leaned forward and sucked as much of his prick in as I could. I was almost hysterical. They both went at me until I felt them almost simultaneously swell, stiffen and pulse the way pricks do just before they shoot their loads.

And then it happened. They both bucked and rammed at once and I felt as if I was exploding. Fountains of it jetted down my throat at the same time as I felt it shooting right up inside me. I thought I'd drown as I milked them both as dry as I could. I came so completely that I collapsed, exhausted.

I can't remember much about what happened after that, except that Jurgen said that I'd gone too far. Something about breaking the "House Rules." So I left.

I did keep one souvenir as a reminder though — the uniform. In fact, I'm wearing it now as I sit here stroking myself, waiting for my husband to come home and give me what I need. It has a remarkable effect on him . . . and me, for that matter. I've even got a bottle of Schnapps here for old times sake. So — *Prost!* — *Name and address withheld*

RUNNERS-UP

Pomelled into submission

I like adventure and sometimes that includes sex in exotic places. Which might account for what happened when I signed up for a camel trek holiday in India. Our Rajasthani camel "boys" (who in fact were grown men) seemed in need of grooming and a bit of cool. They stared at my shorts and all that snuggles within them; so, always a respectable lass (except when I'm not), I tossed the shorts and moved into a long Indian skirt. But minus knickers. It's so hot there (India, I mean) that if you're covered by a skirt, you might as well be cool all the way up, so to speak.

We started camel riding and — oh my god! — the advertising brochures never tell you how that saddle, rammed hard between your angelic buns, saws right through you. My perineum felt absolutely crushed. But . . . after half a day, I found that the constant pressure between my legs was tickling my clitoris like a demon with two tongues. I was getting horny on this foolish ship of the desert. And right in front of my spread legs was the smooth, phallic, leather pommel of the saddle. Rubbing myself against it made me all the more titillated. So all afternoon I did exactly that, just to distract myself from the pounding pain of the jolting camel.

On these trips you ride two-up, so that there's a camel boy sitting behind you on this special double saddle. A hump built for two, and pardon the pun. My guy, Mahdu, had a big moustache, drooping eyelids and opium-stained teeth. Otherwise he was quite handsome. I hoped he couldn't notice my condition.

I was so horny that as soon as we made camp for the evening, I slipped away, lay down behind some scrub and masturbated gloriously. Just as I was coming like an ocean, I opened my eyes — shit! — to see Madhu staring at me from the opposite bush. I blushed scarlet as a desert sari, dragged my skirt down and hissed furiously at him: "Piss off, you!"

Next morning I avoided his eyes as he helped me on to the crouching camel. I said nothing, and we set off on our rocking journey. Within half an hour my crotch was again in agony from the jolting. And again, for distraction, my lascivious little fanny began rubbing itself against the smooth, rounded pommel.

Raising myself slowly in the stirrups, I shifted forward until I could feel the round leather head of the pommel nuzzling at my damp vagina. (Remember, I'm not wearing knickers under this long full skirt). Steadying myself, I then lowered my pussy on to that bobbing dildo. God! It felt like the whole desert was shuddering through me every time the camel took a step. With a little from my fingers, soon I was, as they say, creaming. I had to keep myself from

screaming, too. And then the camel stopped dead. "You are feeling all right, memsahib?" asked Mahdu.

What could I do? I'm impaled on the pommel, and even though the skirt hides it all, if I move off it he'll understand what I've been up to, so to speak. I turned my head to reassure him, and almost had a heart attack. He had two big things — a wicked ear-to-ear grin, and, in his hand, his smooth, dark tool — which he was slowly rubbing from shaft to head. I looked about to see the rest of our group disappearing around a dune ahead . . . and I knew that there was nothing to do but face my fate, or in this case, face it backwards.

Mahdu gently took hold of my hips and tilted me forward. The pommel drove deeper into my panicking pussy. He flipped up the back of my skirt, so that my pretty derriere was fully exposed. This seemed to set him off. I could feel his penis hard against the small of my back. He

Right in front of my spread legs was the smooth, phallic leather pommel of the saddle

kissed the nape of my neck. Softly he spat into his hand and began lubricating his beautiful cock — and before I could stop him, with one gentle finger, also my arsehole. I was bent forward in the saddle, still voluptuously impaled to the hilt, but now — here was his cock probing itself inch by inch into my dear little tail. I was horrified, fascinated, and then . . . well, "chocka."

Fully within me now, he began moving with a slow, sinuous pumping. I settled down upon both his pommel and the saddle's, feeling his balls beneath me. My clitoris was burning, my vagina was salivating (like the greedy cunt it sometimes is), and I decided all I could do now was to contract around his pulsing pole. He loved it, driving deep, hugging me tighter, and murmuring softly in some desert tongue. He moved his legs. This I thought was to grip better, in anticipation of the eruption I could feel building in his loins. Surely I was about to receive — and give — an absolute Ganges of an orgasm. I was right and wrong. Mahdu had moved his legs to kick the camel into motion!

Suddenly we were again undulating

slowly across the desert. Deep inside me the rhythms of, literally, man and beast jolted through my nerves and aching orifices, filling me beyond containment. I was moaning, then thrashing; the pommel was awash. Then Mahdu groaned and gripped me tight; he too was coming home. Deep within me his jets of lust gushed. I could feel the spasms from his cock, and my sphincter gripping and ungripping it, milking the bursts out of him. His flesh fused into mine, a core melt-down. After that, we needed to do nothing more; the rhythm of the camel's sway kept us locked hard and soft together, on heat, yearning, for days. . . And that is how I "humped my way", as they say, across the burning desert. — Name and address withheld

Life school

I had just finished university. Young and naive, I was ready to see Australia, a decision not approved of by my parents. After travelling for a few weeks, I found myself drinking strong coffee at an all-night truck stop in an Australian country town with an easily forgettable name.

Standing at the counter and drooping over my murky coffee, I couldn't help but observe the exchange between the middle-aged, overly blonde and very well endowed waitress and a thickset, unshaven truckie. I didn't miss the wink he had aimed at his bulky friend on sauntering up to the counter and her knowing return smile. The bulky waitress placed a full cup of what I assumed was the same questionable fluid that I was attempting to warm my hands on in front of the new arrival, but it wasn't coffee he had in mind.

The truckie spoke to the waitress between great gulps from his cup.

"Well Bid, I'm as horny as hell! You on?" (I was startled out of my near somnambulism at this.)

"I'm not due for a break for an hour — oh, give us a sec. Hey Jed, I'm taking my break, right?" (This was said over her shoulder as Bid undid her apron and appeared to be addressing some miserable presence perhaps located in that area which could have been loosely called a kitchen.)

"Maybe someone wants to watch." Two pairs of eyes were diverted to me, and my dull brain would not respond in the way I would have previously predicted. I found myself propelled towards the door with the sweaty truckie holding firmly on to one arm and the buxom waitress gripping the other.

I was walked about 20 paces to the rear of a canvas covered truck, lifted bodily on to the backboard and pushed like a zombie through the canvas covering. From my viewing position on a wooden case, I faced an area lit by two kerosene lamps. The smell of burning kero mingled with a musty smell I assumed came from the great pile of blankets spread over half the available floor space.

FREE 30 DAY TRIAL OFFER

BODYWISE the irresistible male scent

SEND
NO MONEY

As part of a Nationwide Publicity Campaign the Famous Australian Company Bodywise Australia, is offering Thousands of the Internationally Advertised Female Attractant in Convenient Spray Packs on a 30 DAY FREE TRIAL. You are

the Best Judge of what works for you and we ask you merely to try Bodywise FREE OF CHARGE FOR 30 DAYS. You Pay Only if decide to Keep the Product.



The female attractant that makes 9 out of 10 men more desirable to women

Bodywise Spray isn't a Cloying Perfume or an Aftershave, She'll Never Know why she finds you So Powerfully Attractive. Bodywise Spray contains Pheromones, in particular Androsterone, which are substances the Body Produces Specifically to attract members of the Opposite Sex. normally your body produces only Tiny Amounts. Now, with Bodywise Spray, you can become a WALKING MAGNET TO WOMEN.

You will be amazed at the Powerful Sensual Reactions you invoke wearing the Amazing Bodywise Spray which is shown to make 9 OUT OF 10 MEN MORE DESIRABLE TO WOMEN as per detailed findings from an Independent Survey conducted by Bennett Research Pty Ltd.

OUTRAGEOUS COMMENTS FROM SURVEY...

- "Your product really works" C.G. BELLAMBI
- "The results have been well beyond my wildest imagination" A. L. ALBANY
- "It is every bit of what the advertisements said it was" M. F. POMONIA
- "A lady (about 45 years) said to me, that just by talking to me stimulated her to an extent that was unexplainable" NSW
- "A much younger beautiful lady sitting next to me at a formal dinner whispered that she wanted to make love to me" W.A.
- "As a professional chauffeur I find that my clientele has noticeably increased" NSW

SATISFACTION IS GUARANTEED ORDER YOUR BODYWISE TODAY

Olnier Pty Ltd, Inc in NSW. 1st floor 535 Pittwater Rd. Brookvale NSW 2100. (02) 938 4488

SEND
NO MONEY
BODYWISE...
powerful
female
attractant
containing
pheromones



BODYWISE SPRAY FREE 30 DAY TRIAL AGREEMENT

Mail to: Olnier Pty Ltd, Inc in NSW.
P.O. Box 672, Brookvale NSW 2100
I wish to try Bodywise Spray on a free 30 day trial and I agree that if I keep it for longer I will pay the retail price of \$39.95 (plus \$2 postage and handling)

Signed: _____
Name: _____
Address: _____
Postcode: _____ Tel: _____

The sum of \$39.95 will be due 30 days from receipt of delivery. In the unlikely event that you are dissatisfied return the spray to Bodywise within 30 days from delivery. Bodywise Spray is sent in plain wrapper to ensure maximum confidentiality.

forum comp

My two instructors immediately fell upon each other, tearing off each other's clothes. Bert (the truckie) was soon playing with Bid's pendulous breasts. They hung nearly to her waist, but her nipples were thick and red with long protuberances. He sucked heavily on one whilst fondling the nipple of the other. Surprisingly, I wasn't disgusted. I realised my own hand had wandered to my own small tits and was roughly fondling my sensitive areolae.

Back on the rug, Bid was on her knees, naked. One of Bert's hands had found its way between her surprisingly clean-shaven pussy. His hand passed quickly back and forth between those chubby thighs from anus to clit. He paused momentarily to push two fingers deep inside her and Bid pushed down to get full benefit of the probing.

With a quick movement he pushed the wanton waitress over so that her arse faced me in a display of uninhibited sexuality, although I doubted at this stage if either participant remembered that I was sitting there in the dark watching every unguarded move. Removing his dirty stubbies and equally dirty jocks with one hand, Bert continued to probe Bid with the fingers of his other hand, every now and then slipping two fingers up Bid's arsehole. I was amazed at the length and thickness of Bert's cock, now standing stiffly against his overhanging stomach. He pulled one of the sagging tits behind his conquest and sucking noisily on the hard mesa, he roughly separated the heavy lips of Bid's cunt. Her clit hung down, a shadow in the lamp's glow. Rolling this between his fingers, while I watched in rising fervor, he placed his thick cock against the opening chasm and pushed strongly to make his wand disappear and reappear for three strong thrusts.

Bid's breathing was becoming more evident and my own desires were becoming irresistible. My denim shorts were now around my ankles along with my white lace pants. My hand found my own slit and I relished the feel of the slippery liquid which I rubbed gently over and around my erect clit. I could imagine that great dirty hand entering me as it had entered Bid. I continued to play with myself as Bid's noises became small cries of pleasure. Bert had removed his dick from the cunt he had so recently probed and replaced it with four fingers of his left hand. His dick was poised at her gaping arsehole and as Bid's cries grew in intensity, he plunged his shaft into the abyss, punching in and out.

His breathing, too, became heavy. Bid pumped back at the hand and cock which were giving her so much pleasure. I was reacting to the scene with my fingers deep inside my cunt and Bert was on the edge from his arse-punching. All at once the

dam burst and Bert released a cry as if he was in wonderful pain. Bid too cried out, collapsing under the weight and release. I could hold back no more as I reacted to my now furious rubbing of my clit with an outpouring of glutinous love juice.

They lay there, the waitress sprawled, legs wide apart under the bulk of the naked truckie, his balls pulsing at me in the lamp's glow. I rearranged my clothing and left the truck and, getting into my own car, I drove off. It was the start of the education my university days had not prepared me for. — *Name and address withheld*

Rites of passage

An air of expectation descended upon the forest clearing as the ceremony was about to begin. We were in Rodriguez, a tiny unspoiled tropical paradise in the southern Indian Ocean, to witness the *Borre Femme* — a copulation ceremony. It was perfect

“My two instructors immediately fell upon each other, tearing off each other's clothes”

formed at the beginning of each fishing season to ensure a plentiful harvest. I'd come merely as a spectator. Soon, however, I'd be pushing back the very limits of sexual ecstasy.

About 50 island girls gathered in the clearing. They were of mixed French-Indian descent, absolutely gorgeous. Just seeing them clad in their bikini-style tops and makeshift animal hide skirts was enough to give me a hard-on. My heart raced as they began selecting partners from the crowd. It almost stopped dead when one approached me, held her hand out to mine and motioned me to join her.

She was stunning — about 5'6" with delicate, exquisitely feminine features and hypnotic brown eyes. Her long black hair, soft as silk, cascaded down to her small shoulders. Her flawless skin was dark golden brown. She was slim, with a small waist, nicely rounded tits and a perfectly curved arse. My stomach was in knots with anticipation. My cock was so hard I swear it was going to explode.

With all the couples assembled, a lone bongo began to play, signalling the start of the ceremony. My island princess stood

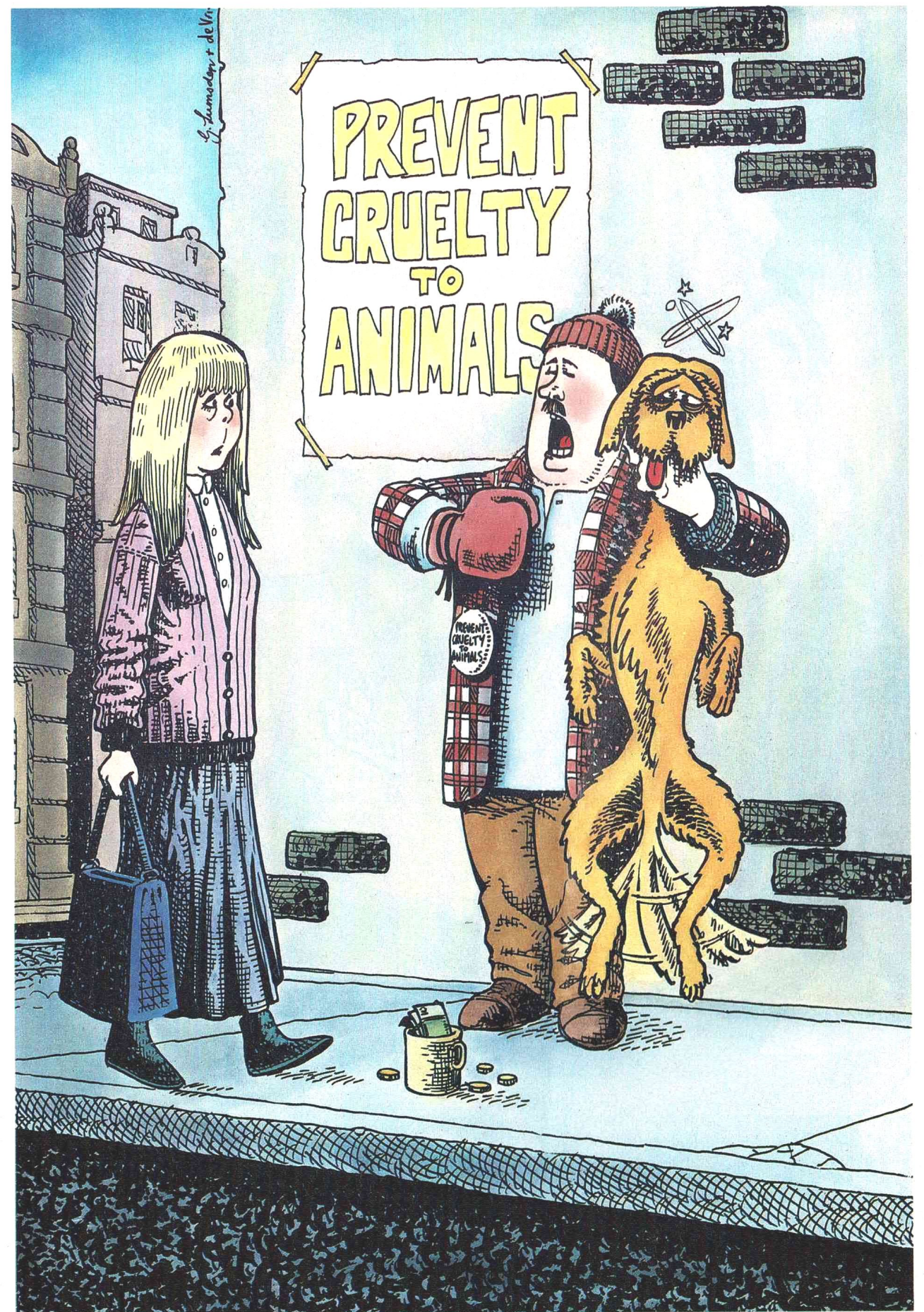
before me, placed her small hands on my shoulders and gently pushed me down. I knelt before her and she ripped off her top, bouncing her tits in my face. They were so firm, so round — like two ripe melons. I wrapped my mouth around her delicious dark nipples, devouring this feast before me. She leaned into me, dropped to her knees and pressed against my body. Grabbing my hair, she threw my head back and planted her hungry open mouth on mine, her hot tongue probing every recess of my mouth. Then she stood. At this point I realised that all the other couples were themselves locked in various throes of sexual passion. To see this was exiting, while to be part of it defied description.

My goddess stood, not allowing me to get up, and, shedding her small waist cloth, revealed the beautiful soft black mound of her pussy. She gave me no time to admire this vision though — subtlety was not one of her virtues. The drumming intensified as she thrust her cunt in my face, covering me in her juices. Conscious thought left me. Operating purely on instinct, I pushed my face against her, darting my tongue in and out of her. With her sweet thighs on either side of my head, she ground herself on to me. Soon I was lying on my back. She reached down and pulled off my board shorts and swimmers, releasing my cock. I'd never before been so hard for so long and I was showing no sign of letting up now.

She placed her mouth over my cock. Without thinking, I thrust it down her throat — she didn't even flinch. What had only relatively recently become socially acceptable in the West, these people had developed into an art form. The fact that I didn't fill her mouth with come there and then was a testament to her skill. She toyed with me, her tongue performing gymnastics around my dick, then moving down to my balls. She'd bring me within a hair's breadth of orgasm, then ease off so fractionally, yet so effectively. The very sight of her sweet, almost virginal face over my cock was sheer heaven.

In unison my princess, together with her island sisters, then got on to their hands and knees — the preliminaries were over. The drumming intensified as I knelt down behind her. If there is such a thing as the perfect arse, then this girl had it. She spread her knees, revealing her sweet crack, a dark shade of pink glistening in its own juices. I plunged my cock inside her — all the way in, first go. This was ecstasy. I thrust into her harder, faster, at a pace I hadn't dreamed possible. She threw her head back, letting out a low groan. I put my hands on her gorgeous arse, raised so obscenely in the air. She ground back into me, milking my cock with her cunt muscles — her control was incredible. Rational thought had completely left me. I just wanted to be deeper and deeper inside

Continued on page 112



"It works this way . . . you give me ten bucks and I stop hitting him . . ."



Dumb & Dirty

**Fifty foul
and feeble
jokes to
tide you
over**

COMPILED BY C.J. MACKAY
ILLUSTRATION BY ERIC LÖBBECKE

These are strange and woeful times. Unemployment's up, debt's up, crime's up and prices are so far up that it's enough to drive the nation to drink, if anyone could afford a schooner. What we all need is a laugh, and to that end we've thrown together this list of 50 jokes. No-one's saying they're good jokes. In fact, some of them are putrid. . . some are about as long and about as funny as a dunny queue on a public holiday. . . and some are so old that they dribble. But it's a list of jokes all the same. Just don't say you weren't warned.

1. Q. Why don't they let blind people go bungee jumping?

A. Because it scares the shit out of their guide dogs.

2. An old man goes to a church, enters the confessional and says to the priest, "Father, I'm 87 years old and I'm having a torrid affair with an 18-year-old girl. She was a virgin when I met her, but since then we've been having strenuous, often kinky intercourse three, four, sometimes five times a day."

The priest is taken aback. "Considering your advanced years, this is a very unusual confession, my son," he stammers. "For penance, I suggest you begin by saying 12 Hail Marys every morning before you feel this sinful urge overcoming you."

"But father," says the old man, "I can't say Hail Marys. I'm not Catholic, I'm Jewish."

"But why then did you tell me of your transgressions?" says the priest.

"I couldn't help myself," says the old man. "I'm telling everyone."

3. Q. What do steroids and the Ku Klux Klan have in common?

A. They both make negroes run faster.

4. Joan Collins, after having everything else on her body surgically corrected, decides that she's unhappy with the appearance of her vagina. She visits her plastic surgeon and describes her problem: "Doc," she says, "my labia are on the saggy side. I want you to trim them back and neaten up the whole box and dice. As usual, I'll pay anything you ask, but if you tell anyone about the operation your name is dirt in this town."

"No sweat," says the surgeon.

So the operation is duly performed and it's a success; Joan has the neatest vulva in Hollywood. As she's coming out of the anaesthetic she sees that her hospital room is filled with big bouquets. "Aaargh!" she screams, and calls the surgeon into the room. "You bastard," she says. "I told you not to tell anyone!"

The surgeon looks sheepish and says: "But I only told one person and he was *really grateful*. So grateful that he sent you all these flowers and this card."

Joan snatches the card from the surgeon's hands, rips it open and reads: "Dear Joan, thanks for the ears. Signed, Niki Lauda."

Dumb & Dirty

5. Q. What does a dyslexic, agnostic insomniac say to himself at three o'clock in the morning?

A. "Is there a dog?"

6. At home one day a man receives a phone call. "This is Dr Brown from your local hospital," says the voice on the line. "I didn't like to disturb you, but it's quite serious. We've had a fire in our admin office and all of our records have been badly damaged. We've sorted out most of them but we're left with two files, both belonging to women. One of these outpatients has just tested positive for AIDS, the other has been diagnosed as having Alzheimer's Disease. I'm sorry to have to tell you this, but one of these women is your wife and we don't know which one."

"Oh, my dear wife!" wails the man. "What can I do!"

"Just keep calm," says the doctor. "You're going to need some time alone so I suggest you call your wife into the room and send her off on a long walk for an hour or two. While she's away, meditate. . . have a nice cup of tea. Then, if she finds her way home, DON'T FUCK HER!"

7. Q. Why don't chickens have tits?

A. Because roosters don't have hands.

8. A man arrives home after work and shouts, "Darling, I'm home!" There's no answer and his wife is nowhere to be found. He wanders upstairs to the bedroom and there's his wife throwing all her clothes into a suitcase. Surprised, he asks her what she's doing. "I'm leaving you," she says. "I'm going to Los Angeles to get paid \$400 a time for doing what I've been doing free for you for years."

The man thinks for a minute, then grabs another suitcase and starts packing his own clothes.

"What the hell do you think you're doing?" says his wife.

"I'm going to Los Angeles with you," he says. "I want to watch you try and live on \$800 a year."

9. Q. How does a 30-year-old woman get rid of cockroaches from her flat?

A. She asks them to make a commitment.

10. After feeling sick for a few days, a man visits his doctor. The doctor asks him to undress, then pokes and prods him all over. "Mmmm, I'm not sure what's ailing you," says the doctor. "I think I'm going to need a sample of your urine. And, to be thorough, you may as well give me a sample of your semen and your stool as well."

"No problems," says the man. "Here, take my underpants."

11. Q. What's the worst thing about being a pedophile?

A. Having to go to bed so early.

12. A man applies for a job in the Public Service. The personnel clerk looks at his application form and says: "This appears to be in order. I see here that you're a veteran. Where did you see action?"

"I did a couple of tours of 'Nam," says the man.

"Were you ever wounded?" asks the clerk.

"Yes, sir, I was," says the applicant. "I had my testicles shot off."

"In that case there's no need to go on," says the personnel officer. "You've got the job. We get here at 8am, but you can start work at ten."

"If everyone else starts at eight, why should I come in at ten?" says the man.

The clerk says: "Because the rest of us just hang around for a couple of hours scratching our balls."

13. Q. What's the difference between a homosexual and a refrigerator?

A. A fridge doesn't fart when you take the meat out.

14. Two farmers are bragging about their sheep dogs, Shep and Bluey. The first farmer says: "The things my Shep can do shit all over any working dog in this country. Watch this." He turns to his dog, whistles and says, "Shep, boy, back paddock, one ewe, ten minutes."

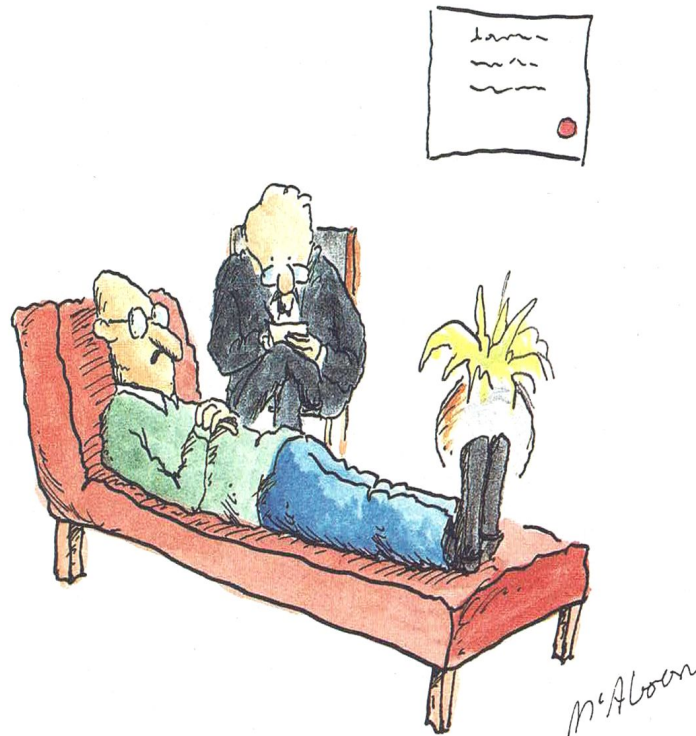
With that, Shep takes off like lightning, jumps three fences, paddles across a river, gets to the back paddock, singles out one ewe from a flock of a thousand, nudges her back to the river, circles her barking as she swims across, rounds her up through three gates, opening and closing each one with his paws and teeth, until he gets the ewe back to the two farmers, whereupon he sits obediently and lifts one paw.

The first farmer says proudly, "How's that? Nine minutes, 58 seconds and old Shep isn't even puffing."

The second farmer drags on his Drum rollie and says, "That's a piece of piss compared with what my Bluey can do. Watch this." He turns to his dog, winks, and says, "Blue, old son, I could go a feed in about five minutes."

Bluey takes off at a hundred miles an hour, crosses six paddocks, runs into a farmhouse, gets a billy from under the sink, fills it with hot water, grabs the handle in his teeth, tears out the back to the henhouse, nudges a chook off her nest, picks up an egg, drops it gently into the billy, gathers up some sticks, rubs them together with his paws, starts a roaring fire, boils the egg for exactly three minutes, then races back across the six

Continued on page 93



"Things began to get really violent after I got a bill from my last psychiatrist."

Hair, make-up and styling by Bambi; White cheesecloth cape, white cotton robe and silver jewellery from Sirius Gallery, (02) 211 4655; Sequinned two-piece dress, white bolero jacket, flowing skirt and crystal fringed white belt by Symbols, (02) 699 7465; Belts by Attaque (02) 212 2288.



susie

sunshine girl



Susie Underwood, 20, is a Queensland lass to the core. She was born in Brisbane and has lived in North Queensland and on the Gold Coast all her life. "Queensland gives me the best of both worlds," she says. "I spend winter cruising the islands of the Great Barrier Reef, and then come home to the Gold Coast for the sun, surf and nightlife of summer."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BRUCE COULTER





Susie finds it difficult to tear herself away from the beauty of the Australian coastline. She enjoys all kinds of water activities, including sailing and surfing. "I enjoy the almost sensual caress of the ocean as well as its cleansing properties — it leaves my body and soul ready for the next adventure."





"A wise old man once told me that life is a journey, not a destination. Since then I've tried to live life to the fullest, taking on one adventure after another. As for sexual fantasies — I'm living them now, enjoying each day for the new experiences it brings — sexual and otherwise."











Hitmen

BY GRANTLEE KIEZA

In 1987 George Foreman, a 23-stone evangelist from Humble, Texas, turned his broad back on ten years of feeding his fat face and decided to make money the best way he knew how — by bashing people's brains in.

Foreman had once been the most feared man in boxing — a stone-faced strongman whose long-armed punches and immense physical strength had bounced such a ferocious slugger as Joe Frazier off the canvas six times and turned the knees of the mus-

**Who needs to float like
a butterfly when you
can punch like a
piledriver?**

Hitmen

cular Ken Norton to jelly.

But losing his world heavyweight title to Muhammad Ali in the "Rumble In The Jungle" in 1974 had taken a greater toll on Big George than the black eye and swollen face he bore afterwards. Foreman lost the killer in him that night; and two years later, after just the second defeat of his career, against light-hitting master boxer Jimmy Young, Foreman recalled Elvis Presley talking to him in New York's Times Square, calling on him to rely not on his tremendous punching power but on the might of his Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Ten years later, George Foreman was a fat man of 40 with eight children (three of them named George Jr), his own church, and a reputation as one of the most humble men in Humble. Across the length and breadth of Texas, fast-food operators knew him as a generous man and the best customer they'd ever seen. He savaged McDonalds, Hungry Jack's, Wimpy's and all the other hamburger joints, hitting a different one every night in the hope that his reputation as a gluttonous pig would spread less rapidly.

Foreman ranks as probably the greatest puncher boxing has seen. When he knocked out Terry Anderson in just three minutes in London last October, he had scored his 24th straight win on the comeback trail, the 23rd by knockout.

"That was the hardest right hand I have ever thrown," said the jolly black giant after the blow nearly decapitated his hapless opponent. "My power is back. I thought I had lost it to Muhammad Ali, but I didn't."

Indeed, it seems that punchers, as opposed to boxers, never lose their punch. Like Foreman, they might become old and fat and slow — but once a puncher, always a puncher.

From his favorite table in his famous restaurant on Broadway, New York, old Jack Dempsey was fond of recalling the time when he was 70 years of age and two muggers accosted him near Central Park. Not recognising the big old man with the sagging jowls, both of them started going through his pockets. Dempsey knocked them out cold.

Dempsey was a hobo and drifter from Manassa, Colorado whose raw-boned body was suntanned to the color of mahogany. He learned to fight by bouncing out bar-room bullies for saloon keepers while wandering through America's midwest. In his early 20s he was already a crowd favorite. Unshaven and with black killer eyes, he looked half-animal in the ring and there was a strong sexual energy about him that sent the Twenties' flappers into a flutter.

Jack Dempsey became the greatest drawcard in sport. He appeared in all of the first five boxing matches to pull more

than a million dollars through the gate. He drew 120,000 people to see his first fight with Gene Tunney at Philadelphia in 1926 in pouring rain. Almost 105,000 saw the rematch the following year in Chicago. He lived in an age that demanded heroes and he arrived in the American consciousness as the simplest of icons: a bum with a big punch.

He was not a big man for a heavyweight champion of any era. He stood an inch over six foot and only weighed around 13 stone. But he believed in what he called "explosive body weight" — the ability to shift weight with perfect timing to deliver extraordinary power. Somewhat like a craggy-faced Jesus explaining a parable, he would often tell listeners about the mechanics of knocking a man out cold.

"I had made a study of fistic dynamite since I was seven years old," Dempsey recalled. "Before I fought Willard, my manager had already nicknamed me 'Jack The Giant Killer' because I had belted out some big fellows. I was at my peak the day I met Willard under the Toledo sun. My body weight was moving like lightning and I was exploding that weight terrifically against the giant. Even before the first round was finished, Willard looked like the victim of a premature mine blast."

Indeed he did. Dempsey knocked him down half a dozen times in the first round and after three, Big Jess sat forlornly in his corner with both eyes closed and his jawbone jutting through the flesh of his cheek. Jack had all but killed another giant with his tremendous punching power.

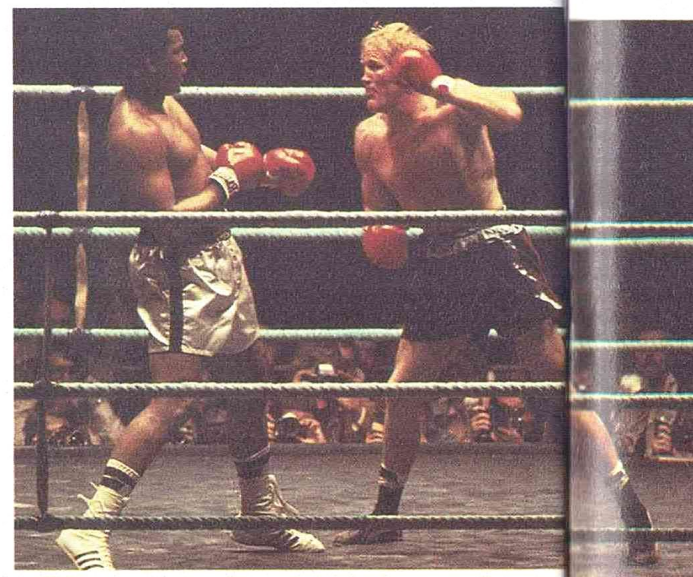
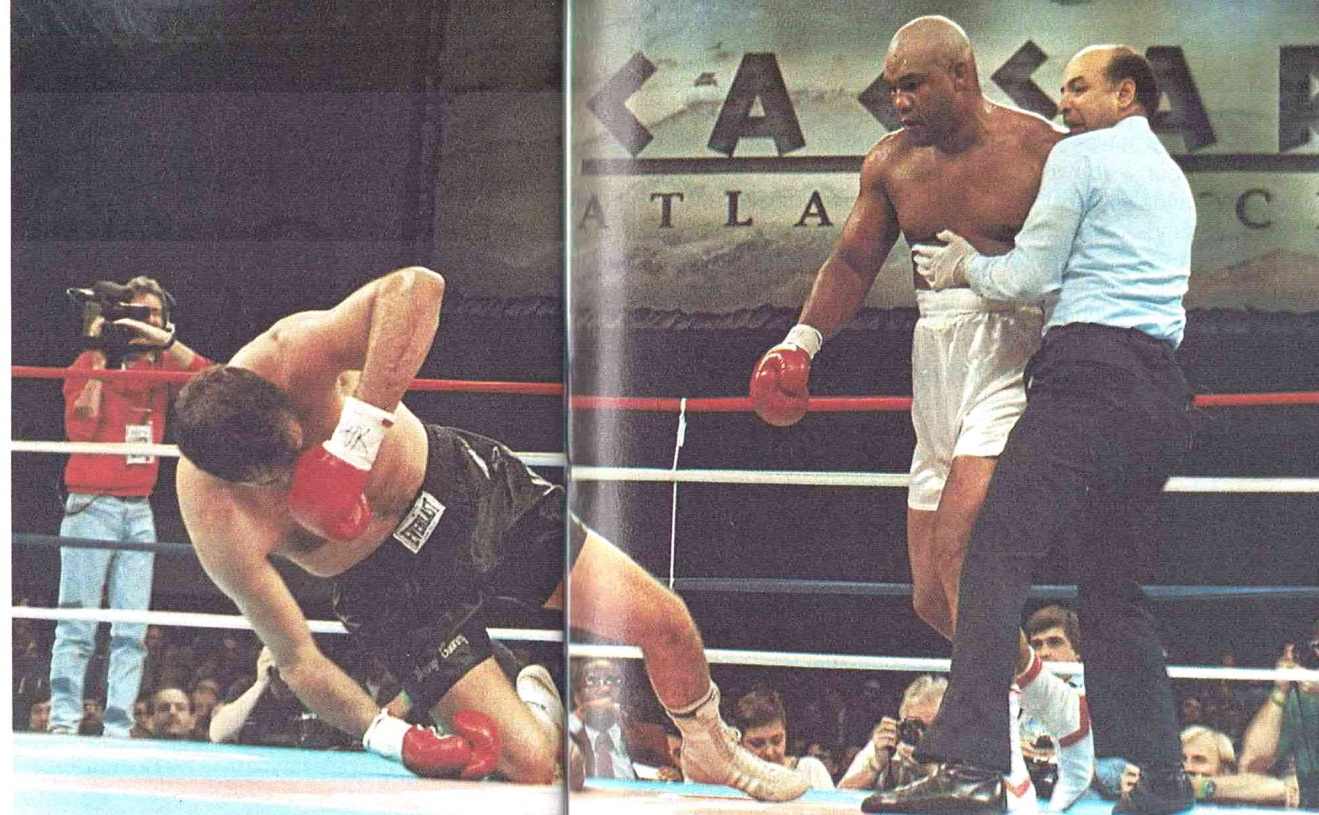
Grantland Rice wrote that in the ring Dempsey was a killer — "a superhuman wild man." His teeth were often bared like a savage dog's and his murderous eyes were intent only upon the complete annihilation of the man before him. Outside the ring he was quietly spoken and gentle.

"Whenever I went into the ring," Dempsey wrote, "I felt like the toughest guy in the world. I just wanted to get that guy in front of me and belt the hell out of him before he'd belt the hell out of me."

Many years later, Mike Tyson was saying the same sort of thing but with more brashness, remarking that he liked to belt opponents on the tip of the nose so as to drive the bone back into their brains.

At his peak in 1973, George Foreman outweighed Jack Dempsey by 45 pounds and had come to be regarded as the most savage hitter the fight game had seen. In that year Joe Frazier, having beaten Muhammad Ali, seemed like an immovable force in heavyweight boxing. Undefeated, he nevertheless could only last two rounds against the wrecking-ball punches of Foreman.

Seventeen years and 40 pounds later, as Foreman prepared to fight grey-haired, bespectacled Gerry Cooney for a million dollars, he remarked that he and Cooney were the only genuine punchers left in boxing — the only men who could score



one-punch knockouts, the only men who could break jaws or ribs with a single blow.

While Mike Tyson's career has been littered with quick knockouts and devastated victims, his ability to generate terror among his contemporaries had as much to do with freakish hand speed as it did genuine power. Many of Tyson's knockouts were the result of rapid-fire punching rather than the brain-numbing clouts Foreman produces. But Tyson could still hit and then some, often lifting opponents off the canvas. Eddie Richardson, a gangling heavyweight who once beat Australian champ Dean Waters, said after his blitz-out against Tyson that only once in his career had he ever been hurt more — when he'd been hit by a truck.

Foreman's first comeback victory against a world-rated opponent, Brazilian Adilson Rodrigues, rocked the boxing world. After the first round Rodrigues complained to his trainer, Angelo Dundee, that even when he blocked one of big George's

blows with his arm, his body still went numb from the shock. A minute or two later Rodrigues was out cold and Foreman, holding aloft his beefy arms, was demanding a match with Tyson.

Many see Big George and Iron Mike as the most attractive match-up in boxing today, regardless of who actually holds the world heavyweight crown. Both men come from the same mean streets, but a generation apart. Tyson learned to fight in the ghettos of Brownsville in New York's Bronx, beating up grown men while still a boy and tearing necklaces off women. Foreman grew up in the notorious Fifth Ward section of Houston, Texas, mugging people because that was his lot in life.

"I was the biggest," Big George said. "I'd hold the guys while my friends took money out of their pockets."

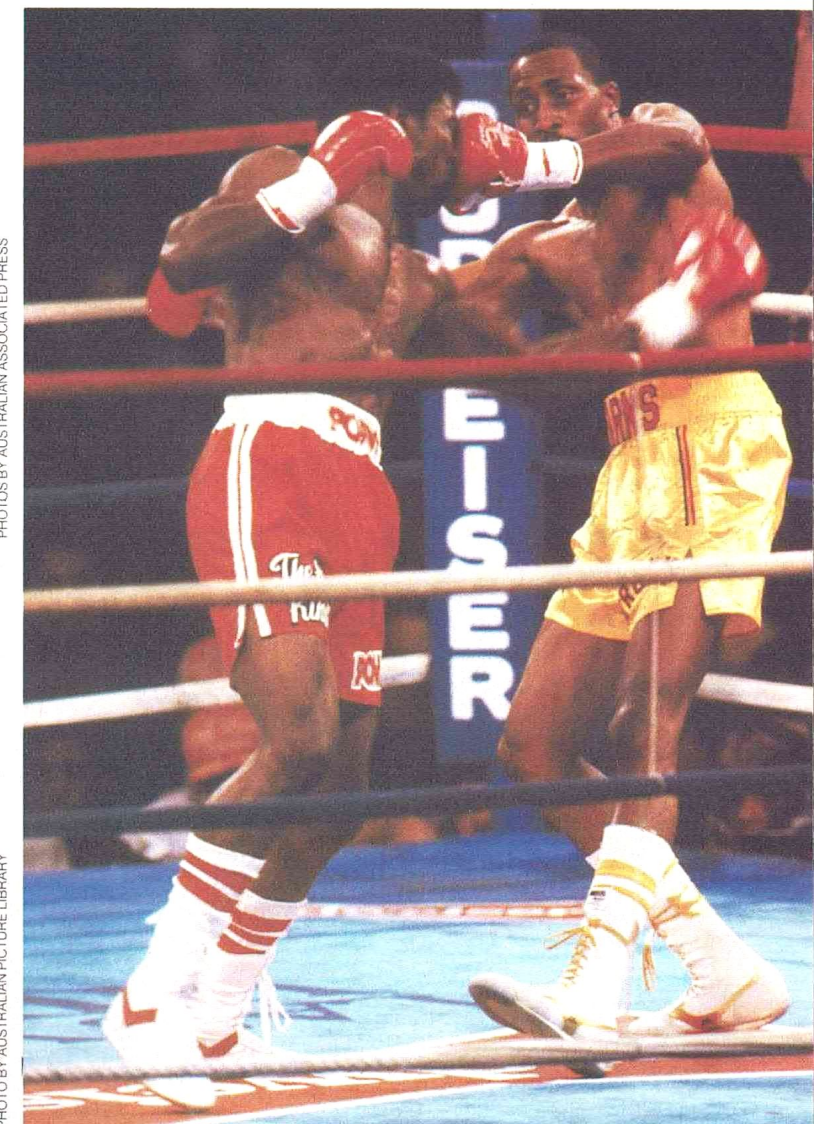
"He fought to protect himself at first," wrote American boxing writer Lew Freedman. "Then he fought because it was a way of life." Once caught skipping school,

he went unscolded. An older cousin sympathised with him: "No-one from around here becomes anything, anyway."

Those words haunted Big George. In moments of quiet resignation he wondered, as a youth, what might become of him. Never did he imagine that the huge fists that served him well on the streets would lead him to become the most feared man on Earth, Olympic gold medallist and world heavyweight champion. Anything he wanted he could buy; he had a different woman every night. And everyone was scared of him.

After defeat and conversion, though, Foreman saw himself in a different light. He became jolly and generous. He built himself the Church of the Lord Jesus Christ in Houston and sponsored scholarships in his name at the University of Nebraska, one at Texas Southern and one at the University of Houston. He wanted to build a recreation centre in Houston and not having the ready cash, decided on a

Opening Spread: Mike Tyson delivers a bone-crushing right hand. Clockwise From Left: George Foreman floors another big puncher, Gerry Cooney; Richard Dunn becomes an open target for Muhammad Ali; Tony Mundine, one of the best punchers Australia has produced; Thomas "Hitman" Hearns landing sweetly on James Kinchen.



comeback to boxing.

His first fight with journeyman Steve Zouski was treated as a joke, a circus freak show. Here was a man, once the meanest and baddest on Earth, whose rebellious Afro was supplanted by a shiny bald dome; the scowl which had turned heavyweight contenders into marshmallow was replaced with the fat-faced grin of a stand-up comic; and where there had once been stomach muscles, there was now jelly. He looked slow and out of shape, even when slimmed down to 19 stone. But punchers never lose their punch, and Steve Zouski became the first of 24 victims leading to Terry Anderson.

After he had blasted out Gerry Cooney, Foreman greeted the post-fight interview with his now customary mirth. Fifteen years ago he snarled at reporters and spoke of breaking men in half. Before his fight with Ali in the Central African Republic, sparring partner Eddie "Bossman" Jones told reporters that no-one was

Hitmen

game to hit Big George in training for fear that he would kill them.

But George talks of other things now. "I love Gerry Cooney," he said. "Gerry is my friend. But I knocked him cold. Imagine what I'll do to Mike Tyson. He's my friend too. But I don't love him. I only like him. King Kong is back."

One puncher who never lost his scowl — and died as mean as he lived — was Charles "Sonny" Liston. Muhammad Ali tamed him too, back in 1964, when Ali's name was Cassius Clay. Six years later, at the alleged age of 38 (some said he was closer to 50), Liston died of an apparent heart attack. Speculation has always been rife that the Mafia, who controlled his career, killed him with an overdose of heroin.

Liston held the world heavyweight title in the early Sixties and was a big, nasty, intimidating brute. In his youth he had been a stand-over man and a strike-breaker and he served two prison terms for armed robbery. *Esquire* magazine called him "everybody's bad nigger" and Liston did his best to live up to the image inside the ring. He was the 24th of 25 children born to an Arkansas sharecropper who beat his son every day.

Liston could not read or write but he could always punch. He began boxing in prison and between 1953 and his death in 1970 he earned \$3.8 million. He was a murderous puncher with both hands and especially with his straight left. He had the biggest fists of any heavyweight champion, 13 inches round, and he won the heavyweight crown by knocking out the fast and clever Floyd Patterson in one round. In a rematch he knocked Patterson out in one round again.

"A boxing match is like a cowboy movie," Liston once said. "There's got to be good guys and there's got to be bad guys. People pay to see the bad guys get beat. I'm the bad guy but I don't get beat."

Until he ran into Cassius Clay. "The most frightening figure on Earth lost two fights to a boy," wrote journalist Jack Olsen. "Suddenly Sonny Liston was a bum, a stiff, a fake."

Liston started winning again after his losses to Clay but because of his Mob connections he was never again given a shot at the heavyweight crown. He was the first of the big men of modern boxing. He stood 6ft 1 and weighed close to 16 stone. He arrived after a long line of heavyweight champions — Ezzard Charles, Jersey Joe Walcott, Rocky Marciano, Ingemar Johansson and Floyd Patterson — none of whom weighed much more than 14 stone.

At his peak Rocky Marciano stood just 5 feet 10 and weighed around 13 and a half stone. He ranks as one of the great punchers of all time, but most of his knockouts were the result of cumulative

blows. He was a volume puncher, a nuggety little terracotta-colored Italo-American who waded in against bigger foes and belted them wherever he could, in the stomach, groin, hips, thighs, around the kidneys — wherever he saw skin — until his opponents' arms came down to expose the chin.

Marciano was taking a beating against 38-year-old Jersey Joe Walcott in 1952 when he unleashed a savage right cross that distorted Walcott's face, relieved the old man of the world title and set up one of the most famous photographs in boxing history. Marciano called his right hand "the Suzie Q" and one kiss from it was enough to rattle the chin of any heavyweight.

The victory that elevated Marciano to the heavyweight championship came over his idol, Joe Louis, in 1950. Louis, known as the "Brown Bomber", had first won the heavyweight title 13 years before. But at the age of 36 he went in against the young Rocky because he was broke and still owed a fortune in back-taxes. Marciano, his eyes moist with tears at having to beat an old man he still worshipped, drove Louis' head in various directions with the Suzie Q before putting him to sleep. Louis himself had been a knockout specialist, a part Negro, part Cherokee Indian from a sharecropper's shack in Alabama whose sizzling combinations behind a poker face made him a hero in an era that was not kind to black men.

Louis did not have the single colossal punch that George Foreman still possesses, but he was deadly accurate with his blows and although he was slow on his feet he had hands so fast that slow-motion replays of his fights were often needed to reveal all the punches in his arsenal. His best punch was the left jab — it rarely missed and always hurt.

James J. Braddock, whom Louis beat to become heavyweight champ, said: "The first jab he nails you with you know what it's like. It's like someone jammed an electric bulb in your face and busted it."

Journalist Bob Considine described Louis' revenge knockout of German jolter Max Schmeling as being "like the death of a man caught and mangled in the whirling claws of a mad and feverish machine." It was 1938 at Yankee Stadium and Louis hit Schmeling so hard in the stomach that two of the German's vertebrae were broken. His scream of agony was so loud that it was transmitted via the radio waves to his homeland, where Adolf Hitler turned off his wireless in disgust.

Another of Rocky Marciano's knockout victims was the "Ol' Mongoose", Archie Moore, who, aged 77, still works in the corner of George Foreman. During a professional career that lasted 29 years, Moore scored 129 knockouts — more than any other fighter in history. He learned to dodge blows by avoiding the belt of a strict aunt when he was a child, staying

close to her to minimise the damage. He was such a great fighter that it wasn't until he was 39 years old that he was given a shot at the world light-heavyweight crown. He was 41 when he challenged Marciano for the world heavyweight title and 48 when he succumbed to the "Pension Punch" of Cassius Clay.

Though most famous as a defensive genius, Moore packed power in both hands — the result of thousands of pushups he performed in his boyhood. During his career he met many other great punchers. He rated the four best as Curtis "Hatchet Man" Sheppard, Lloyd Marshall, Yvon Durelle and Marciano. "Sheppard's was the best single punch I ever got hit with. He hit me with a right to the jaw and I fell flat on my face. I just beat the count. I don't know why but for a week after the fight the front of my thighs hurt badly, as though they'd been hit with a baseball bat."

Moore had seven fights in Australia in 1940 and once climbed off the canvas to

beat the great Aborigine Ron Richards, who was a magnificent puncher himself. The ancient cornerman Billy Smith, who remembers the funeral procession of Les Darcy and can still be spotted at the ring-side these days with his cauliflower ears, mashed nose and Coke-bottle glasses, regards Richards and the little Fijian fireball of the Eighties, Joe Nativia, as the two best punchers he has worked with, though big hitters like Vic Patrick from the Forties and Tony Mundine from the Seventies also rate highly.

Richards scored one of his greatest wins in 1938, blasting out the world's Number 2 rated light-heavyweight, Ray Actis, in the first round. He was a magnificent hitter with a long, straight right.

Another magnificent hitter with a long, straight right, a long, straight left, and any other punch he needed was the powerful black American heavyweight Ernie Shavers, who lived up to his name by removing all the hair from his head so that he

looked like a Mongol warrior. Shavers terrorised the heavyweight division in the late Seventies after Foreman had gone into his first retirement. In 1977 he came close to beating an aging Ali, only to run out of gas in the final round and into a ferocious flurry of punches from the old master.

Ernie also had Larry Holmes on the canvas in a 1979 title fight, but such was his lack of stamina that he again faded in the home stretch and was stopped in round 11. But when he was hot, opponents got badly burned. Going into his fight with Holmes, Shavers was coming off a first-round KO of Ken Norton and had won 58 fights, 56 by knockout, and 43 of them in the first three rounds.

A man with similar statistics, at least until lethargy and lard crept in, was the lightweight monster Roberto Duran, who still packed a wallop when campaigning as a middleweight — a division two stone higher than his natural fighting weight. Duran's early career was highlighted by

devastating early knockouts and a brand of ring savagery that chilled even hardened fight fans.

After a brutal 1975 knockout of American Ray Lampkin, who was rushed to hospital in an ambulance, Duran gloated that had he been in better shape, Lampkin would have been going to the morgue. After defeating classy Adolph Viruet a year after beating his brother Edwin, Duran stormed into the loser's dressing room and snarled: "Next time it's your father."

Duran proved that a fighter did not have to be any sort of man-mountain to punch hard. Throughout his years at the top it was often reckoned that in a street fight he could beat legitimate heavyweight contenders.

Another little man with a big punch was Wilfredo Gomez, who in the Seventies and Eighties won three world titles from 8

Continued on page 134



Left: Jeff Fenech, always more powerful than his bantamweight opponents. Above: Two of the greatest, Thomas Hearns and Sugar Ray Leonard. Below: Tucker on the end of Tyson's sledgehammer.



**little
star**



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL MOORE

"My real name is, in fact, Consuela, but nobody ever calls me that," says Estrellita, 24. "My nickname was given to me by my mother, and it means 'little star of the sea.' I was the only daughter in a family of eight — I have seven brothers, six older than me. I was born in Maracaibo, Venezuela, and I grew up there."

**of
the
sea**



"My family was in fishing, and they didn't have much time for a girl-child. We were poor. All I wanted was to be a beautiful woman who could inspire desire and love in a man." Estrellita works as a model and part-time actress in Milan and has no plans to return to Venezuela. "Maracaibo is truly the end of the earth," she smiles. "It's no place for a lady."







It might be Savile Row, or Rodeo Drive or Toorak Road. Jaguar's enduring sports coupé, the elegant XJS, glides up to the kerb, all leather and burr walnut, with a touch of urgency coming courtesy of the humming 5.3-litre V12 slotted beneath that long, long bonnet. In showroom form, the XJS produces a respectable 166 kilowatts — not bold enough to unfurl a brolly, or dislodge a bowler hat or send an old school tie askew. It's regal and graceful and timeless and part of the Establishment's auto firmament.

Enter the maverick, the big black bad-arsed road mauler that plays Arnold Schwarzenegger to the standard car's Michael Caine. Drop this in the middle of Berkeley Square and it'll cause a bigger stink than the Profumo Affair.

At the twist of a turbo-boost knob, this devilish beast can unleash all of 1120 horsepower — 835 kW, thank you very much — at 1.2 Bar, via a very unhappy rear set of P7 Pirellis. Bang the throttle down too quickly, and leave it there for a moment or two, and those Pirellis will disappear in tyre smoke. Like magic. Black magic. Expensive black magic. This sledgehammer Jag consumes a set of rear tyres, at \$220 a pair, every 1200 kms.

Not surprisingly, the Jaguar is virtually undriveable with this unholy amount of power on tap. For regular street use, then, a mere 0.8 Bar of turbo boost — pumping out 780 horses — is utilised. This'll still manage to rock your socks off. Obviously, Gary Walker's seriously-tweaked XJS is a very special car. He estimates about \$500,000 of technology and effort have gone into the creation of what, in the absence of any obvious rival, must be the quickest street-legal Jaguar on the planet.

Walker, a gent who buys four sets of Pirellis at a time, has a little history in the making of hot Jaguars. But this one is the grand-daddy, a gas slurping twin-turbo meanie that pays no heed to rising fuel prices and threats to petrol supplies. The car is intended to showcase the owner's business, specialising in restoring and modifying Jaguars.

Mr Walker has taken the standard 5.3-litre 12-cylinder, taken it out to a mass-

Half a million dollars in tech and sweat turned one XJS silk purse into a road mauler with grunt

b l a c k



MOTORING BY PETER MCKAY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PAUL BURROWS

M A G I C



black MAGIC

ive 7.0 litres and added trick bits such as a steel billeted stroker crankshaft, Cosworth pistons, and hand-made con rods. Bigger valves went into the cylinder heads, which were also re-worked and matched to more efficient manifold. And that was just the start . . .

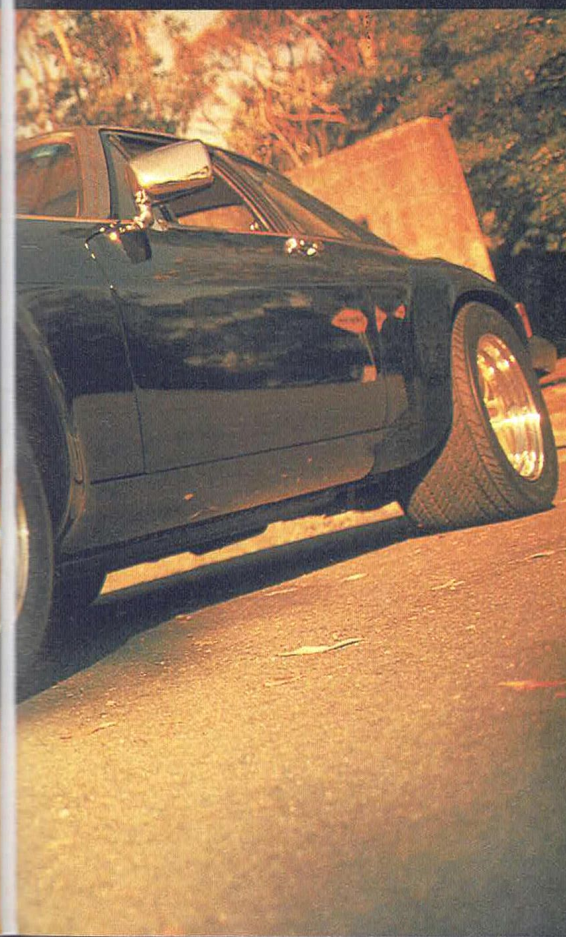
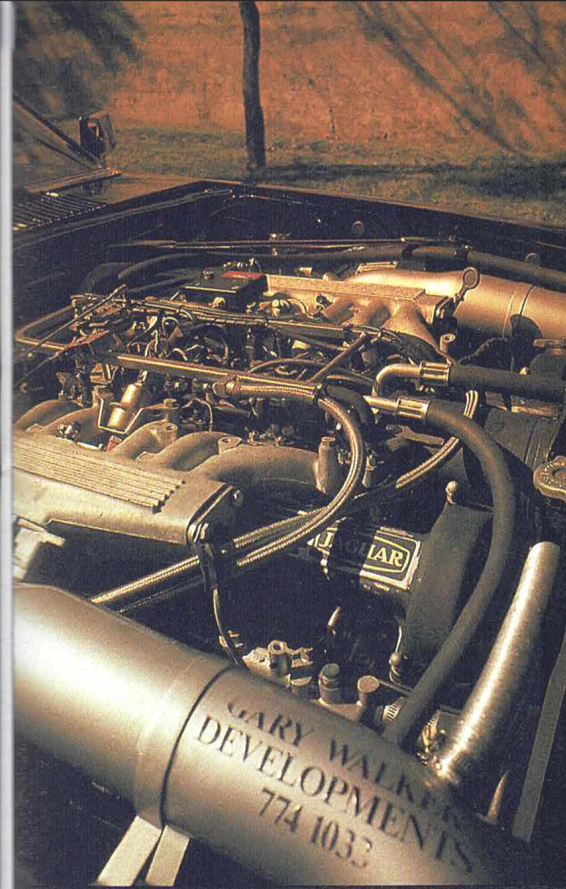
Months of development time was lost to experimenting with new electronic fuel injection capable of pipelining sufficient fuel to produce, if required, 1000-plus horsepower. The computer has to deal with extremes in performance. At engine speeds of up to 2700 rpm, the XJS feels much like a regulation-issue Jaguar. But when the turbochargers come on boost, it takes on the demeanor of a Formula One missile, immediately demanding a large supply of fuel, like Now. This is the point of pain for the Pirellis, huge 345/V15s, the largest production tyres made, mounted on 13-inch wide Simmons wheels.

American-made Rajah blowers are used. They're big, but they're responsive. And the whole installation fits neatly under the bonnet, requiring not the slightest bit of surgery. In fact, apart from the marginally lowered suspension and the fat wheels and tyres, you'd hardly know of the brutal forces lurking beneath this familiar coachwork.

The outrageous power and torque produced by the musclebound V12 dictates the need for a beefed-up drivetrain — axles, tailshaft, everything. And the usual four-speed auto has been put aside in favor of a heavyweight Getrag five-speed manual transmission, priced around \$14,500. The quad-plate clutch is based on a Girlock competition unit, but modified to be much smoother on the uptake. Firmer than, say, the standard clutch in a Ford Laser, it is nevertheless nowhere near as savage as the racing clutch in Dick Johnson's Bathurst-winning Sierra. The diff ratio is a very tall 2.78 to 1, meaning this XJS is theoretically capable of a top speed of 340 km/h.

The potential to start tearing up Australia's flora and fauna at triple the legal limit meant the braking system had to be replaced. Girling competition brakes, with much larger rotors and calipers (but retaining the user-friendly booster), now have the vital job of pulling up two tonnes of swiftly-moving metal. Handling is crisper too, thanks to revised springs and dampers. But the changes haven't destroyed the Jaguar's legendary ride qualities. Relax, Sir Quentin, there's no need to wear a kidney belt.

Apart from front and rear air dam and bodywork changes to accommodate the huge wheels and tyres, the rest of the car is remarkably familiar. Open the



"The diff ratio is a very tall 2.78 to 1, meaning this XJS is theoretically capable of a top speed of 340km/h."

black MAGIC

door and the cabin ambience is all Brown's Lane, Coventry, rather than Condell Park, Sydney. The wonderful aroma of Connolly hide, the gleam of polished timber, beckons. Look closer and there are a couple of extra gauges — for oil temperature and turbo boost — a sports steering wheel and, of course, that manual shifter. The speedo has been recalibrated to 340 km/h.

Air conditioning has been retained. And the power steering. Tucked away underneath are four large mufflers and twin big-bore exhaust pipes.

Miraculously, the re-worked V12 will idle all day without the temperature needle heading for the danger zone. Its amazing tractability allows it to plod around in city traffic at 40 km/h in fifth gear, and then, ah yes, accelerate away smoothly. With due respect to Jaguar's proud heritage.

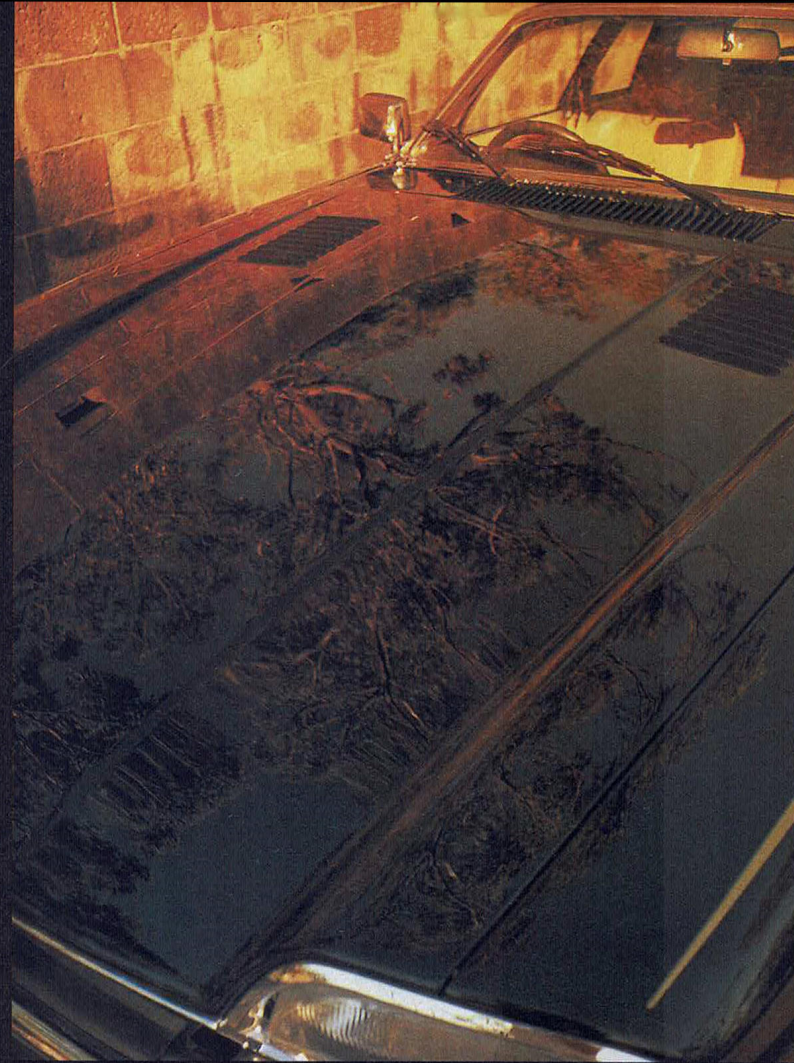
On no account should the driver be tempted to abruptly let out the clutch and use more than a hair's breadth of accelerator. Its acceleration is astonishing, accompanied by an excess of revs as the rear tyres immolate and the car snakes down the bitumen. Yield to temptation to stretch your luck and at best the outcome could be embarrassing; at worst it might be perilous and expensive, hurting more than those long-suffering Pirellis.

Gary Walker could have taken an easier route to owning a Very Fast Car. The same high-buck outlay could have landed him an Italian stallion like a Ferrari Boxer or Lamborghini Countach. He explains: "I wanted the ultimate supercar, a smooth and comfortable vehicle with leather trim and a nice sound system, but one that would have another side to its personality..."

Of course, Walker's business is Jaguars and there was the challenge of making a master blaster out of a gentleman's carriage. One that could outrun a Ferrari F40 — "very quick, but it's noisy and harsh and ultimately rather primitive," dismisses Mr Walker — while transporting its owner in a manner he is accustomed to after a relationship with Jaguar of many years standing. He sounds like a perverse bastard with a healthy disregard for convention.

Says Walker: "It's not too difficult to build a big-horsepower car. Where it's hard is to come up with one that's tractable and pleasant to live with. This car can laze around town as docile as a pussycat, but when asked to, can leave even the most cynical of motorists wide-eyed and loose of jaw." 

Feature car from Gary Walker, the Jaguar Specialist, 1-3 Harris Street, Condell Park, NSW 2200. Phone 02-792 1413.



"Its acceleration is astonishing, accompanied by an excess of revs as the rear tyres immolate and the car snakes down the bitumen."



Dumb & Dirty

Continued from page 60

paddocks with the hot egg in his mouth, drops it in front of the farmers and stands on his head.

The first farmer is flabbergasted. "I don't fucking believe it! Your dog did that in four minutes, 44 seconds. I concede, mate, your dog shits all over every working dog in the country. But tell me, why is he standing on his head?"

The second farmer pulls a teaspoon and some salt and pepper shakers from his overalls and says, "Ah, good old Blue, he knows I never carry an eggcup."

15. Q. Why do tampons have strings?

A. So crabs can go bunjee jumping.

16. A man calls his wife at home. "I won the lottery! I won the bloody lottery! One million beautiful dollars! Start packing, dear."

His wife is over the moon. "Oh darling, this is wonderful! What should I pack? Winter things? Summer things?"

The husband says: "I don't care. Just be out of the house by the time I get home."

17. Q. What was Nelson Mandela's greatest achievement?

A. He was the first black man to stop traffic in New York without a squeegee in his hand.

18. A Negro kid comes running home from school, all excited. He finds his father and says: "Guess what, Dad? Today I found out I got the biggest cock in the whole of third grade! Is that because I'm black?"

His Dad looks at him and says, "No son, it ain't. It's because you're 19 goddamn years old."

19. Q. How do you screw an obese woman?

A. Slap her on the stomach and ride the waves in.

20. A guy is walking through the jungle and falls into a small pool of quicksand. He's up to his waist in it by the time another bloke comes along. "Mate," he yells, "will you give us a hand out of here?"

"Only if you suck my cock," says the bloke.

"Get fucked," says the sinking man.

Minutes later he's up to his armpits when, to his great relief, another guy happens along. "Give us a hand out of here will you, mate?" he says.

"Not unless you suck my cock," comes the reply.

"Get fucked."

Desperation has set in by the time a third fellow comes along. Up to his chin and going down fast, the bloke gasps: "Mate! If you pull me out of here I'll suck

your cock!"

The third bloke puts his foot on the sinking man's head and snarls: "Get fucked, you poofter."

21. Q. What's the difference between Maggie Thatcher and a rottweiler?

A. Lipstick.

22. A seven-year-old boy is walking down the street when he finds a pair of welder's goggles. "Cowabunga! Welder's goggles!" he chirps as he puts them on and continues walking along. A while later a car pulls up and the driver says, "Hello, little boy, would you like to come for a ride in my big car?"

The little boy looks at the man through his new goggles and says, "Okay, mister," and gets in the car.

They're driving along and the man says, "Little boy, have you ever heard the word 'penis'?"

Q: How do they spell sheep in New Zealand?

A: They don't fuck 'em for six weeks.

The boy rubs his goggles, turns to the man and says, "Nuh."

A few minutes later the man says, "Little boy, are you acquainted with the expression 'big throbbing erection'?"

The boy stares at the driver through the goggles and says, "No sir, I don't know what them words mean."

Further down the road the driver pants, "Little boy, tell me what you know about the terms 'fellatio' and 'anal intercourse'."

The boy stares at the road ahead for a few seconds, then slowly takes off the goggles and says, "Mister, before you ask me any more of these questions, I think I'd better tell you something. . .I'm not really a welder."

23. Q. Did you hear that Jesus has just returned to Earth as an Irishman?

A. For his first miracle he blinded a leper.

24. A man is feeling a bit under the weather so he goes to see his doctor. The doctor checks him out thoroughly and tells him to come back in a week. A week later the bloke is back in the doctor's surgery

and the doctor says, "I've got good news and bad news for you."

"Okay, I'm man enough for the bad news," says the man. "Tell me the worst, doc."

The doctor says, "You've got two weeks to live."

The man goes bananas. "What? I feel a little bit crook and you tell me I've got two weeks to live? I'm only 30 years old, for Chrissakes! I've got a beautiful wife and two kids, and you tell me you've got good news and bad news? After news like that, what could possibly be good news?"

The doctor leans forward and whispers, "You see my secretary out there — the blonde with the big tits?"

"Yeah, yeah," the man says irritably.

The doctor says: "Well, last night I finally fucked her."

25. Q. How do they spell sheep in New Zealand?

A. They don't fuck 'em for six weeks.

26. A young woman gets a job in a sex novelty shop. On her first day the boss goes to lunch and leaves her alone at the counter. After five minutes a woman walks in and asks, "How much for that nice big white thing in the window?" The girl checks the price tag and says, "\$25." The woman says, "I'll take it."

After a while another woman walks in and says, "How much for that lovely big black thing on the shelf?" The girl checks and says, "\$25." The woman says, "Sold. I'll take it."

Then another woman walks in and says, "How much for that nice big tartan thing on the counter?" The girl looks and says, "I can't see a price, but let's say \$35." The woman says, "Wrap it — I'll take it."

So the boss comes back from lunch and asks the girl how she did while he was away. "Well," she says, "I sold a white dildo for \$25, a black dildo for \$25, and I got \$35 for your thermos."

27. Q. Did you hear about the Irish pimp?

A. He runs a warehouse.

28. A man walks into a bar and says to the barman, "Give me three double scotches — I'm celebrating."

The barman starts pouring and says, "Sure thing. What are you celebrating, anyway? Maybe it's worth four."

The man says, "You're looking at a man who's just experienced his first blowjob."

The barman says, "If you ask me, that's definitely worth four double scotches."

The man says, "Nah, if three don't get rid of the taste of it, nothing will."

29. Q. What was Helen Keller's worst day?

A. The one when she burnt her mouth on a piece of pizza and couldn't taste anything either.

Dumb & Dirty

Continued from page 93

30. In Budapest just before the Rumanian revolution there's a ten o'clock curfew in force. Two soldiers are patrolling the streets one night when they see a man minding his own business, wandering down the street. One of the soldiers gets down on one knee, takes aim and blows the poor civilian away. The other soldier says: "What the fuck do you think you're doing? You've just killed an innocent man and it's only 9.45. The curfew doesn't start for another 15 minutes!" The first soldier says, "Yeah, but I know where that bastard lives. There's no way he'd be home by ten."

31. Q. How do you recycle a condom?
A. Turn it inside out and shake the fuck out of it.

32. A woman is lying in bed one night, unable to sleep. Finally she wakes up her husband and says, "Kev, I've got to know. If I died, would you marry again?"

"I suppose so," Kev replies.
"Would you sleep with her in this bed?" the wife asks.

"It's the only bed in the house," Kev answers.

"Would you make love to her?"

"Honey," her husband replies, "of course — we'd be married. Now go to sleep."

"Just one more question," says the wife. "Would you let her drive my car?"

"No, I wouldn't," Kev answers. "For starters, she doesn't know how to drive a manual."

33. Q. What's the worst thing about kissing a bald pussy?

A. Having to put the nappy on again afterwards.

34. A lesbian goes to a gynaecologist for her annual check-up. She undresses and gets up in the stirrups. The doctor takes one look and says, "In all my 26 years of practice, I have never seen a neater, cleaner vagina. How do you do it?" The lesbian says, "Why thank you, I have a woman in three times a week."

35. Q. What's nasal sex?
A. Fuck nose.

36. A young woman meets a man in a bar. He's well-dressed, attractive and amusing and she doesn't take much persuading when he asks her if she'd like to go back to his place for coffee. When they get there it's no time before they're both naked in the bedroom. On the bed the man leans over and whispers, "Are you sure you're warm enough? I think we're in for a storm."

"But it's a perfect hot summer night and we're indoors," says the puzzled woman.

With that, the man pulls a pair of cymbals from under the bed, bangs them together softly a few times and says, "Hear that thunder in the distance?"

The woman is a bit worried, but figures, what can he do to me with a pair of cymbals? Then the man runs over to the light switch, flicks it on and off a few times and says: "It's a storm, all right. Look at that lightning."

The woman thinks, "I've heard about guys like this. But what the heck? He seems harmless enough, and this is getting interesting."

The man flicks the light and smashes the cymbals again, crying, "Lightning! Thunder! Look out, here comes the rain!" Picking up a jug of water, he begins sprinkling water on the woman's naked body. As the first cool drops hit her, she becomes wildly excited by the strangeness of it all. The man is yelling now, he's got a rampant erection, he's clashing the cymbals and he's pouring big splashes of water on to the writhing woman. Rivulets are running down her steaming breasts and into her inflamed pussy, driving her insane with desire.

"Lightning! Thunder! Rain!" the man shouts.

The woman screams: "Oh, fuck me, fuck me now, you crazy stud!"

The man stops dead, drops the cymbals and the water jug and says, "What, in this weather?"

37. Q. What do you call a man with no arms, no legs and a 12-inch dick?
A. Partially handicapped.

38. A man wakes up in hospital after an operation and panics. "Nurse! Nurse!" he cries. "I can't feel my penis! What happened? Did you amputate it?"

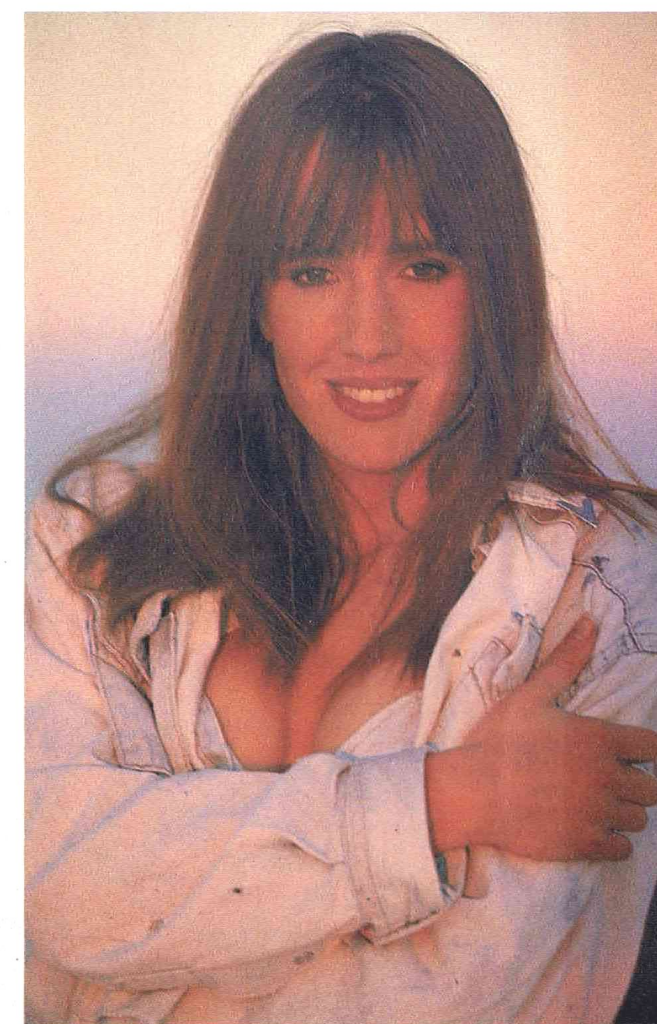
The nurse says, "Calm down. Your penis is still there and it's perfectly all right. We cut off your hands."

39. Q. What do you get if you chop a policeman's head into four pieces?
A. Headquarters.

40. A travelling salesman is driving out in the country when his car gets bogged. "Shit, this has to happen to me in the middle of nowhere and in the pouring rain!" he says as he sets off looking for help. To his relief, about a mile down the road he sees a farmhouse. He walks up the long drive and on to the verandah, but before he knocks on the door he sees movement through a window. Stopping, he sees a young naked woman. "This is a bit of all right," he says to himself. As he looks, the woman begins staring hard at the only thing she's wearing, her wrist-

Continued on page 106

PET OF THE YEAR 1991

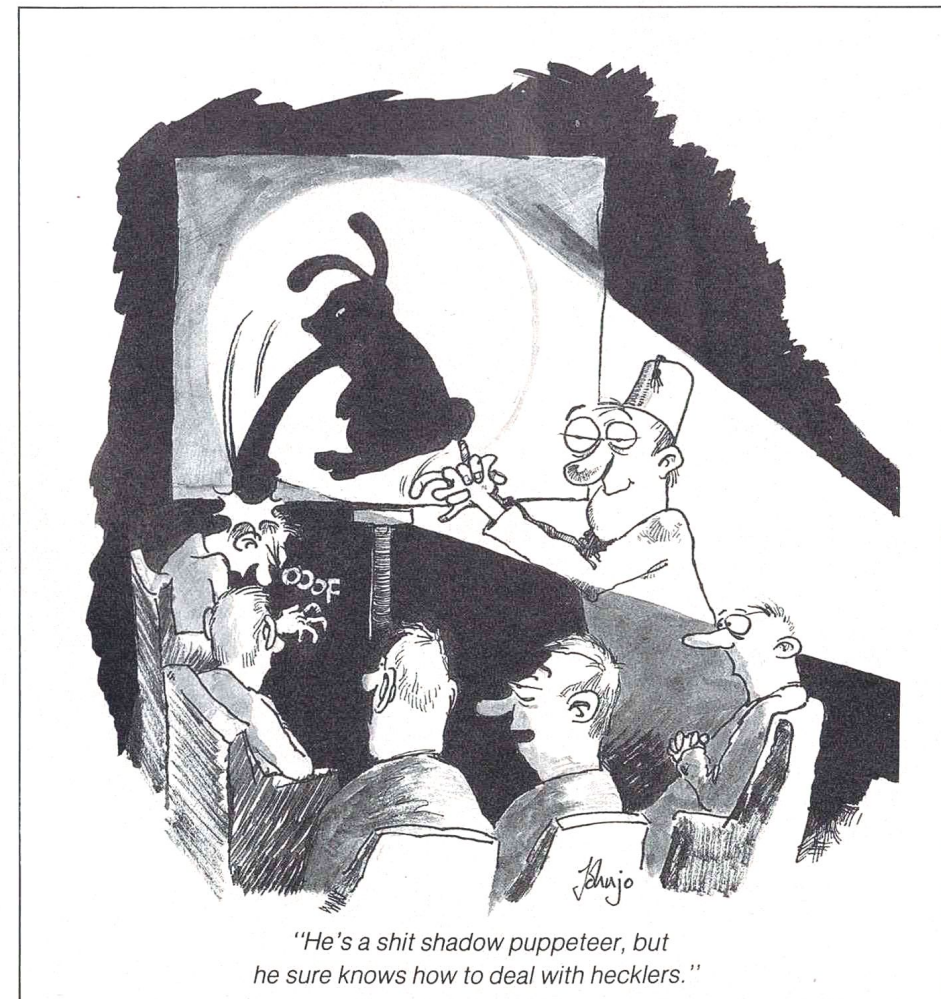


Way to go, Kelly. Australians certainly know what they like, and in voting for the Australian Penthouse Pet Of The Year, they came in fair and square behind our simmering October Pet, Kelly Hall. Kelly, 21, is a true-blue Aussie bush baby who loves the outback, especially the desert, and has travelled all over central Australia.

So what is it about Kelly that sends the Aussie blood racing? Well, she's the embodiment of all that is natural and healthy and she reflects the best side of the Australian lifestyle. She's in fabulous shape and, besides having a body that's as hot as the Simpson Desert, she's got a cool head on her shoulders. When she was interviewed as the October Pet, Kelly confessed that she was studying a small business course with a mind to opening an unusual restaurant or cafe in Sydney. She's also investigating acting as a career.

Speaking of business, Kelly certainly gave a boost to our October edition. As Pet Of The Year Kelly wins \$65,000 worth of fantastic prizes, which are detailed on the following pages. Along with those we've supplied you with more great pictures of Kelly.

KELLY



"He's a shit shadow puppeteer, but he sure knows how to deal with hecklers."



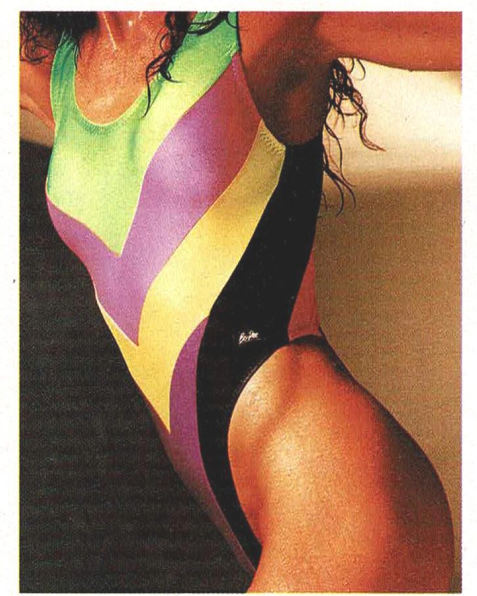
From Suzuki, a car for a city girl who likes to go bush. Kelly will receive a Vitara Soft Top JX — a great 4WD convertible worth \$20,000. The Vitara is compact but roomy inside and it's beautifully finished inside and out. It has a five-speed transmission, high ground clearance, independent front suspension, an easily operated hood, bucket seats and plenty of other features which add up to a fun, sporty, practical car. It's a great prize for a Pet on the move, compliments of Suzuki.



From Suzuki Australia, a fantastic prize of the sensational new "Across" motorcycle. It's stylish, comfortable and powerful, with all the technology and quality that has become associated with the Suzuki marque. The bike is powered by a 16-valve, liquid-cooled, 4-stroke, 4-cylinder engine and features a sculpted fairing and innovative compartment for helmet storage. It's worth \$6299, and will give our Pet Of The Year plenty of great rides.



From Concept audio, Kelly will be wired for sound with a superb state-of-the-art hi-fi system, combining the best in quality audio and superb styling, valued at \$5000. The system comprises an 80 Watt fully remote-controlled amplifier with matching compact disc player and AM/FM radio — all from the Audio Dynamics Corporation; a Rega Planar 2 turntable complete with high-quality cartridge (a product which has long been established as a leader in its field); a pair of Mordaunt-Short Series 3 MS3.30 loudspeakers; matching speaker stands and a fully imported UK-produced cabinet to house the system.



For keeping in shape, Kelly will receive \$1000 worth of designer gymwear from Bo-Dee. Originally a West Australian company, Bo-Dee was launched in the eastern states two years ago and has established itself as a leader in gym apparel known for its innovative styling and finish. The gear is bright, colorful and flattering, bringing a flash of fashion to the workout world.

From Canon, masters of photographic technology, Kelly will receive the new Canon Epoca, a futuristic, superbly designed camera worth \$600. The camera is designed around a 35-105mm zoom lens. Innovative features include a flash unit which zooms with the lens and which has a pre-illumination mode to get rid of red-eye effect. Exposure control, auto-focusing, simple film loading and easy handling make this camera a leader in the field of SLR technology.



From Pro-Dive and Tabata, Kelly will receive a complete scuba-diving set as well as a complete diving course, valued all up at \$2500. The course will enable Kelly to obtain her PADI open water certificate from one of the professional Pro-Dive instructors and she will go down using the latest, most high-tech equipment available, compliments of Tabata.



At Walindi Plantation in exotic New Britain, Kelly and a friend will spend seven days diving the famed exquisite reefs of Kimbe Bay, swimming with dolphins and pilot whales and enjoying the relaxed hospitality of hosts Max and Cecilie Benjamin. Long recognised as one of the world's premier dive resorts, Walindi — with its unique location, friendly atmosphere and native style bungalows decked in tropical flowers — is a magnet for adventure travellers from all parts of the world. With airfares, dive instruction and all meals included, Kelly's Pet Of The Year prize is valued at \$7600, courtesy of Walindi Plantation and Sea New Guinea.



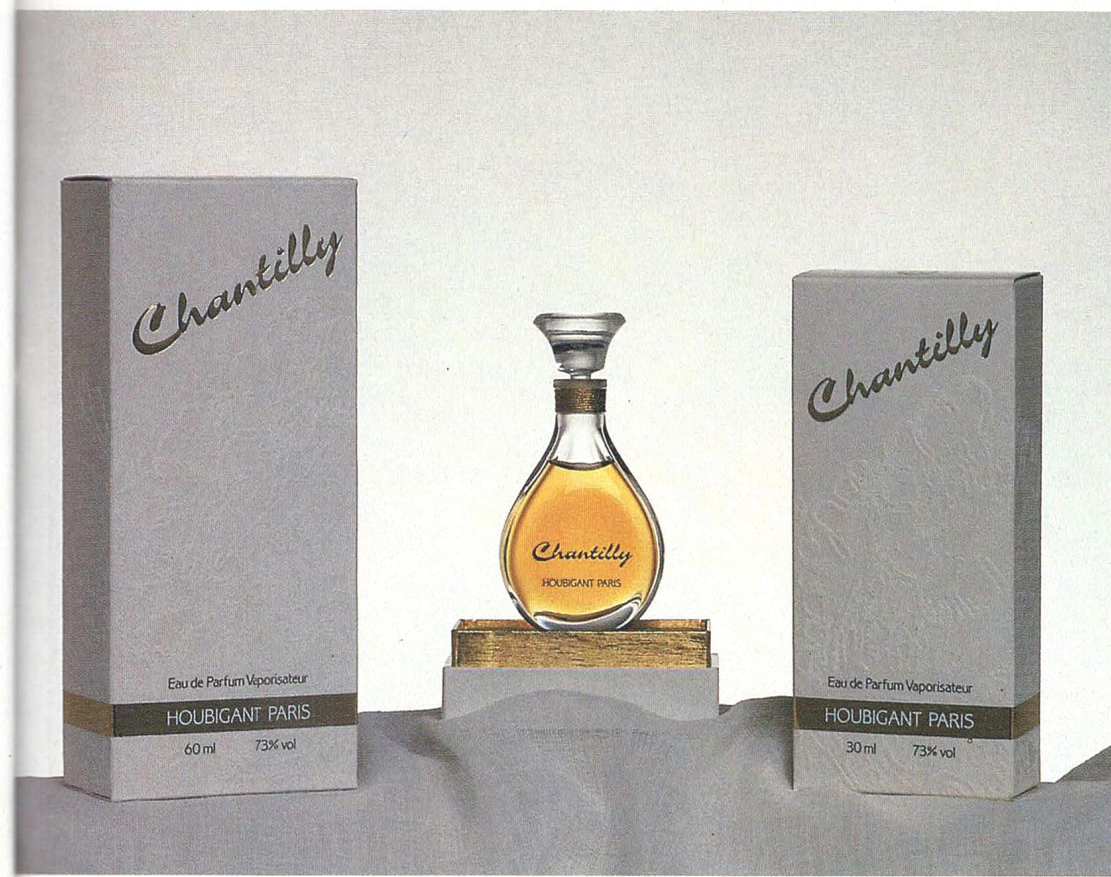
From Ray-Ban, the house of designer sunglasses, two fantastic pairs of specs for our Pet Of The Year. The limited edition Precious Metals range is crafted from rare and precious metals such as gold, black chrome, platinum and ruthenium, and has lightweight changeable lenses. A pair of Precious Metals is worth \$398. The second pair will be the Bravura, featuring the breakthrough Ray-Ban Ultra-50 glass polarised, photochromatic lens — perfect for high glare conditions. The stylish Bravura has gold-plated frames and is worth \$400.



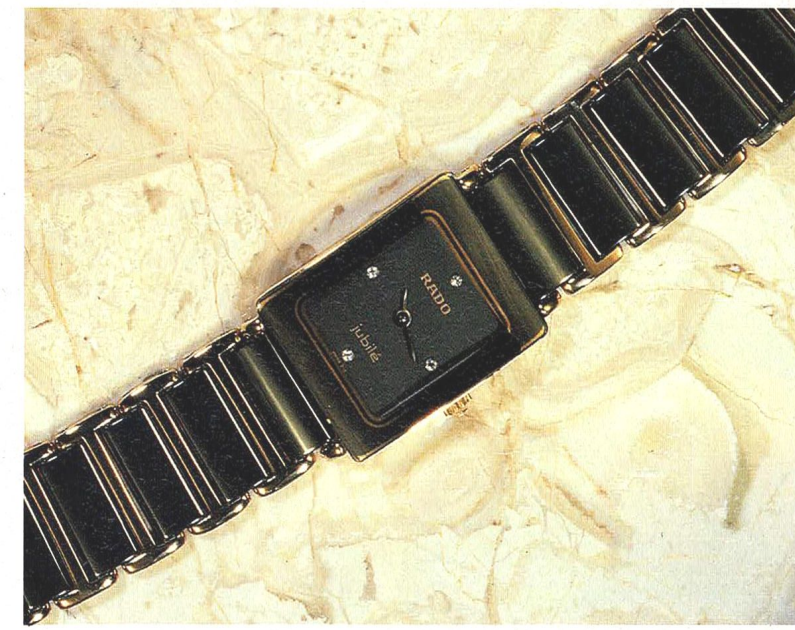
Philips comes to the Pet Of The Year Party with a fully portable Philips CD radio cassette recorder worth \$399. A superb mobile sound system to take anywhere, the AZ7590 includes such features as an 18-function remote control, programmable CD, 5-band graphic equaliser, turbo bass generator and dual cassette with auto-reverse. It can be connected to a home hi-fi system or operated on batteries, so that Kelly will have great sound wherever she goes.

Lindemans, the maker of great Australian wines, has offered some very special fruits of the vine as a prize worth \$5000. Kelly will receive a selection of the best Lindemans wines from their premium vineyards of Coonawarra, Padthaway and the Hunter Valley. The wines include a St George Cabernet Sauvignon, a Limestone Ridge Shiraz Cabernet and a Pyrus blend from Coonawarra; a Padthaway Chardonnay and Sauvignon Blanc and the Reserve Bin wines from the Hunter Valley, including a 1983 Burgundy.

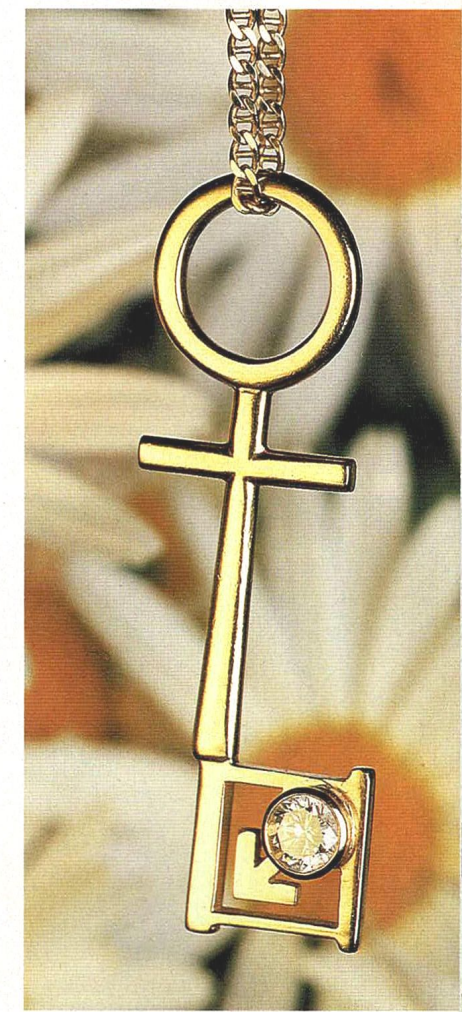




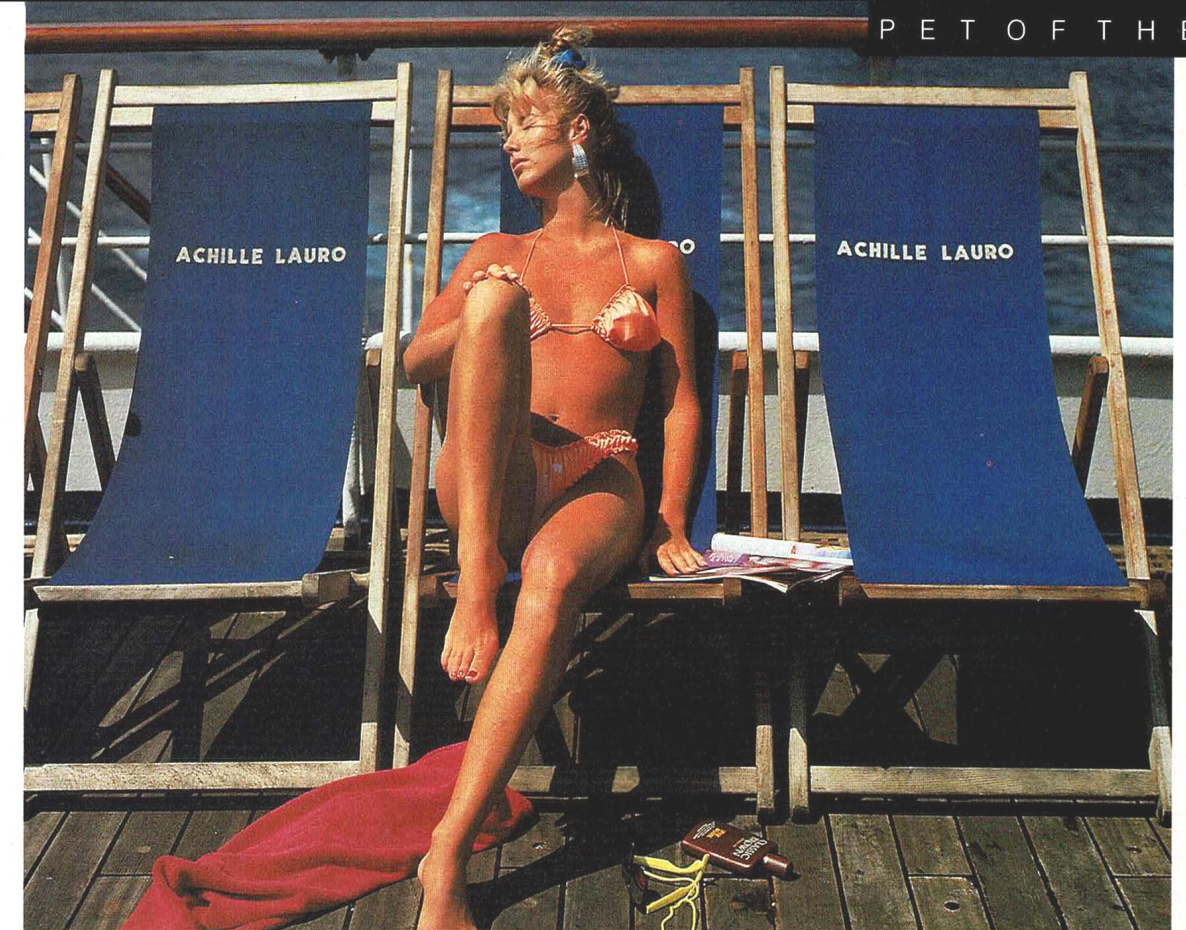
From Mantons, a prize of pure romance for Kelly will be a supply of French perfume. Chantilly, named after delicate chantilly lace, is made by the oldest French fragrance house, Parfums Houbigant Paris, which has a tradition dating back to 1775. Chantilly was created in 1941 and celebrates its 50th anniversary in 1991. It's a classic, perfectly feminine perfume created to exude softness and grace. This luxurious prize is worth \$1000.



A watch from the future for Kelly will be the sleek Rado DiaStar Integral, worth \$2500. The watch, created from high-tech, aerospace ceramics, is curved to fit the wrist and has scratchproof sapphire crystal protecting the face. Four diamonds add sparkle to a beautifully elegant design, while the watch is also practical, being waterproof to 30 metres.



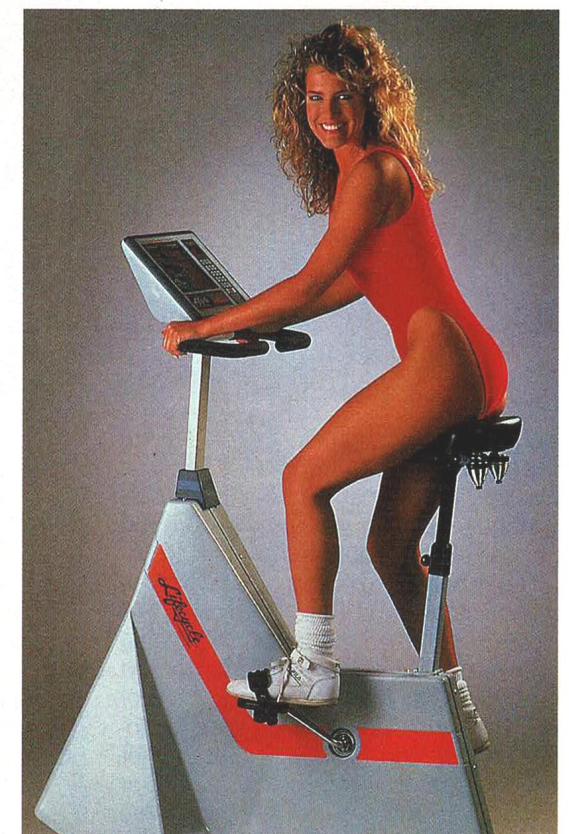
Each year, the traditional prize for our Pet Of The Year is a beautiful *Penthouse* key. This year, Kelly will receive an 18-carat yellow gold key decorated with a half-carat flawless diamond on a gold chain. Worth \$6500 this stunning piece is designed and hand-crafted by Wendy Manzo Diamonds at the Hilton.



A special treat to give Kelly a break when the going gets tough is a two-week champagne cruise for two aboard the *Achille Lauro*. The ship will cruise off Lord Howe Island, as well as visiting Noumea, Isle of Pines and Vila. Kelly will have a two-berth cabin with toilet and shower on A Deck. The prize, worth \$3600, has been offered by Starlauro Cruises.



A breath of fantasy that will fire up the imagination is the prize from Rod Alexander, one of Australia's leading designers of top quality lingerie and evening wear. Kelly will choose \$5000 worth of sensually styled and exquisitely finished garments to create the ultimate after-hours wardrobe. Rod Alexander's clothing is remarkable for its fine fabrics, trim and exclusive design. The label was first set up in 1988 to fill a gap in the Australian market for especially feminine clothing which would give women an array of fantasy outfits for any occasion.



IEP Body Mechanics offers our Pet Of The Year the best means to stay in shape — the Lifecycle Aerobic Trainer model 6500. Valued at \$3800, the Lifecycle is the most advanced exercise bike on the market. It has three computerised workout programs and LED displays of distance travelled and calories burned. It's self-powered and self-instructing and has 12 levels of intensity to meet varying fitness needs. Just the ticket for busy, in-demand Pets.

Dumb & Dirty

Continued from page 94

watch. Then she begins tugging vigorously on each of her erect nipples. The salesman is getting excited, but then he sees there's a naked man in the room, too. The man is standing and pointing first at his erect penis, then at an open umbrella he's holding in his other hand. "Whoa, this is a bit kinky for me," thinks the salesman as he tiptoes off the verandah and back out into the rain. Further down the road he sees a man driving a tractor. "Am I glad to see you!" he cries. "My car's bogged a couple of miles back and I went to that farmhouse for help, but they're sex deviants! There was this nude chick looking at her watch and pulling on her tits and a nude bloke pointing at his boner and holding a bloody umbrella."

"Mate, no worries," says the tractor driver. "That'd be the deaf and dumb couple. She'd be saying, 'Oh, look at the time, you'd better go milk the cows', and he'd be saying, 'Get fucked, it's raining.'"

41. Q. Did you hear about the three Irishmen?

A. One could read, one could write and the other one just liked hanging around with intellectuals.

42. A man is walking down a country road in New Zealand when he sees a farmer in a paddock screwing a sheep. "Hey, you," he calls. "Shouldn't you be shearing that sheep?"

The farmer yells back, "I'm not shearing her with no bastard. Go and find your own sheep."

43. Q. What do you say to a woman with no arms and no legs?

A. "Nice tits."

44. A woman goes into a pub and says to the barman, "Ten schooners of Resch's, please." The barman pulls the beers and watches as the woman carries the trayload over to a table and drinks them all. She comes back to the bar and says, "Ten more schooners of Resch's, please." At closing time when the barman is kicking everyone out he finds the woman passed out with 20 empty schooners in front of her. The barman can't help himself; he undresses her and fucks her, dresses her again and carries her outside and puts her in a cab. As he closes the door, the woman wakes up and says, "Thank you, you're such a gentleman."

The next day the barman tells everyone about what he did and the whole pub anxiously awaits the woman's arrival. Sure enough, she comes in and orders ten schooners of Resch's, drinks them and orders another ten and passes out again.

This time everyone in the pub fucks her. Then they put her clothes back on, carry her outside and put her in a cab. She wakes up and says, "Chivalry is not dead — you're all such gentlemen."

The following day the woman goes to the pub again and the barman says, "Don't tell me. You want ten schooners of Resch's?"

"No, you'd better make it Tooheys," says the woman. "Resch's tends to give me a sore cunt."

45. Q. How do they make Tasmanian bacon?

A. They use retarded pigs.

46. An ageing prostitute finds that business is terrible — in fact she's not getting any customers at all. She decides that she needs a gimmick, so she puts an ad in *Truth* that runs like this: I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU WANT FOR \$50 — BUT

Q: What do you call a man with no arms, no legs and a 12-inch dick?

A: Partially handicapped.

YOU'VE GOT TO SAY IT IN THREE WORDS, with her address.

On the day the ad appears a big black man appears on her doorstep, hands her a fifty and says, "Suck my cock." The woman pockets the fifty and performs the deed.

A couple of hours later a Greek man knocks on the door, hands over \$50 and says, "Fucka your arse." That's close enough for the prostitute. She takes his money and submits to anal sex.

Later, as she's closing for the day, there's another knock on the door. The woman thinks, "What the heck, another fifty won't go astray," so she opens the door and sees a little Jewish man. The man hands the prostitute \$50 and says, "Paint my house."

47. Q. What do you do if a dobermann is humping your leg?

A. Fake an orgasm.

48. Superman is flying around one day looking for action. He's called in on Spiderman, Batman and the Incredible Hulk, but none of the guys can come out

on the town with him. Though he knows she's not crazy about him, he decides to check what Wonder Woman's up to. He flies over to her place and looks through the wall with his X-ray vision. He can't believe what he's seeing. Wonder Woman is lying back naked on her bed, writhing and moaning with her legs apart. "Whew! That's one randy superhero," Superman thinks. "She's hanging out for a good screw. But there's no way she's going to put out for me." Then he thinks, "Maybe if I stop time by flying around the world at supersonic speed a few times, I can hop in there and bang her without her even knowing it." So he zips around the world a dozen times, flies in Wonder Woman's window, screws her silly, and flies out again.

Wonder Woman sits up startled and says, "What the hell was that?"

"Whatever it was," says The Invisible Man, "It just fucked me up the arse."

49. Q. What do poofters and bunjee jumpers have in common?

A. If the rubber breaks they're both in the shit.

50. Two Irishmen, Sean and Paddy, are staggering drunk down the street when they collapse in front of a shoe shop. "Begorrah," says Paddy, "Will you look at that. They're asking \$400 for that pair of crocodile shoes. That's more than we both make in a week. At that rate, a bloke could get mighty rich catching crocodiles."

When Paddy doesn't turn up at work the following day, Sean puts it down to a hang-over, but when he's gone for a week he starts to worry. Then he remembers the shoe shop and what Paddy had said. "The silly bastard's gone off to catch crocodiles," says Sean. "He's going to get himself killed if someone doesn't look out for him."

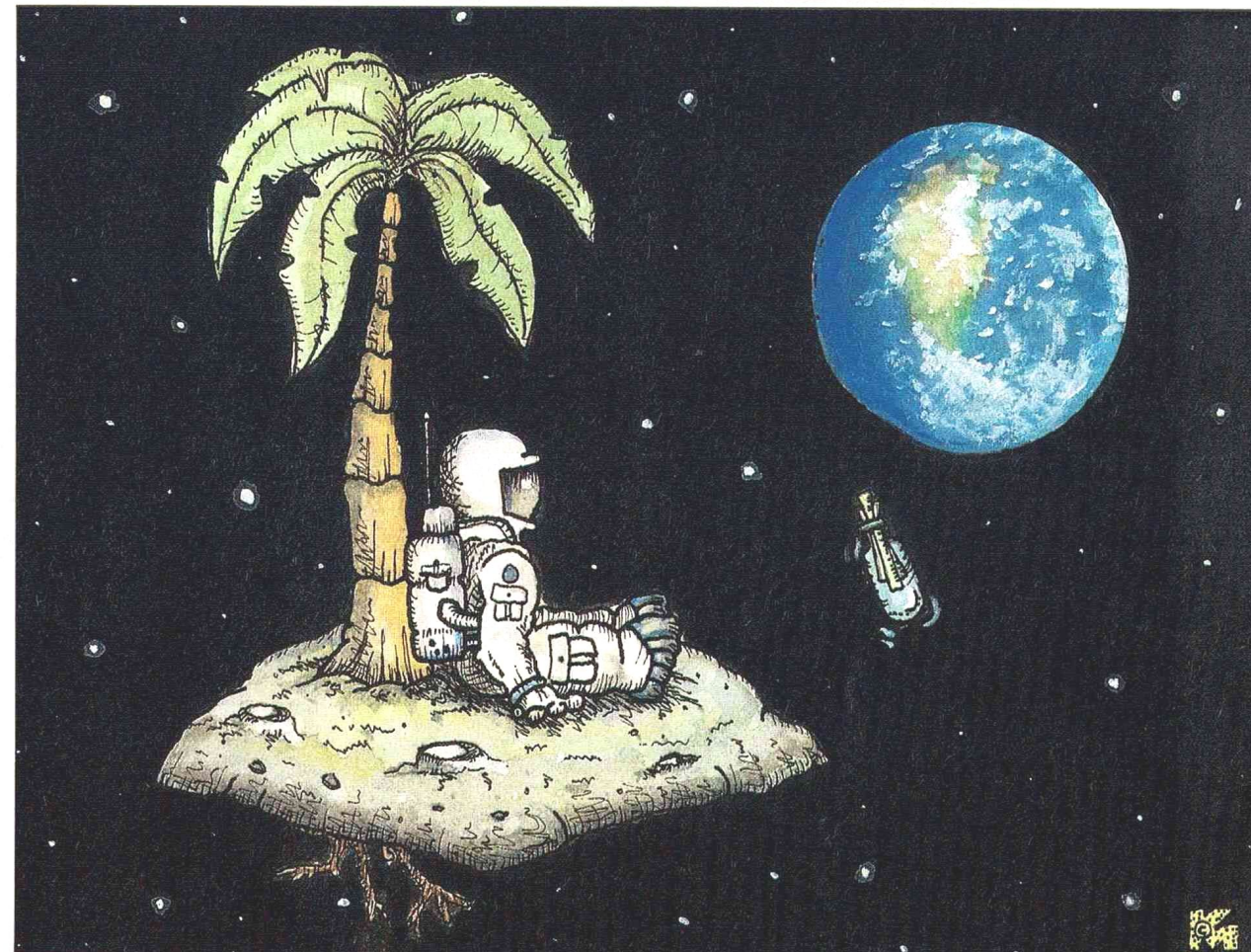
So Sean catches a plane up to the Northern Territory and starts showing a photo of Paddy around the pubs. Finally someone recognises the photo and says, "That's the Irish clown who was carrying on about shoes. He's gone off up the Daly River looking for crocs."

Sean hires a boat and takes off up the Daly. After a day he sees a dead croc on the river bank. The croc's still got its skin, but Sean figures he's getting warm. Pretty soon Sean starts seeing lots of dead crocs on the bank, one every half-mile or so. Then he rounds a bend in the river and there's Paddy on the bank wrestling a monster crocodile. The croc is putting up a real fight but Paddy is slowly getting the better of him. Then Paddy sees Sean. "Begorrah," he pants, still wrestling, "am I glad to see you. This crocodile stuff is not as easy as I thought it would be."

"But you've killed at least 40 crocs," says Sean.

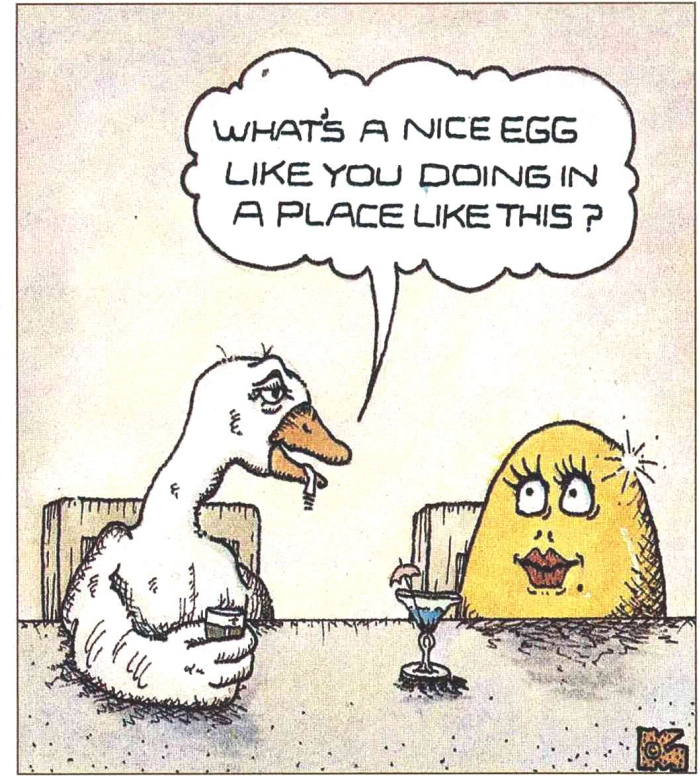
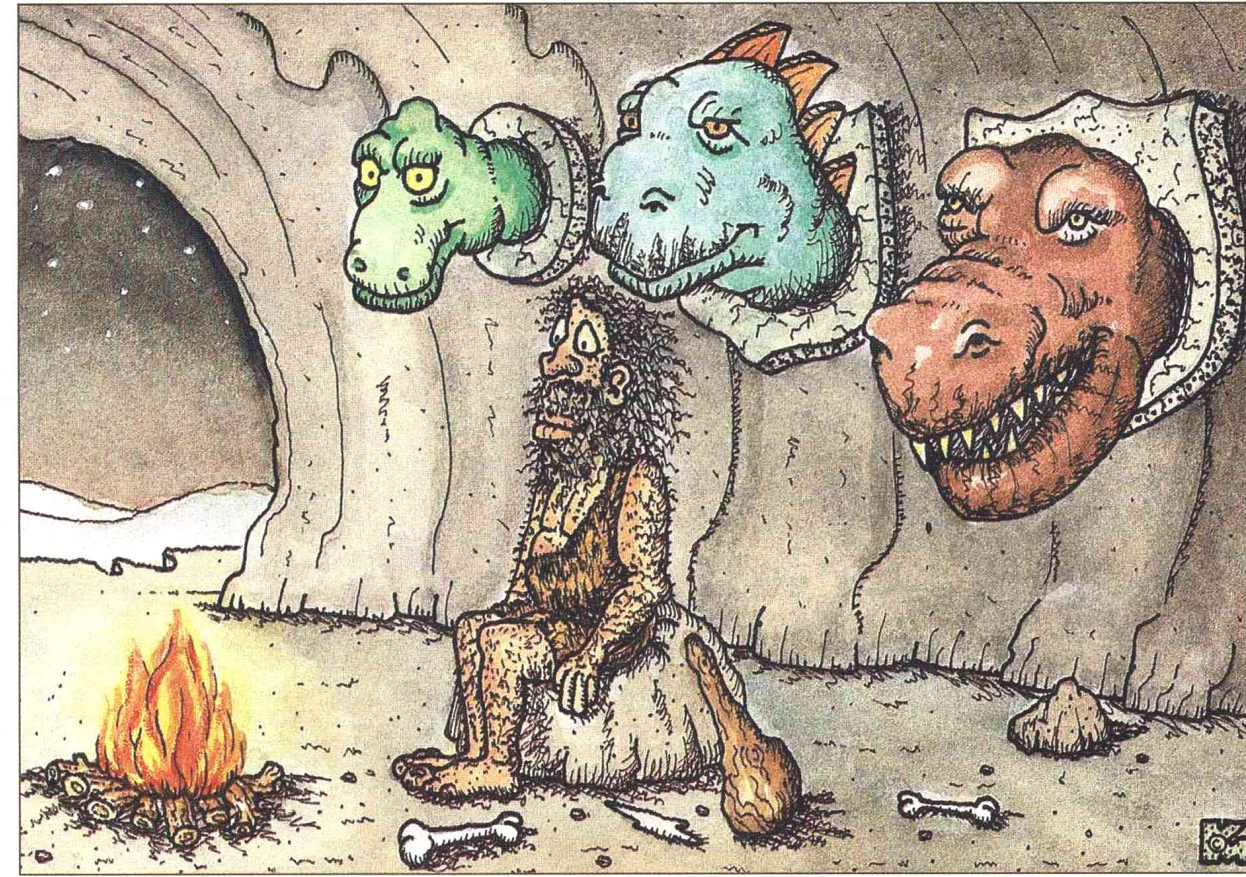
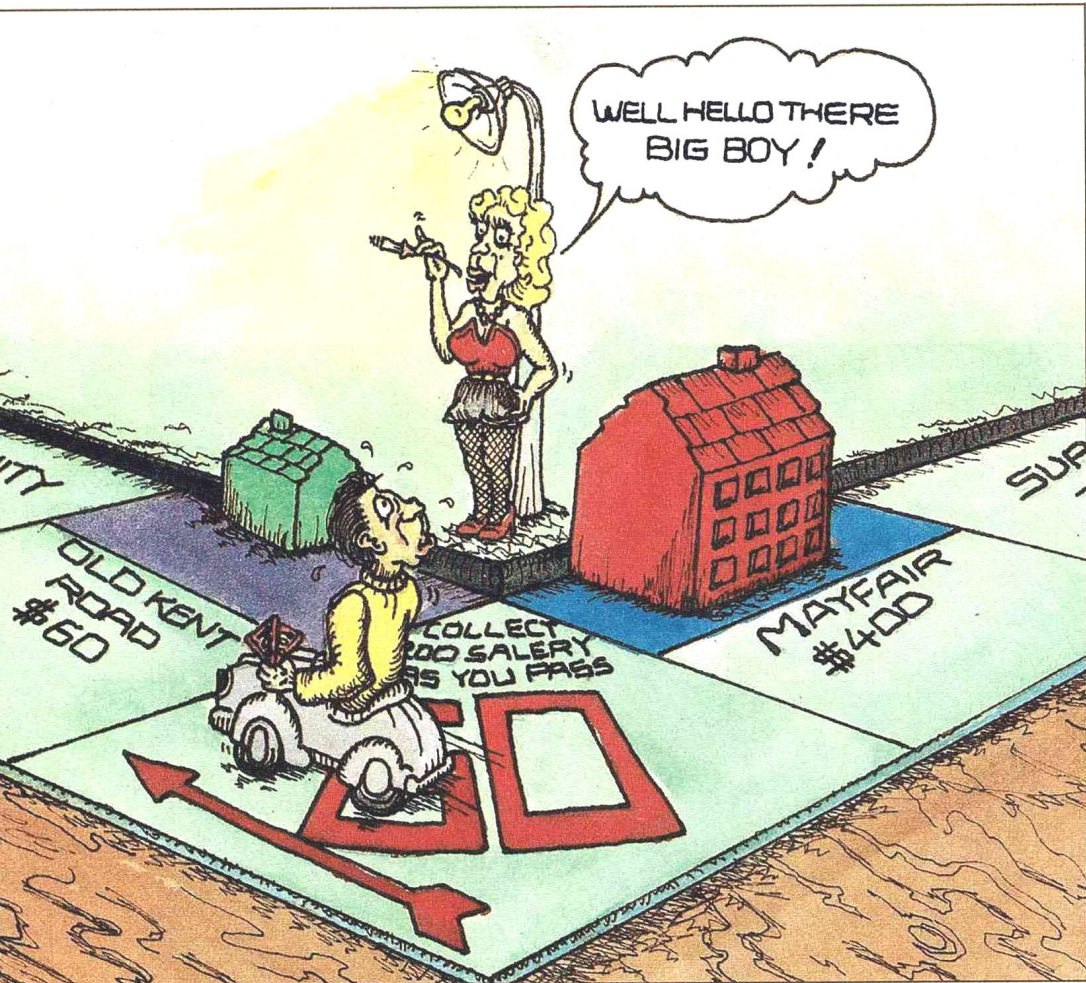
"What's the good of that?" says Paddy. "None were wearing shoes." ○—

ANOTHER



WORLD

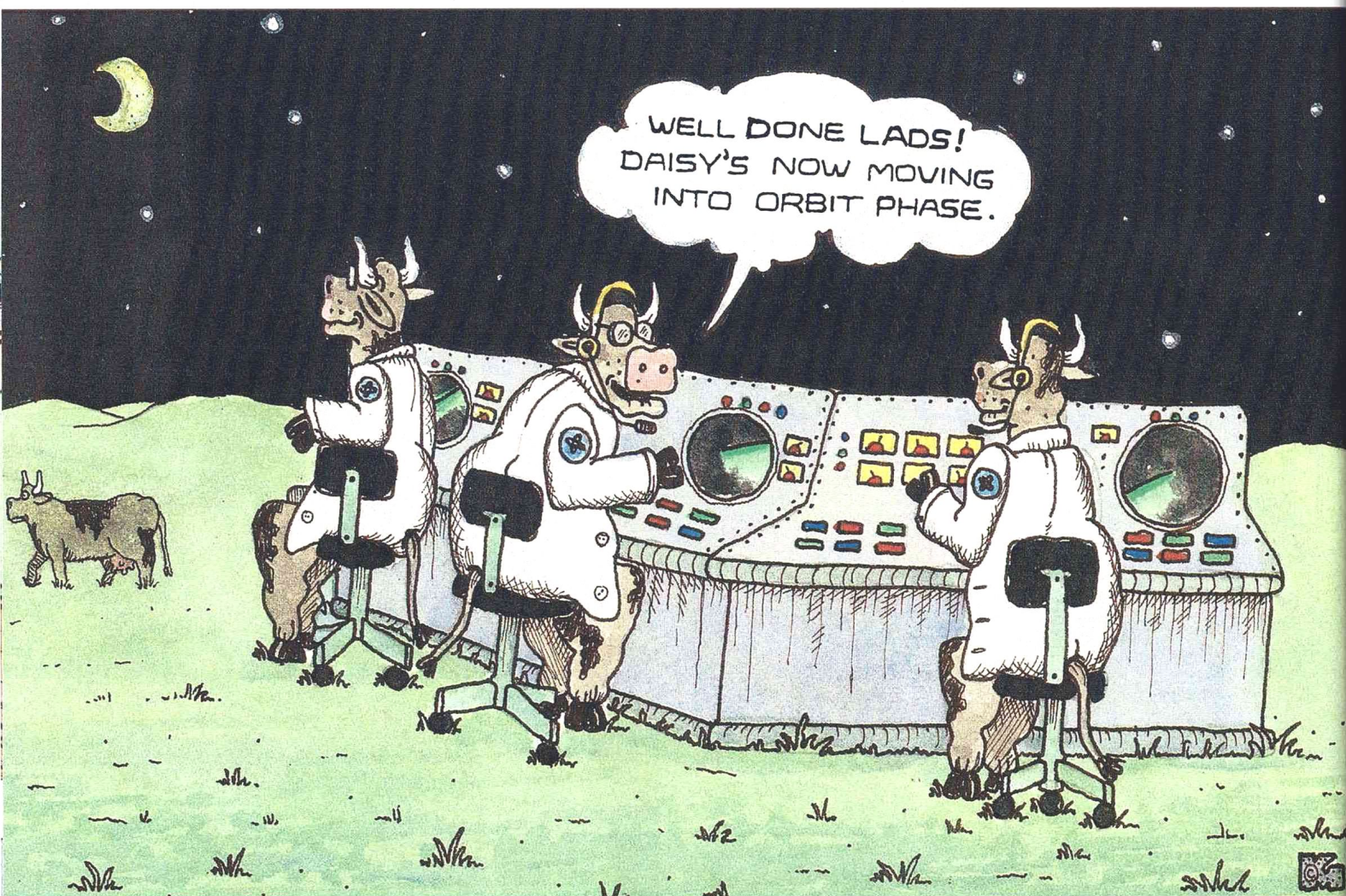
A CARTOON FEATURE BY KIM MURRAY



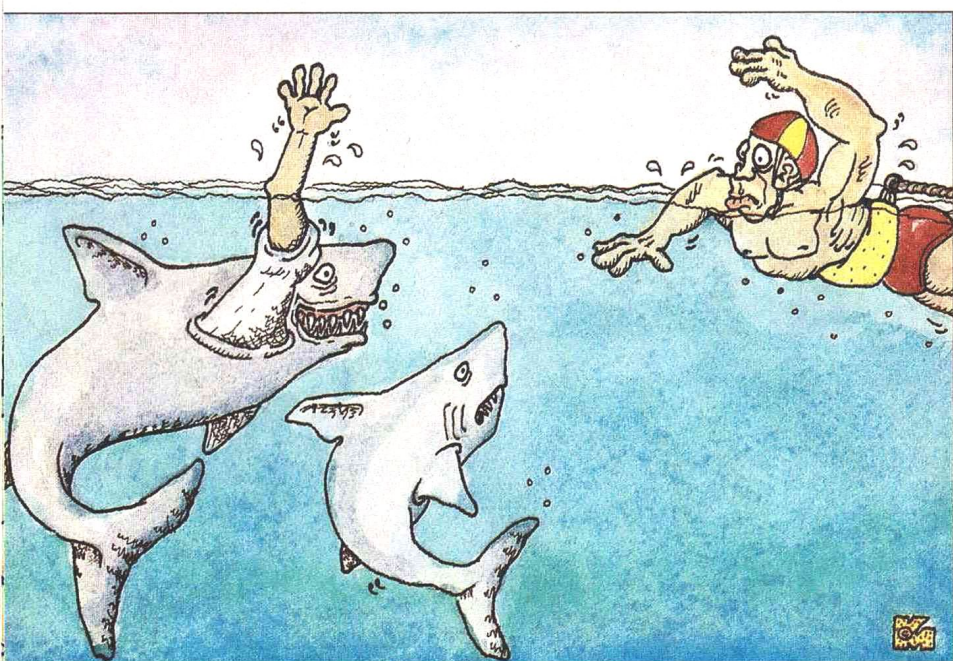
THE GOOSE THAT LAID THE GOLDEN EGG



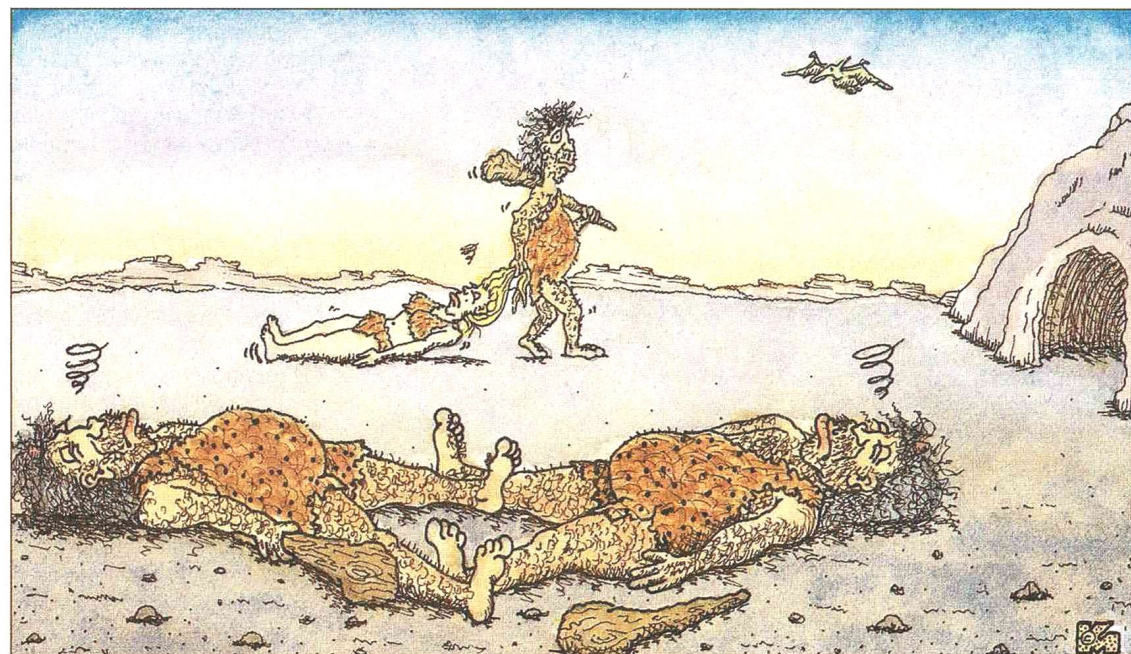
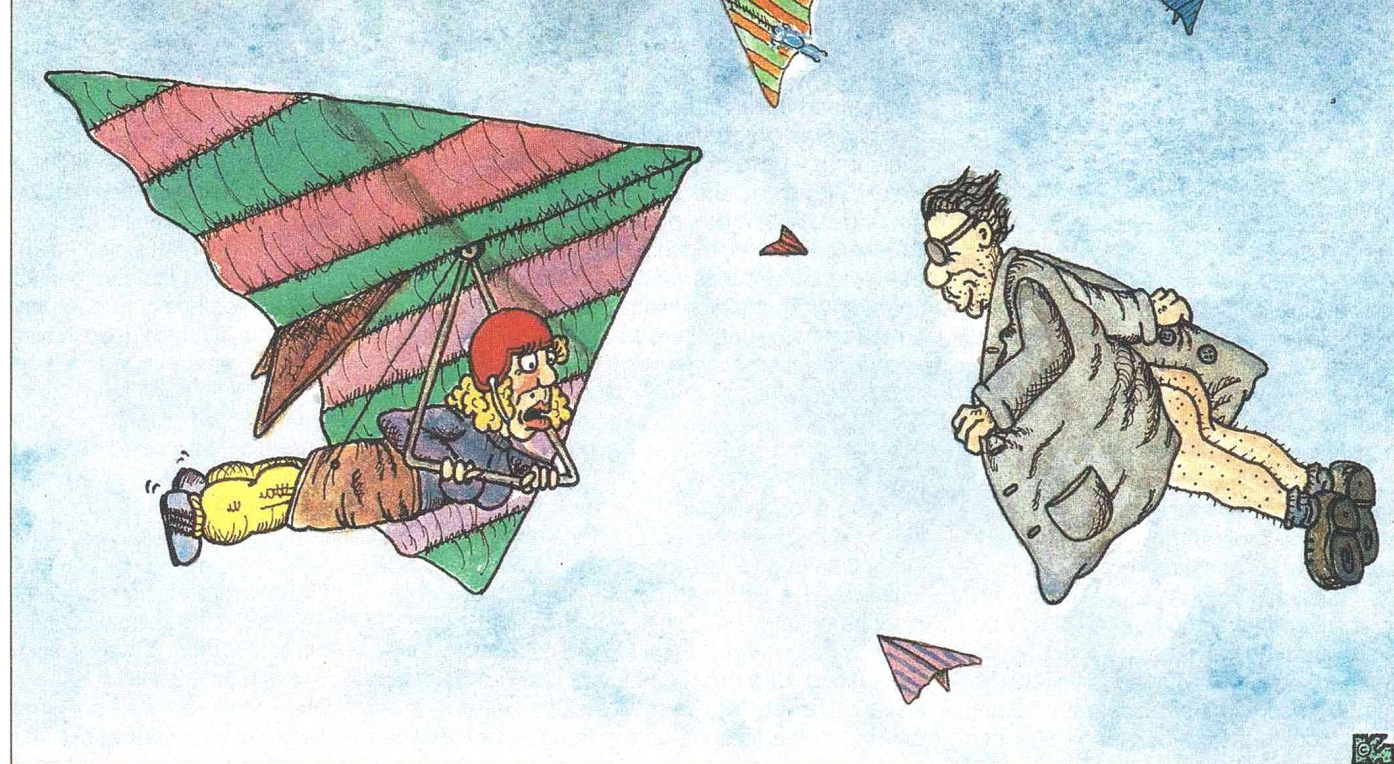
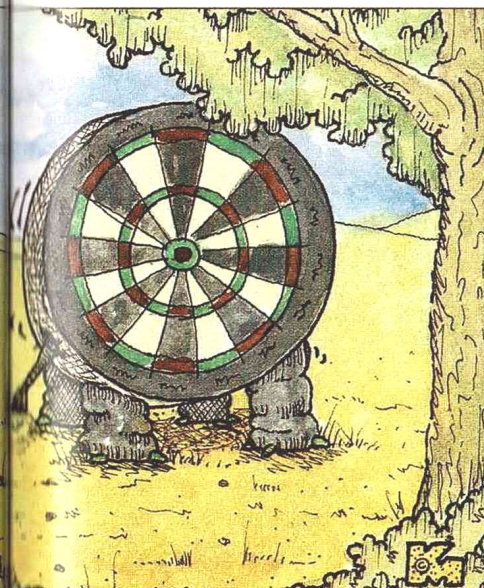
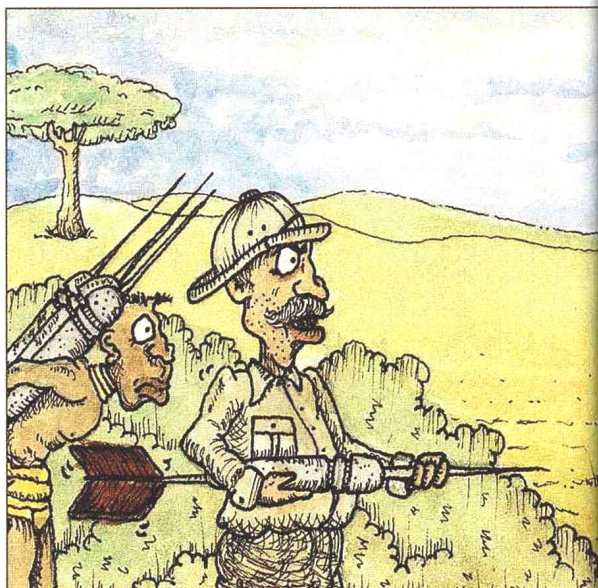
TINEA



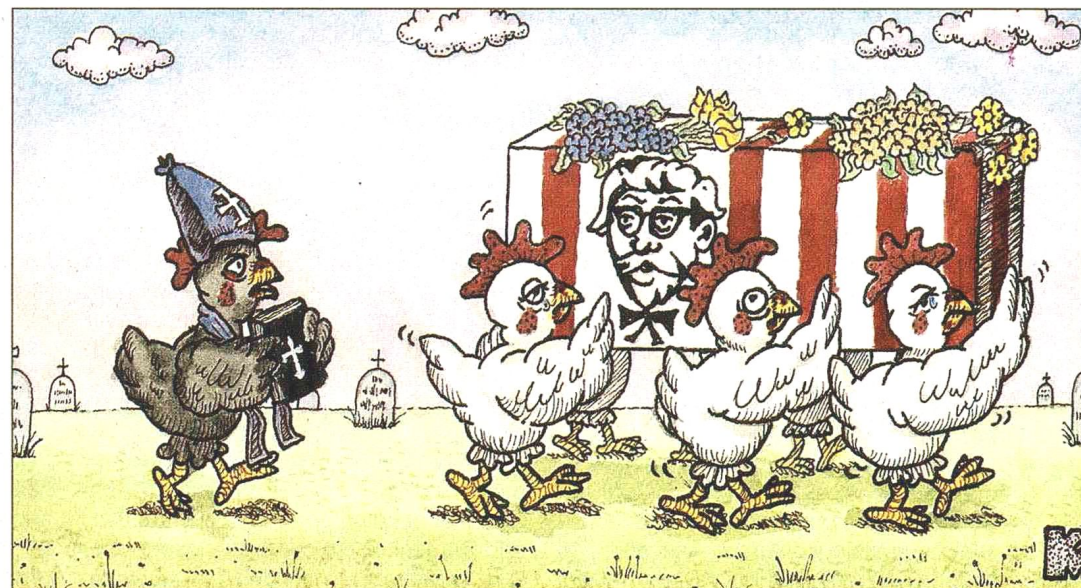
THE COW JUMPED OVER THE MOON



"See . . . this is why I save these bits son!"



EARLY HOMOSEXUALITY



forum comp

Continued from page 56

her, my cock, my balls, everything. There was no part of her body that I didn't want to consume. This was sex at its most primitive, exciting level. We were two animals driven purely by lust — fucking each other the way humans were meant to fuck, before we in the civilised West smothered the subject in inhibitions.

The drumming had reached fever pitch. I felt my balls start to tense as my princess's moans got louder. We increased what was already a frantic pace. As if someone had just squeezed my balls in a vice, they emptied. Like lightning going through my cock, my come shot through, pouring into her. Her moans had turned to screams of pleasure. I'd come, but I couldn't stop pumping. She continued to squeeze my cock with her cunt, then let out an orgasmic shriek, amplified 50 times by couples coming all around us.

Finally I was spent. Every drop of my come was inside her, and it seemed like half my balls were, too. I collapsed to the ground mentally drained and physically exhausted. The drumming had stopped. The ceremony was over. Around us couples struggled to pick themselves up. My princess stood. She walked away without bothering to re-clothe, not making even the slightest motion to look back. I was trying to comprehend what I had just been doing — trying to let it sink in, but it wouldn't — my mind was in a daze. I'd just had the greatest fucking experience imaginable with a girl whose language I couldn't speak, whose name I did not even know and who I'd never see again. — *Name and address withheld*

Beach party

My Aunt Leila was a change-of-life baby, born as Grandma died. So my mum brought us up as sisters, as we were only five years apart. I always thought Aunt Leila was super-conscious of having to set a good example for me, so I was careful not to show her the wilder aspects of my social life, until...

It was summer, a long weekend, and I'd been invited to a beach party by a group of people we'd been playing volleyball with for several weeks. When I got home, Leila was moping around the house, bored out of her brain, so I suggested she might like to come to the party. I warned her that I didn't really know the people well, but there were some really well-built hunks in the group, and the toy-boys would amuse her for a while at least (a gentle jibe about her senior status).

Surprisingly, she agreed to come with me, and as we rigged ourselves out, an electric sort of mood gripped us and I knew something different was going to happen. We grabbed our favorite music,

and headed down to the beach.

When we got there, the scene was exciting... a beach bonfire, the smell of barbecuing meat and the dusky glow of good health and tempting companions were reflected in our friends' faces. As we partied on, the booze made us all heady and horny. As the night wore on, couples drifted off home until there were only six of us enjoying the bonfire.

The music was sexy, and romantic, we were drunk and it wasn't surprising when Trina got up to move with the music and began taking off her clothes.

I have a lot of sexual aggression in me when I drink, and the sight of Trina dancing got me good and horny, fuelled further when Joey, a tall, brown, muscled, stunning hunk of male, joined Trina in the middle. Before long, they were dancing, bare except for jocks, seductively teasing one another without touching, their bodies glowing in the firelight, Joey's hunger as

“
She walked
away without
bothering to re-clothe,
not making the
slightest motion
to look back
”

apparent as the moisture between Trina's tits and thighs.

My jeans were wet with the heat of my need for that man... God, he was perfect. I was aching to feel his cock satisfying my hunger — any cock, as long as it was as hungry as my pussy was. I glanced around, noticing that practically everybody was watching Joey and Trina and that Leila's partner was mesmerised by Trina's tanned, beautiful body.

I looked at Leila, and was stunned not to see disapproval on her face. Her eyes were glazed, and she was obviously aching to get up and rip into Joey, just as I was. I glanced at Paul, my partner, and my attention was drawn by the huge lump in his shorts caused by the scene we were watching. Without thinking, I reached over and circled the head of his weapon with my fingertips. He reached for me, the lust showing in his hot eyes, his hands burning into my throbbing tits.

I grabbed his hand and we were in the middle with the others. We began dirty dancing, grinding up against one another, and the feel of his cock, so close to me, was unbearable. I needed him, anyone,

right there and then. Leila joined us, and I could see that she and Jack had already got a head start on us in the fucking stakes. She was naked and her nipples were dark and hard with passion.

As she began to take Paul's clothes off, Joey's arms came around me from behind and rubbed my aching pussy through my jeans. I almost came, it felt so good. It was natural to snap my jeans open and drop them down so he could play. I pulled my shirt off and let my heavy, love-starved tits tumble. Joey had bent to tease my love button with his lips and as he saw my ripe, hard, hungry tits, he brought his head up and gave me the sucking and biting I deserved.

Trina and Jack were kissing passionately, I noticed, as I gently released Joey's huge, throbbing cock from his wet jocks. He was as turned on as I was, so we wasted no time getting his love pole into position. As he guided his eight inches into my dripping, hot, creamy pussy, I heard Leila moan. Paul had his love ram buried up to the hilt into her pussy, and she was biting her lips as her passion built into a frenzy. Paul was stroking her expertly towards orgasm, and she was no inexperienced lover either. It turned me on to see my aunt-come-sister fucking him with a strength and hunger that matched my own.

I turned my head as Joey began to pump harder and harder, and reached out to anchor myself. Leila's hand met mine, and our eyes met. I could see she was close and Paul was straining to push deeper and deeper into her with each thrust. Joey was holding my shoulders and pulling me down to slam his cock in a stronger and stronger rhythm. I felt waves of tingling sweeping over me, reorganising my body cells. The contractions of pleasure were sucking and clenching me harder and harder on to Joey's hammer. Groans were torn from us as each hit higher planes.

As we went over the edge, I heard Leila come with a force that matched the sensations that were overwhelming me. Joey's hot, burning seed burst into me and drove me over the edge of time. It seemed to go on forever and when we finally returned to the fire's glow we were drained.

We kissed, deeply, wonderingly, our sweat bonding us, our bodies subsiding; finally we rose, looking down on Leila and Paul asleep, Paul still submerged in Leila's body, and Trina and Jack, who had spent their energies in our wake.

It was hard to believe that we would go back to reality when Leila awoke and we had to go home. I had seen a side to my aunt that I would never have believed existed. Maybe it runs in the family!

We walked into the lagoon, to cool our heated bodies. Leila and Paul and Joey and me — well, we are still together... we go to the beach a lot. — *Name and address withheld* ☐

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HANK LONDONER

Bridgette Blair, 22, is a Scorpio with a bad case of wanderlust. "I love travelling," she says. "I want to keep going forever, and I'll use any means I can to do that." Bridgette is an old hand at trains, planes, buses and boats. She travels light, and keeps an open mind.



EASY LIVING



"If you're open to opportunities, amazing things can happen," says Bridgette, who is adamant about disliking work. "What is the point of planning for the future when you don't know what's going to happen tomorrow? I don't want to know the future — I like to be surprised by life."







Bridgette is a party girl who's always out for a good time. "The sound of champagne corks popping is music to my ears," she laughs. "I love people, and I like to have fun, to live easy. Money? Sometimes I have it, sometimes I don't. What do you think I'm doing this shoot for? I need some dollars to get over to the Caribbean for the summer."





THE GIRLS OF
PEN **SE**

\$6.95 NZ \$9.95 (INCL GST)

SPECIAL
COLLECTOR'S
EDITION

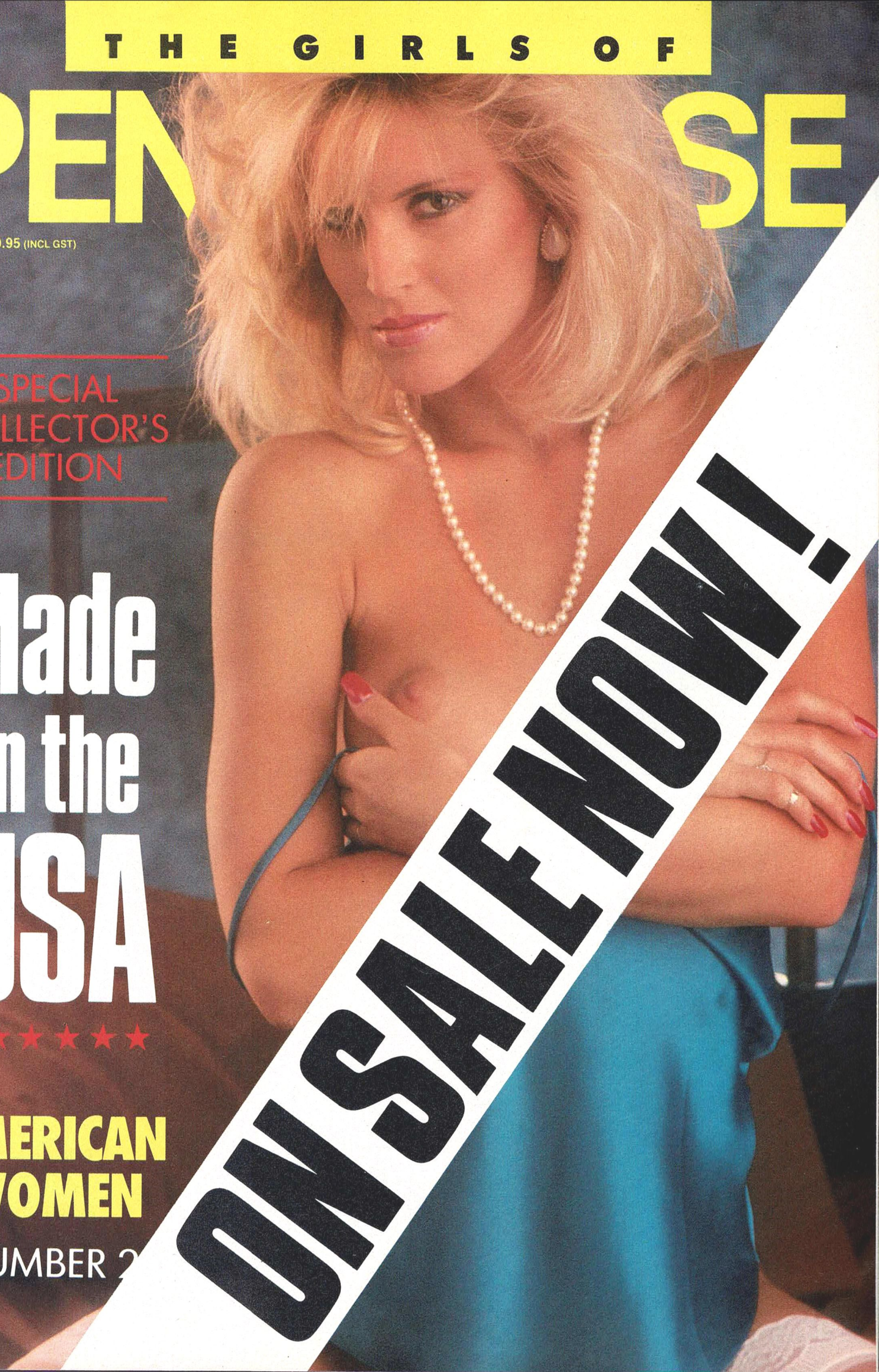
Made
in the
USA



AMERICAN
WOMEN

NUMBER 2

ON SALE NOW!





PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS

HIGH fLYING BIRD

"When I get my fingers around the joystick," says 25-year-old Patricia Paige, a trainee pilot, "it gives me the most incredible feeling of power. I just love to feel the engines surging beneath my touch, to know that I can ride the wind, free as a bird. I always thought flying would be fantastic and now that I'm doing it, I've found it's even better than that!"



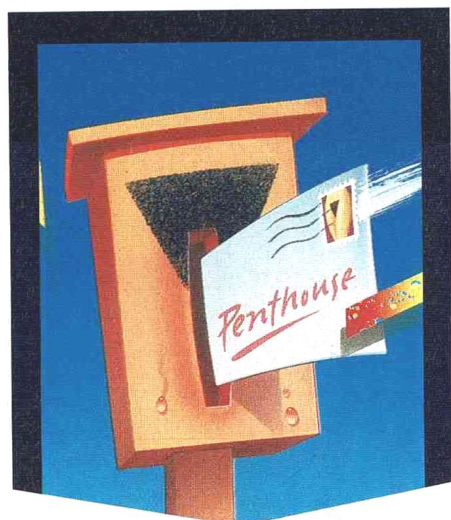


Patricia is training for her commercial fixed-wing licence, and after that will tackle choppers. She isn't interested in much else besides aviation. Except men. "Well, you know," she says, shrugging, "they are there, and I certainly enjoy what they have to offer." As much as flying? She grins. "It's different," is all she will say.









forum

Continued from page 13

outline of her tongue pressing up against her cheek, indicating it was swirling around the head of his cock.

I just couldn't believe what I was seeing — it was Sunday, if you don't mind!

This went on for ten minutes. The guy was pretending to be asleep, but as he came (I think he did) his back arched. I nearly did the same.

Then the girl raised her head and kissed him. She nestled against him for five minutes, then went back down again — for desert, I guess. Just as the Manly ferry was nearing Circular Quay, she came up for air and I noticed that she pulled up his zip.

It was time to get off the ferry. The couple got off before us and just for a moment the girl's eyes met mine and she smiled. I nearly fell off my chair.

My friends and I then went to the footy, but I had a few stiff drinks first. And as for the couple? Well, I pity the people who sat near them on their next leg of public transport.

If you're reading this, you were spotted. Why don't you write in and give your side of the experience? Talk about putting people off their game! — *Name and address withheld*

Seaside luck

One Sunday night, I was taking a walk along the beach. It was very quiet and there were not very many people around. As I splashed my feet through the water I heard something behind me. I turned to see what, or who, it was. I saw a male figure climbing from the water after a refreshing swim. I felt sexy that evening and decided to take my chances on this guy. I walked over to where he was towelling off his very muscular body and asked him if the water was warm. He said: "Yes, it's very warm — care to join me in another swim?" I said, "I have no swimsuit." "That doesn't matter," he said. "I'll go skinny

dipping too." And proceeded to take off his shorts, revealing a very large and erect penis. I shivered as I watched him run to the water, calling me to come in.

I decided not to let this one slip by and quickly stripped off my clothes and ran to the water to join him. We swam out quite a way, then back again. We lay on the sand with the foam tickling us, and engaged in a long, French kiss. As we parted our lips, I felt his hand on my thigh, inching up to my hot, juicy pussy — I ached in anticipation. As he fingered my clit a few times, I moaned in pleasure. He rubbed my clit faster and faster as I touched his erect member and we both lay there moaning for a while. Then he decided to make it more exciting. He got up and placed his face over my pussy to taste my hot juicy bush; he tongued my clit until I shuddered. He continued to thrust his tongue into my saturated pussy, until I came again and again.

Then he rolled over and it was my turn. I started at his neck, working my way down, sucking and kissing his nipples and kissing his stomach until I got to his member.

I started to lick and suck his balls, and he moaned with pleasure as I worked my way up his rod to the tip. I sucked all of his rod into my mouth and bobbed up and down as fast as I could. I kept sucking until he came in my mouth.

We lay in the water for a while to revive ourselves. Then he started to finger my pussy again and started the juices flowing again. He did that until I was just about to come again, then took his hand away and got on top of me and thrust his erect cock into me and started to pump my hole as hard as I've ever been fucked. As he was doing this, he started to suck my nipples erect.

I thought I'd talk dirty to him to add some excitement. "That's it baby, pump my hole hard and fast, make me come again, let me feel your come inside me, that feels so good, pump me baby, pump." He pumped me harder and faster after that but it seemed to take forever before we both came to a wild climax together just as a wave came crashing over us. As the water flowed off our hot bodies, we slowly got up and walked up the beach to where our clothes were. We shared the towel to dry ourselves and quickly got dressed. Russell said he'd give me a lift home and we exchanged a long French kiss when we got there. I gave him my phone number and he gave me his; we had another long kiss and he drove off. — *Name and address withheld*

Worth the weight

I was in the weight room and saw him through the rows of equipment. His body was tanned, and perfectly built. With the little T-shirt he had on, I could see every chest muscle bulging out. I knew I wanted him, and when our eyes met I knew he was

PROTON MAIN DEALERS

NEW SOUTH WALES

Sydney — DME Hi Fi 212 5922
Redfern — Crazy Glens 699 9047
Marrickville — Embassy
Electronics 569 0501
Cabramatta — Hong Electrical 725 7588
Lindfield — Milverson Sound
Centre 416 8477
Maroubra — Matra Radio 661 5377
Birkenhead Point — Audiocom 81 3132
Roselands — Pacific Hi Fi 740 5577
Liverpool — Pacific Hi Fi 600 6655
Broadmeadow — Pacific
Hi Fi (049) 52 2863
Nowra — Audio South (044) 21 3670

VICTORIA

Hawthorn — Contemporary
Sound 818 5330
Melbourne — Dynasound 663 2064
South Yarra — European Sight &
Sound 241 4820
Frankston — Frankston Sound 789 9333
Camberwell — J.B. Hi Fi 882 1372
Dandenong — J.B. Hi Fi 706 8942
East Keilor — J.B. Hi Fi 336 2066
Brighton — J.B. Hi Fi 593 1377
Kew — Trevor Lees 862 2315
Footscray — Newtone
Electronics 689 7708
Darebin — Wavelink 499 6260
Sale — A&P Electronics (051) 44 4445
Traralgon — A&P
Electronics (051) 74 6355

SOUTH AUSTRALIA

Adelaide — Truscott
Electronics 211 8045

QUEENSLAND

Mount Gravatt — Queensland
Entertainment Co. 849 6744
Paddington — Sound Approach
Southport — Goldstar
Electronics (075) 32 1133

WESTERN AUSTRALIA

Mount Hawthorn — Budget
Hi Fi 242 2155
Kalgoorlie — The Sound
Barrier (090) 21 7791

TASMANIA

Hobart — Classic Sounds 34 4618

PROTON
Audio

W.C. Wedderspoon Pty. Ltd.
3 Ford Street, CHULLORA
NSW 2190
Tel: 642 3993, 642 2595

EXCITING HI FI...

PROTON
Audio

**NEW
400
SERIES**

Hi Fi Answers UK
"...an air of class." "...impressive
bass extension."
High Fidelity UK
"The Proton wins the contest by a mile"
Audiophile UK
"The AM455 pro is an inherently musical amplifier
with a vibrant, colourful sound, full of life and
excitement."
Stereo Review USA
"The Proton hallmarks of dramatic appearance, simple, no-
nonsense industrial design, and logical, high bang per buck
technical design."
Full reviews on request.

forum

mine. A few days later, I saw him at a party and introduced myself. Don and I really hit it off. We spent that whole party in a corner entrancing each other. The party ended and I went home to my bed all by myself, but I knew the next night would be ours. We met again and went to his place to watch movies.

Don put on some soft mood music instead, and we cuddled up close on the couch.

Just the feel of his soft lips on mine made my pussy heat up with excitement. I sat up and peeled off my shirt. Underneath I was wearing a tight tank top that revealed my hard nipples. His top came off, and I rubbed my hands over his huge, hard pecs. I found out that they weren't all that was huge when I ran my finger across the bulge in his pants.

I wanted to get right down there and put my lips around his hard, thobbing rod. I couldn't handle the wait, so I undid his formfitting jeans and to my surprise found he wasn't wearing underwear. I loved it! My tongue found its way up and down his pulsating penis. I went down further and playfully licked his balls as I juggled them in my mouth. His moans got louder and louder and my breathing got heavier and heavier. Some pre-come spurted out on to the head of his hard-on. I quickly licked it

off and put his stiffy in my mouth. My hands were all over his hard buttocks. I must have hit a sensitive spot, because he jumped and let out a sigh.

I went back to my exploring. He stopped me right before he came and we switched positions so I was on the bottom. He returned the favor by slowly going down my body, finally reaching my pussy. He moved his tongue around the outside of my vagina and up and down my lips. I felt myself becoming hotter and hotter as he slid his tongue into my wet hole. I moaned with every stroke he made. He sensed me coming to an orgasm, so he stopped and pushed his hard, thick cock inside my tight hole. In and out, side to side, in every position, we just didn't want to stop. I could feel an orgasm coming on. He also was good and ready, and it felt great, his wet jism hitting my hot hole.

We lay there for a while, just holding each other. Now every time I see him lifting weights, we look into each other's eyes, remembering that wonderful night. — *Name and address withheld*

Young and restless

When I started seeing a young guy named Harry, I figured my sex life would be pretty dull for a while. Little did I know! Harry knew that I'd never had two men before — and that I wanted to try it — but he was young and I wasn't sure he was willing. One evening at his place, though,

things got a little out of hand with Harry, his friend Richie and me.

All evening long, Harry and I had been teasing each other mercilessly, and poor Richie was obviously feeling quite unappreciated. He sat down to work on the computer, while Harry led me off toward his king-size water bed — spray can of whipped cream in hand.

"Hey, Richie," I called, "If the programming gets too dull for you, come on in and join the party!" It only took him six seconds.

Both of them were timid at first, but after a few choice spurts of whipped cream, things began heating up rapidly. While Richie nibbled on my rock-hard nipples, Harry began to work his way down my body, flicking his tongue across my sensitive skin. Making me gasp involuntarily with unexpected bites, he found his way down to my aching pussy.

Always the tease, Harry's magic tongue darted across my inner thighs, then traced the outline of my neatly trimmed bush. When he finally thrust his tongue into my cunt, every muscle in my body tensed and I cried out in ecstasy. My open mouth was an invitation for Richie, who straddled my chest so I could suck his throbbing cock. Fondling his balls with one hand, I circled his dick with my other and caressed it before taking it deep into my mouth.

After bringing Richie to the brink of orgasm several times — with Harry still driving me to new heights of ecstasy with his tongue — I desperately needed a big, hard cock inside me. Pulling Harry up to where Richie had been sitting, I began to suck hungrily on his perfect cock. Encircling Richie with my legs, I pulled him urgently toward my pussy. As Richie thrust his full length deep inside me I sucked Harry's cock into my throat. The feeling of having those two delicious cocks in me at the same time sent an electric current through my body.

Then it was Harry's turn to feel my hot wetness. Pushing me on to my hands and knees, he drove deep into me from behind. Richie knelt in front of me and I sucked his cock all the way down my throat.

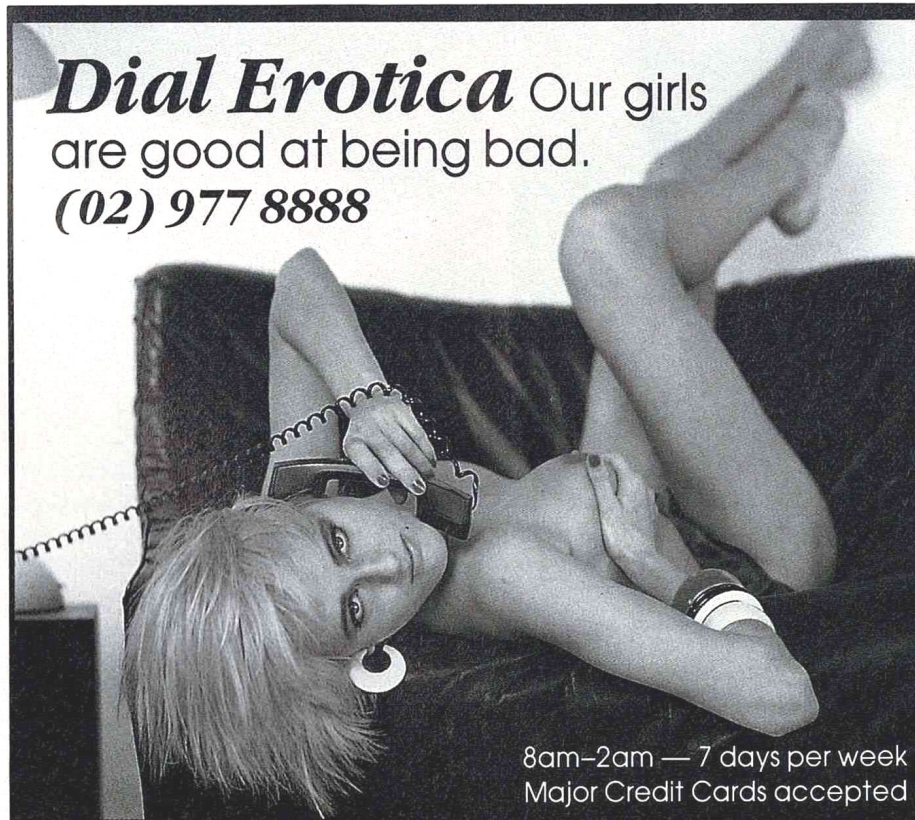
Before long they were ready to climax, and soon I was covered from head to toe with hot come. Of course, then we had to shower, but I'll save that for another time. — *Name and address withheld*

Double discovery

I have been married happily for two years. When I met my wife, Michelle, three years ago she was 17 and a virgin. I was 18 and had had only two sexual encounters, neither of which were anything to write home about.

Michelle and I learnt from each other and experimented in almost everything we could think of. But lately, I found sex with her to be getting a little slow. I wouldn't say boring, but it was becoming a little too routine. I hadn't told her about my feelings.

Dial Erotica Our girls are good at being bad.
(02) 977 8888



8am-2am — 7 days per week
Major Credit Cards accepted

"We love you - always"

Tiffany's

Night & Day

(02) 212 1195
(02) 211 3804

99 ALBION STREET
SURRY HILLS

forum

One day last month at a party at a friend's house, Michelle walked up to me while I was sitting on the lawn speaking to some friends. We were all pretty drunk. Michelle sat next to me and put her hand on my leg — just touching the lower half of my dick. She looked at me and said in a quiet voice: "Have you ever thought about sleeping with someone else?"

I paused and told her I had. She didn't seem at all shocked — she just smiled. Later that night we were given a lift home by Gary, a school friend of mine. He dropped us off and said goodbye.

My wife and I went inside, where we shared a warm shower in an attempt to sober up. It didn't do much good, so we lay down for a little while. Michelle knelt over me and placed her lips on my dick, which she then slowly took into her mouth while gently rubbing my balls. It took me by surprise, but I lay back and enjoyed myself. Michelle then turned around so that we were in the 69 position.

I licked every inch of her pussy. While doing this, I became aware of a slight sweet smell coming from her arse. I had only kissed her there once before but I for some reason had the urge to put my tongue inside. Michelle really reacted to that — her hips lifted as my tongue went deeper into her, thrusting in and out. I really don't know who was enjoying it the most.

I slowly inserted my finger into her arse. It was so tight that I stopped for fear of hurting her. Still in a 69 position, she moved her hand away from my dick and

pushed my hand, forcing my finger right up her arse. So I finger-fucked her arse and licked her clit until she suddenly lay back and said she was so hot, she wanted me up her arse.

Even after three years, it was something we had never done before. She passed me some Vaseline and I covered my dick and her arsehole with it. I placed my cock on her opening and was about to push when I felt her arse muscles contract and she farted.

We burst out laughing, which was good because we were both anxious and it made us both a bit more relaxed. I started to push in, just getting my dick in. I am not very big — only about six inches, which I suppose is average. She tightened up and let out a little yelp. I asked if she wanted to stop but she said she wanted it. I went in deeper and slowly started moving in and out. She became more relaxed and we quickened our pace.

Just then, she grabbed her vibrator from under the pillow and switched it on. I continued pumping while she placed the vibrator on her clit. I sensed she was about to come when her whole body began to shake. Her arse muscles squeezed me and we both came together. She told me afterwards how good it felt when I came and she could feel the warmth deep inside her arse.

About two weeks later Gary came over to our place with a bottle of Scotch and we all got very drunk. I noticed Michelle looking at the outline of Gary's cock through his track-suit pants. She realised I had caught her, and smiled.

A bit later, Gary went for a walk to a nearby service station to buy smokes.

Michelle and I stayed back and waited for him.

We started to talk and she again asked me the question about sleeping with someone else. I said, yeah, I remembered, and had been thinking about it. She said that she had too. I thought for a moment and realised that she had only experienced sex in any form with me, so I said I understood.

Gary returned and we continued to get even more drunk. After about an hour Michelle sat next to me and started to rub my dick right in front of Gary. I could not help but notice Gary's trousers rising. Michelle looked at Gary's dick and looked back at me. I nodded my head and she leaned up and kissed me on the cheek, saying: "Thank you, sweetie."

She stood up and knelt between Gary's legs.

Gary looked at me with shock as Michelle took his cock out and began to lick his balls and jerk his dick. I just told him to relax and enjoy it.

Gary's dick was fatter and slightly longer than mine. Michelle had never had anything bigger than me before. I was about to leave them to it when Michelle said she wanted me to be with her. She undressed and lay on the carpet with her legs wide. She asked Gary to place his cock in her mouth. I felt strange watching it, but yes, I was very turned on. And I was happy for Michelle. He pumped her mouth and she placed her hand on his arse cheeks and just pushed him into her mouth faster and harder. The sight of her made me want it, so I lay between her legs and licked up her pussy, which was soaking wet.

While she changed positions she guided Gary's dick into her pussy and brought my dick to her mouth. My wife was full of dick as Gary humped her and she gave me head. She said she wanted to be fucked in the arse as well. I was a bit hesitant about it, but I realised it was her night, so I obliged. We were in a position where Gary fucked her pussy and I could fuck her arse and kiss her at the same time.

We swapped several times in an hour — each time a new cock entered her pussy, she came. Both Gary and I were on the verge of orgasm and I told her the fun would soon be over. But she surprised us again — she made us wash our dicks, saying she wanted to compare the taste of our come. Gary admitted he had never come in a girl's mouth before, but soon he was going for it, thrusting into Michelle's mouth.

He collapsed while Michelle just stuck to his dick, sucking every drop out. She swallowed it all without spilling a drop. Then it was my turn. She sucked me off until I came, filling her with my own come. Then she brought her mouth to my ear and whispered: "Thank you, that was fantastic — I love you so much." — Name and address withheld O—

CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF

Did you ever get so bored that you thought you'd go crazy? That, says Eliza Anderson, is her problem right now. "All there is to do is hang around the pool and dream. But an 18-year-old needs to get out and about, doesn't she? I do — badly."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY JON HARROLL

Call me if
you can
handle
it

(02) 949 7733
8am - 2am 7 DAYS

Fantasy Hotline



Eliza is house-sitting while her parents are away for a year in America, and she's at a very loose end. "After one year of uni, I've got Buckley's of getting a job with the economy the way it is now. I've tried. Oh no, they say, they want people with experience. So how are you supposed to get experience if you can't get work?"



"At least I've a roof over my head, and a nice one at that. But I want to go out, meet people, go dancing, have fun, meet interesting men. You just can't do that if you're broke." Eliza's solution is to do a little modelling on the side. "Just to help with funds, you understand. It's a good thing the folks are away, though — they'd give me hell if they found out!"



stone 10 to 9 stone 4. His first 37 wins were all by knockout and it wasn't until Gomez had been a professional fighter for ten years that he first scored a points victory — taking the world featherweight title from fellow Puerto Rican Juan La Porte in a controversial decision. He lost it in his first defence to Azumah Nelson of Ghana — the man Jeff Fenech wants to take it from in turn.

One of Gomez's most thrilling wins came against Fenech victim Carlos Zarate. Fenech beat Zarate when the lanky Mexican was 36, but Gomez beat him when he was 27, which was far more significant. As a young man, Zarate had been invincible.

Going into his 1978 fight with Gomez, Zarate was the world bantamweight champion with a record of 44 wins from 44 fights, 43 by KO. In 1977 he had scored a thrilling fourth-round KO against his countryman, Alfonso Zamora, who had a record of 28 wins, 28 by KO. It was probably the most exciting match of pure punching muscle since Foreman had climbed from the canvas to knock out convicted killer and heavyweight contender Ron Lyle two years earlier.

Both Zarate and Zamora idolised

another Mexican, "Rockabye" Ruben Olivares, who first made it big stepping over the prone figure of Australia's Lionel Rose at the Inglewood Forum in Los Angeles. Olivares captured the Australian's world bantamweight title with a stunning fifth-round knockout and went on to add the world featherweight title to his credits. Going into the fight, Olivares was unbeaten in 51 fights and had won 50 of them by knockout.

In the modern era Mexican power is manifested in the form of Julio Cesar Chavez, who has had 79 fights and never been tossed. By comparison, Jeff Fenech remains undefeated in 24 fights. Chavez looked likely to lose a decision to the quicksilver American Meldrick Taylor early last year, but he uncoiled a right hand with seconds left in the final round and retained his world light-welterweight title by a knockout.

Once, when another famous Mexican bomber, "Bazooka" Limon, was asked why Mexicans preferred to slug than box, the Bazooka answered: "Why toy with the rapier when you can cut a man in half with a machete?"

Limon was talking about the left hook to the body, known in Australia as the left rip. Fighters like Limon and Zarate threw the blow in a big long arc, almost like they were cutting sugar cane with a machete. Many of Zarate's early devastations came against punchers wounded in the belly, hit

by the left hook and having all the wind taken out of them. Jeff Fenech's body punching has probably been the strongest feature of his powerful weaponry, although his punching power, awesome against bantamweights earlier in his career, was less dominant as he moved into the higher weight divisions against stronger, tougher and more accomplished opponents.

One man whose punching power never diminished was the most notorious slugger of them all, Rocky Graziano, who died in New York last year. Graziano was a street gang buddy of another tough brute named Jake La Motta, the "Bronx Bull", and the Rock was the first of the two to win the world middleweight title. Graziano was a vicious body puncher who fought in the prize ring the same way he had fought in back alleys.

"He didn't care how he won," wrote Rex Lardner. "He rabbit punched, he hit out of clinches, he hit fighters on the way down, and he hit after the bell. He charged across the ring, threw his arms back, leaned forward and swung."

Graziano's three wars with arch-rival Tony Zale were among the most savage fights of all time and his style was typified in a bout with Tony Janiro. Graziano hated fancy boxing, but for the first nine rounds his corner had told him to box rather than slug. This he had done only to have Janiro punch him almost senseless.

In the tenth and final round the Rock decided to do things his way. He raced across the ring, grabbed Janiro by the throat with his left hand, threw him into a corner and while still holding his throat, smashed his face in with the right. Graziano's career was virtually ended by Sugar Ray Robinson, who had to climb off the canvas to knock him out in 1952. Graziano had hit him in the neck and might have knocked him cold had he landed on the chin. Instead Robinson finished him in the third.

Robinson scored 110 knockouts during a career that lasted 25 years. He is generally regarded as the greatest fighter who ever lived. There was nothing he could not do in the boxing ring, no move or punch that he did not master. Although he is best remembered as a boxer so sweet and scientific that few could touch him in his prime, Robinson was also a mighty hitter with either hand, his killer blows delivered with clean, blinding precision. Robinson's manager, George Gainford, once said that every fighter in America should pay to see Sugar Ray perform in order to find out exactly how it should be done.

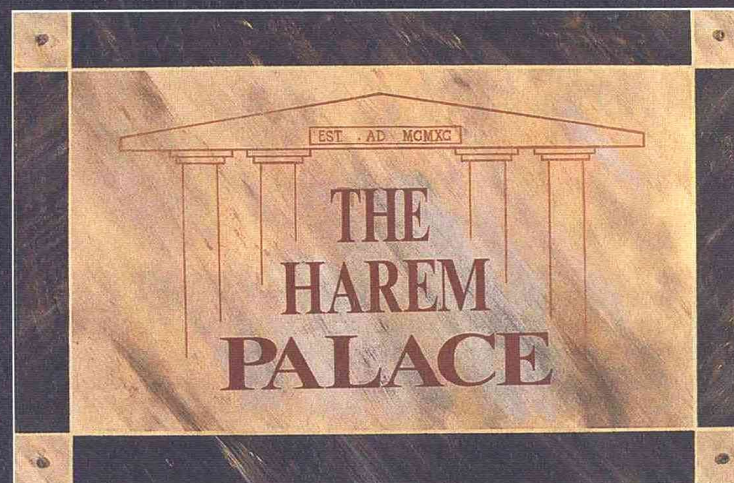
One writer said of Robinson: "He moved like a ballet dancer and hit like a sledgehammer", while another commented: "His right cross came as though shot from a cannon. His left hook was a jawbreaker. His ring brain was a veritable computer."

Robinson's namesake Sugar Ray

Continued on page 144



"Do you mind if we talk about my problems for a while?"



Every picture tells a story and this is ours
This picture was taken entirely on location at The Harem Palace.
(02) 550 9936 or 550 9664. Escorts.
Discreet off-street parking. Open day and night. 24 Norton St Leichhardt 2040 NSW

THE CONFIDENT EDGE



The **Pet Shop Boys** have, of late, been displaying *Behaviour* (Parlophone) that would not be out of place at Aunt Jasmin's bridge parties (the nights they don't break out the sherry). In comparison, **Boxcar** of *Vertigo* (Volition) take more chances with their choice of sounds and have a punchier mix courtesy of Sydney DJ/dance mixer Robert Racic. Unusual for a locally germinated dance project, they've actually got a release from a local major. They still had to peddle their wares overseas



first to generate that four-letter response "vibe." **Boxcar** co-ordinate very recognisable elements of an essentially European dance machine that spans the lilting "900 Hours" ("I'll send an angel to watch over you") to the native chanting of "Lelore" and the gentle sonic comedown of "Index."

Big Pig can rightly address us as *You Lucky People* (Mushroom) simply because they exist. Not only do they paddle their own funky canoe, they've dug their own river with some serious, idiosyncratic gospel and soul mining. Just by the chosen nature of their instrumentation, they have a raw urgency. Harmonica does a traditional bluesy wail over tight keyboard-driven bass while the massed percussion stomps through the middle. On top lie the sassy, soulful oomph of singer Sherine, the poignant, fey wail of Nick Disbray and chant-like

hooks that are at times embracing, at times cold and commanding. But what **Big Pig's** music cries out for at times is some harmonic interest in the middle of their sound.

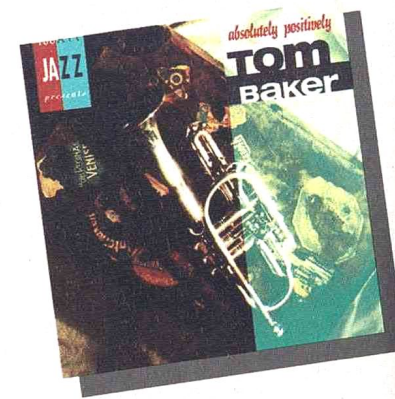
For anybody seriously interested in popular musical culture, there are a few bouts of essential viewing that include *Woodstock*, *Monterey Pop* and *Sympathy For The Devil* from the Sixties, *The Rutles* from the Seventies and, from the Eighties, *The Great Rock And Roll Swindle* and *Spinal Tap*. With talk of a *Spinal Tap II* in the air, the 1982 album *Spinal Tap* (Polydor) has been re-released. This traces the band's mythical rise from 1965 ("Cups and cakes... oh what good things mother makes"), the inevitable "(Listen To The) Flower People" (1967) to the incisive heavy metal eloquence of "Big Bottom" ("My baby fits me like a flesh tuxedo, I like to sink her with my pink torpedo"). In a classic case of life mirroring art, *Spinal Tap* have defined a whole lexicon of music folklore terminology. Lead guitarist Nigel Tufnel, who spread the word about volume knobs that went to "11" instead of the customary "10", has recently helped launch a new line of Peavy guitar amps that go to "20." To the general public, the whole *Spinal Tap* saga may seem to be outright farce. To most performers it is often perilously close to the truth, but you've got to keep smiling!

Southern Sons (BMG/RCA) have a sound firmly rooted in big voiced bravado. "I've got more than enough to satisfy you," wails Jack Jones, whose style pays more than a passing reference to Whispering Jack Farnham. It's the sort of voice that can canonise most emotions ("Heart In Danger") and make a meal out of the big ballad ("Hold Me In Your Arms"). The many keyboards have well and truly

given way to a guitar-driven attack. At times gentle and chiming, they also come out with all six strings blazing on tunes like "Waiting For That Train" and "The World Is Mine." Their concept is kept tight and all the precision instrumental guns are kept resolutely aimed at a recognisable big-radio sound.

RooArt Jazz is a new local stable that exudes some of the classy feel that the Blue Note label possessed. Their flagship act is probably **Monica And The Moochers**. Scattered through other releases are players who have at times populated that other local bastion of cabaret jazz, **Pardon Me Boys**. A lot of that current line-up can be heard on **Tom Baker's Absolutely Positively**, where the rhythm section and Baker's singing and brass playing have a great feel. These lads might not be from the era of the Thirties and Forties but they are definitely of it. **Now's The Time** have a solid mainstream feel grounded in the Fifties/Sixties, led by the fluid, melodic sax of Andrew Speight and the powerful harmonic drive of Bobby Gebert's piano. **Free Spirits** come with a more recent feel and powerhouse guitarist Carl Orr shows his true colors on his own release with tracks like "Mahavishnu."

Boom Crash Opera revisits past glories on *Look! Listen!* (WEA). Their chiming crunch



goes snap, crackle and boom in a more expansive form that any earlier singles format. Even more essential listening is the double *Collected Works* (White) by Melbourne's **Hunters And Collectors**. — *Jeremy Cook*

CASTING COUCH

The Mature Media Group are searching for talented guys and girls for interesting part-time and full-time careers in adult audio and video productions. Instant audition - do you have what it takes?

0055 20506

AUSTRALIA'S HOTTEST WOMEN!

THE 1990
EMPRESS OF EROTICA
PAGEANT

These are the sexiest women in the country, vying for the Empress of Erotica crown. They'll blow you away!

0055 22777

No credit cards required - you pay only for the phone call!

The DEVIL made me do it!



Listen to confessions of other naughty people then ADD YOUR OWN!

GAY

MOVIE REVIEW
0055 14799

STARS
0055 14798

STORYLINE
0055 14574

MALE TALES
0055 11288

ADULT TELEPHONE DIRECTORY

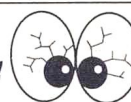
FREE SEX!

ADULT VIDEO GIVEAWAY

No hooks - no catches. Simply listen to a brief adult movie review and answer a question about it, and you go into the draw to WIN that movie! It will only cost you the price of the phone call, so dial now to win!

HETERO 0055 21117/GAY 0055 21118

Give your eyes a rest!



...RING THE ENGLISH COVER GIRLS

These delectable British vixens are just waiting to tell you ALL about themselves. They're the same girls on the covers of the best British adult mags!

0055 22241
0055 22242
0055 22243

ADULTS ONLY

Call Nice but Naughty Nora Now!



Nora tells new stories each week!

PLUS SAUCY SPECIALS FOR LATE NIGHT CALLERS

- | | |
|---------------------------------|------------|
| XXX NORA'S DEEP SECRET | 0055 21119 |
| XX NORA'S BEACH EXPERIENCE | 0055 21125 |
| XXX NORA THE SNOW BUNNY | 0055 22346 |
| XX NORA SCHOOLDAYS MISCHIEF | 0055 20512 |
| X NORA AND THE POLITICIAN | 0055 20529 |
| XXX NORA AT THE HARDWARE SHOP | 0055 20563 |
| XX NORA AT THE DEPARTMENT STORE | 0055 20558 |
| X NORA'S DENTIST | 0055 20525 |
| XXXX NORA AND MILLIE TOGETHER | 0055 22684 |
| XXX NORA'S WORST NIGHTMARE | 0055 22692 |

"EVERYTHING you always wanted to know about sex but were too embarrassed to ask!"

DR. SEX

Clear answers by a qualified medical therapist

G-spot, Female ejaculation, Painful intercourse, Vaginismus

0055 20507

Impotence, Frigidity, Premature ejaculation

0055 22872

Anal intercourse, Nymphomania, Male Bi-sexuality

0055 22871

Voyeurism, Transvestism, Female Bi-sexuality

0055 22873

YOU ONLY PAY FOR THE COST OF THE PHONE CALL

ALL SERVICES UPDATED REGULARLY

MAX 21c/22sec (Mature Media Group)

Clockwise from above: A guitar-driven attack from Southern Sons; Big Pig lets rip with raw urgency; Boxcar take chances with their choice of sound; and Tom Baker produces a great feel with singing and brass.

hedonist

Al Goldstein is the notorious publisher of America's *Screw* magazine. He is an unabashed connoisseur of sensual pleasure with a wealth of knowledge on how to obtain it anywhere in the world.

PLANE AWFUL

I've got good news and bad news for you. The good news is that there is a whole world of exotic destinations out there, hot spots replete with wine, women and song, luscious locales to suit any mood or whim.

Now the bad news. To get to these paradises, the travelling hedonist has to cram himself into a tin-skinned cylinder of misery which blasts through the skies like a messenger of death and discomfort.

Air travel. The Catch-22 of

traveller delivers his life into the hands of an airline at the embarkation point, then picks it up again at his destination.

Even if you are a savvy traveller, and you read the fine print on the back of your ticket, you still don't know the true extent to which the airline has you in thrall. The Rules of the Inquisition are contained in something called "conditions of carriage", which are book-length legal documents, contracts between you and the airline actually, required under tariff regulations. If you are "bumped" from an overbooked flight, do you have legal recourse? How about if

"Consider the fact that an aircraft is the only place in the world where they actually expect you to vomit."

do all this for him.

Even if the traveller is protected to the full extent of the law, he is still pathetically vulnerable to the whims of the airline. Knowing your rights can help, but you are still that most helpless of all humans, the air traveller. Consider the fact that an aircraft is the only place in the world outside of a slasher movie where they actually expect you to vomit. There it is, as soon as you sit down, a little doggie-bag-style puke-pouch, ready to accept your technicolor yawn. With that brown bag vomitorium in front of you, your guts scissored savagely by the seat belt and that asinine air-safety dumb-show going on, you actually do feel like retching.

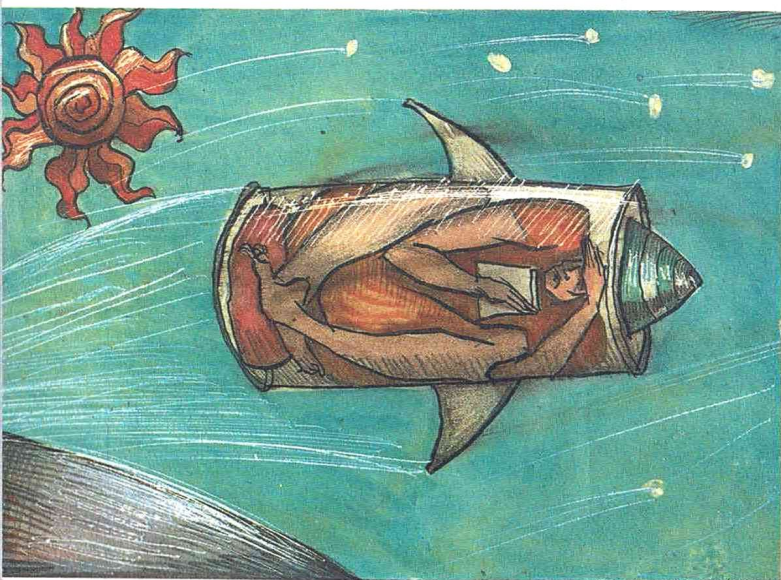
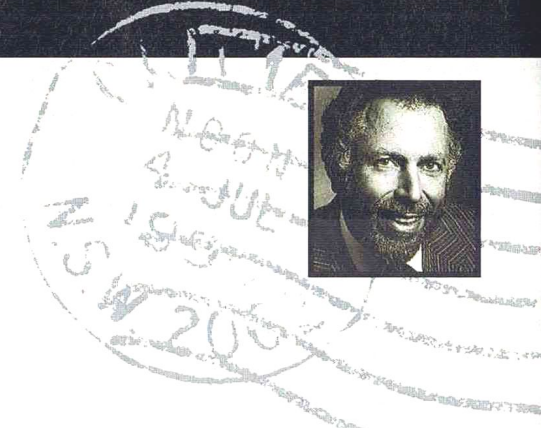
The aircraft personnel know this. They walk around with the glazed, canine smiles of accomplished sadists. The jet stream is flipping you around, your stomach is churning, and what do they do? They smile and bring you some great airline food! The only grub in the world that looks like it was tooled up in a carpentry shop. The four basic food groups have here dissolved into some primeval paste, but you are eager for it because you desperately hope some might lodge in your craw and thus hold back the bilge in your gut. And still the air crew is grinning at you! "Thank you for flying with us. Have a nice day."

I recently had an experience which shot home the true nature of air travel. I was on a flight which, by some miracle of the jet stream, arrived early. The problem with that was, the movie still had 20 minutes to play. It was *Presumed Innocent* — the courtroom thriller based on Scott Turow's book. If you haven't read the book or seen the movie, don't read the end of this column. If you have, you know that everything about the plot hinges on the last few moments.

Here we were, a whole planeload of passengers on the edge of our seats, waiting for the denouement of the film. The lights come on, the movie shuts off, and we're cut short. It was like an orgy which ended in group *coitus interruptus*. Several of us complained to the stewardess. "Oh, don't worry about it," she said with an evil smile. "The wife did it."

I was stunned, until I realised it was all part of the conspiracy by the airlines of the world to deprive travellers of their sanity. Something tugged at my memory, and I recalled a story about the torture prisons of Uruguay, where military men raised psychological warfare to an art. One thing they did to fuck up the minds of their prisoners was exactly what the airline did to me that day; they would end movies before the last reel, or show their films slightly out of focus, or broadcast soccer games without giving the final score. It was part of a program to break the will of their victims.

Now I know where the Uruguayan military recruits its torturers. If you are a stewardess on a major airline, you may have a great career ahead of you in South America. The only problem is you have to fly to get there. ☐



modern travelling. I wish I could report that there was a handful of awful airlines that the seasoned traveller would do well to avoid, but that is not the case. The distinction between airlines is between the awful (most fall into this category) and the stupendously horrible. If God had meant for us to fly, he wouldn't have created airline ticketing agents. Asking which airlines are the "good" ones is like asking which dentist's drill you prefer.

In very real terms, the

your flight is delayed? Are "non-refundable" tickets — all the rage among airlines these days — really legal?

The answers are in conditions of carriage contracts gathering dust in some lawyer's office somewhere. Mostly, the answer is, "It depends." The savvy traveller will obtain the conditions of carriage, search through them for each airline and compare and contrast, getting the best value for money. The really savvy traveller will have his secretary

PRIME MOVER.



There's nothing subtle about the rear tyre on Suzuki's awesome GSX-R1100. It's the biggest rear tyre you can get on a production motorcycle.

And it's there for very good reason.

Thanks to the redesigned cylinder head the GSX-R1100 now churns out even more power and torque.

So it needs the biggest contact patch it can get. Any smaller tyre just couldn't go the distance.

It's also the only tyre that's a match for the incredible handling of the GSX-R1100's chassis and suspension.

From the new large diameter inverted forks, right through to Suzuki's winning rear suspension, everything works in harmony to produce a road bike with the finest balance money can buy.

SUZUKI

Suzuki supports the Federal Government's "Ride It Right" campaign.

Always wear a helmet, eye protection and protective clothing.
● Read your Owner's Manual carefully.
● Enjoy safe riding.



LOOSE ENDS

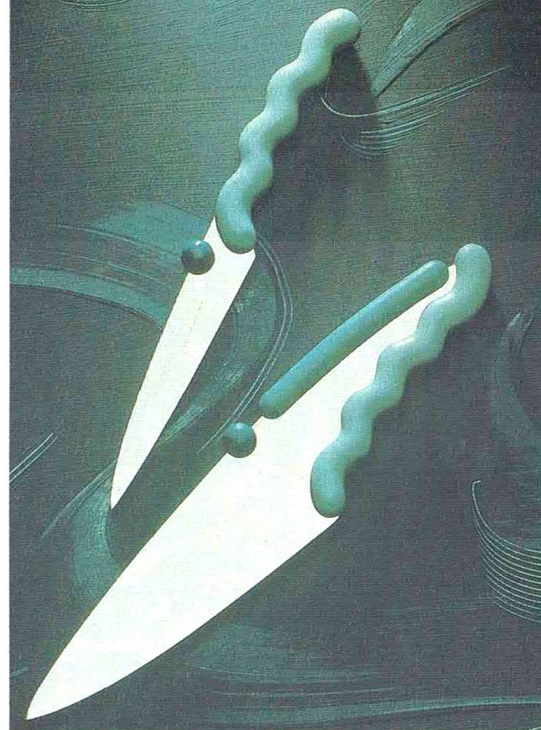
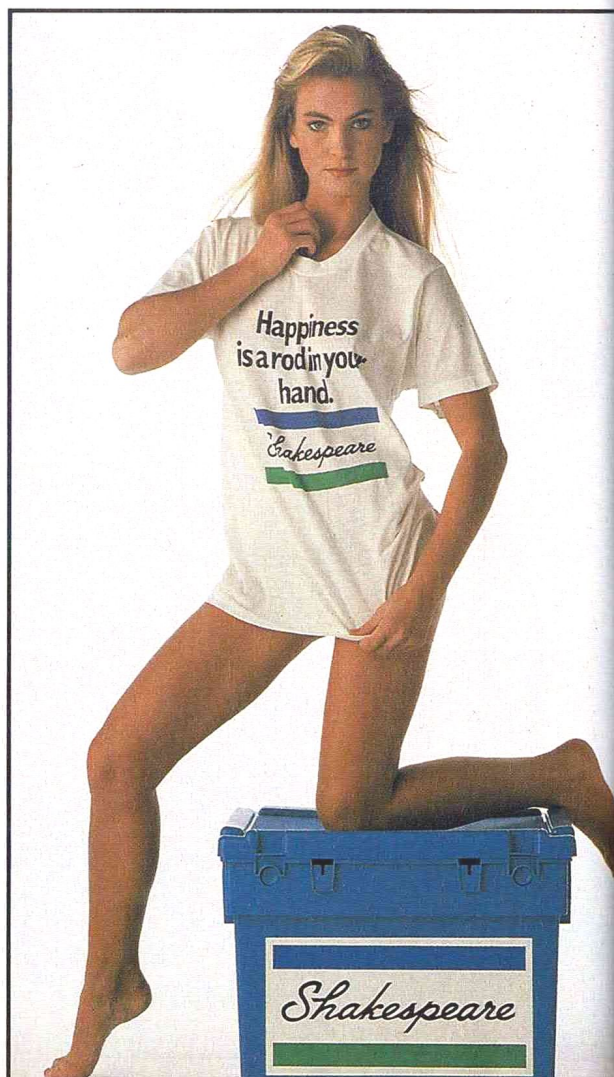
win with jack daniels

If you're not acquainted with the legend of Jack Daniel's Tennessee Whiskey, you haven't been paying attention. If you haven't tasted the stuff, you're in for a treat and a half. This month, direct from the home of the legendary Jack in Lynchburg, Tennessee, we've got ten sets of four Jack Daniel's shot glasses to give away. The boxed glasses feature four different Jack Daniel's logos in black and real gold. For a chance to win a set, just write your name and address on the back of an envelope along with the answer to this question: What town is the home of Jack Daniel's? What a tough one! Send your entry to Jack Daniel's Competition, PO Box 42, Cammeray, 2062. Entries close Friday, April 19, 1991.



FISHERMAN'S FRIEND

The folks at Shakespeare, tackle specialists since 1897, call this the perfect fisherman's accessory, though we're not sure whether they were referring to the model or the T-shirt. While neither is going to help you catch fish, the model certainly looks the type to attract a few nibbles — and the T-shirt, well the T-shirt says it all: "Happiness is a rod in your hand." You can lay your hands on the T-shirt for \$9 at most sports outlets. As for the model, she may be just another case of the one that got away.



Art knives

These superb German Geissler knives bring functional art to the kitchen. Designed by Wolfgang Geissler, the Coltello L'Arte knives feature blades in chrome/molybdenum/vanadium steel (the highest tech steel used in jets) injection crafted to handles of solid color polypropylene. The larger cook's knife is a general utility number and the smaller is a paring knife. The knives are dishwasher safe, gift boxed, and available through selected quality homeware outlets. For stockists phone G. & C. Ventura on (02) 555 7277.

HOT LOOKS

The latest release from quality optical designers Vuarnet is the Logo. The classic design is available in several colors and is suitable for men and women. As in all Vuarnet sunglasses, lenses are scratch-resistant, distortion-free and 100 UV protective. Vuarnet glasses are available at OPSM, Sunglass World and David Jones.



surfing legend

Now something of a legendary surfer's label, Quiksilver had its roots in the sport from the beginning. In the late Sixties, Australian surfers Alan Green and John Law decided to try making their living out of their passion for surfing. They designed then revolutionary boardshorts that combined function and fashion for surfers. They kept turning out just what the Australian surfing community was looking for until 1976, when surfing great Jeff Hakman took Quiksilver's designs and ideals into the international surfing Meccas of California and Hawaii, where he and surfer Bob McKnight established Quiksilver USA. Pretty soon the world's best surfers were wearing Quiksilver and the label just kept on expanding to include other sportswear including ski-wear. From the current range we've pictured a smooth steamer in Quiksilver comprene and butt logo boardshorts in surfex. Quiksilver gear is available in surf shops and sporting outlets.



SIMPLY SIMPSONS

Not since *The Flintstones* has there been a TV cartoon family created to appeal both to adults and children like *The Simpsons*. Since it was first aired early last year in the States, this very funny animated working class family has become something of a cult, outrating comedy heavyweights like *The Cosby Show*. And as things go, the merchandising surrounding the show is copious, and the Yanks have ploughed millions into Simpsons stuff. Now that the show has debuted here you'll find Simpsons paraphernalia everywhere. Tune into a couple of episodes and you may be tempted to invest in some of it yourself. You'll find it at leading department stores and toy shops.



LOOSE ENDS

the year of kristina

Though she's retiring as Pet Of The Year, you're going to be hearing a lot more about Kristina Dwyer. The blonde bombshell who blitzed through the gruelling Simpson Desert Cycle Classic of '89 and had a lot of more experienced drivers eating her dust in the BMW Celebrity Race at last year's Grand Prix is not about to rest on her laurels. This cycling champ is aiming at competing in the 1994 Commonwealth Games and in the meantime she's getting together what may be the hottest triathlon team this country has seen by teaming up with swimmer Susie Moroni and runner Tani Ruckle. We've pictured Kristina in racing driver mode at the '90 Grand Prix. With only two year's driving behind her, Kristina trained for two days with Frank Gardner and Tony Longhurst at the Advanced Driver Training School in Norwell, Qld. Then in a field of 22, and despite chucking a radical 360 in the middle of the race, Kristina finished a creditable 15th, beating the likes of John Hewson, Senator Graham Richardson and Sixty Minutes reporter Mike Monroe. As the first Penthouse Pet Of The Year of the new decade, Kristina Dwyer has set a mean pace.



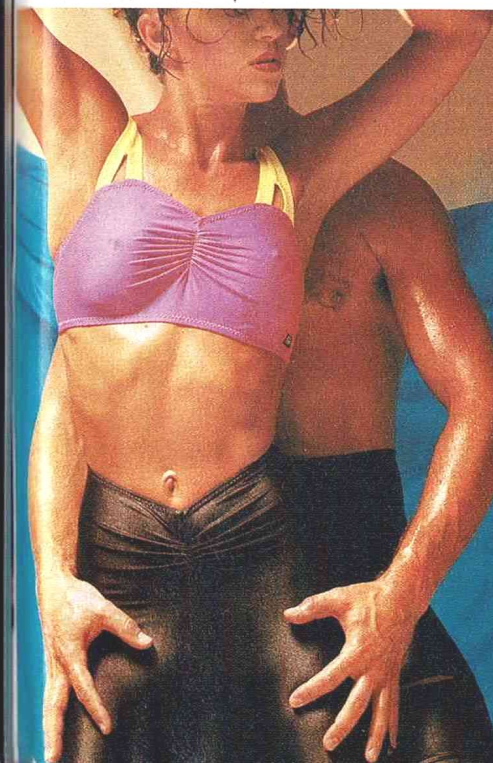
GOGGLE-EYED

For serious swimmers who like a little dash when they splash, color-coordinated goggles from Tabata should do the trick. Equipped with ladder adjustment for a good fit across the nose, rubber seal and anti-fogging lenses, they'll keep your eyes clear of salt or chlorine. From Tabata Australia.



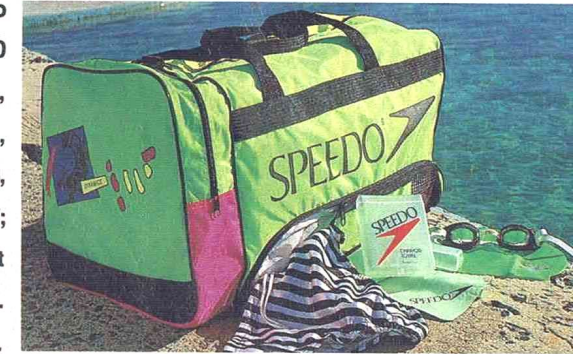
BODY BEAUTIFUL

Bo-Dee Designer Gymwear is a Perth-based fashion operation that's turning out world-class creations for the body conscious. The sleek and colorful designs are the work of 27-year-old Robyn Kotchman, a fitness fanatic who knows exactly what's needed in the way of feel and fit in gymwear, and a woman who's not afraid to inject sass and sexuality into her designs (that's the designer herself modelling the yellow outfit). Robyn launched Bo-Dee in the eastern states 18 months ago and since then the all Australian-made line has become recognised as the standard setter of flattering, innovative and functional exercise wear. Robyn's Bo-Dee creations for men and women are available in selected fitness boutiques Australia-wide. Phone (09) 370 1336 for stockists.

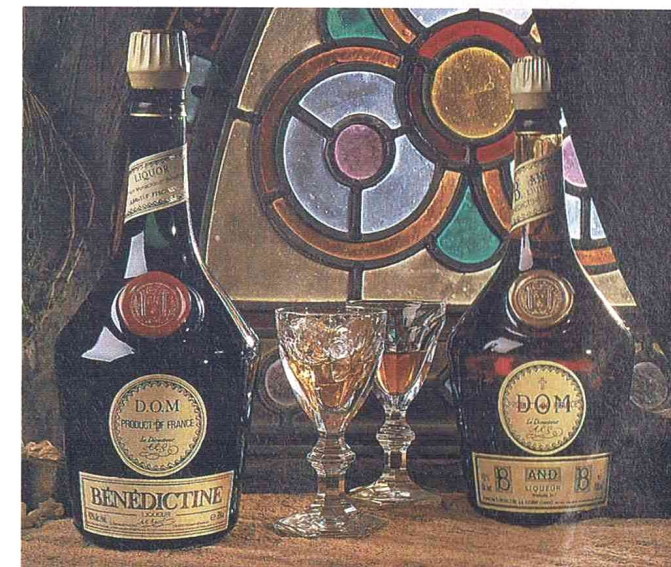


AND THE WINNERS ARE...

The following are the winners of the Speedo competition staged in the December '90 edition of *Australian Penthouse*: I. Miller, Lilydale, Vic; L.E. McFarlane, Toongabbie, NSW; D. Boulos, Woronora, NSW; G. Meyland, Porepunkah, Vic; A.J. Bennett, Ryde, NSW; W. Buckley, Hamilton, NZ; F. Ross, Spit Junction, NSW; J. MacMillan, Hobart, Tas; D. Reed, Darwin, NT; F. Giles, Brookvale, NSW.



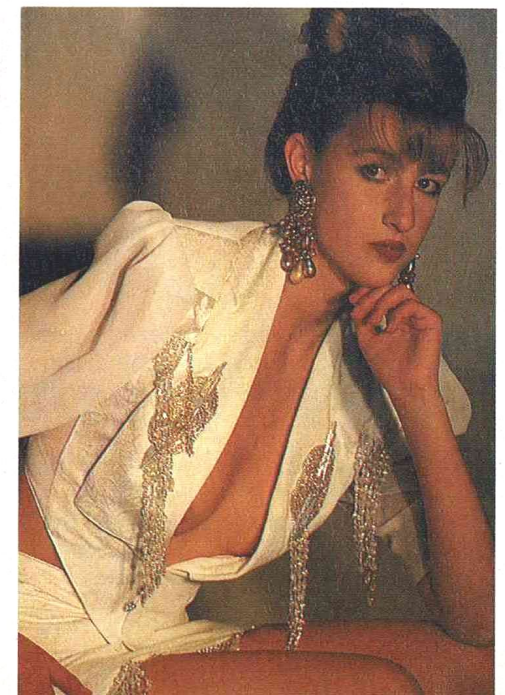
Holy Liquid



Around 1510, Bernardo Vincelli, a Venetian monk at the Benedictine Abbey of Fecamp near Normandy, perfected a medicinal elixir from a cornucopia of ingredients. This elixir was dedicated to D.O.M. — Deo Optimo Maximo. To God, Most Good, Most Kind. Said to have healing and magical properties, the elixir's recipe was a guarded secret of the order until 1789, when the monastery was destroyed by fire and the monks fled, leaving the recipe behind. A century later, wine merchant Alexandre Le Grand rediscovered the formula amongst medieval manuscripts and he began making D.O.M. for the masses. The recipe, bottle design and red wax seal have not changed since then. Good story, eh? You know where to get it.

high class

Turning heads in all the right places and celebrating the taut bodies of the new decade is what the Symbols by Jane Wright designer label is about. The eight-year-old label encompasses stylish and sexy garments for stylish and sexy women. You'll see some of the Symbols line featured in this month's Pet Of The Month pictorial. The label is distributed nationally in leading boutiques and all items make the most perfect gifts for the woman with style. For stockists phone (02) 319 7464 or (03) 650 1999.





Pet Of The Month, Samantha Dooley

INSIDE MAY AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Musical Scams — The Milli Vanilli scandal left a nasty taste in the mouths of the seven million people who purchased their debut album. But as Glenn A. Baker relates, popular music is riddled with scams, substitutions and subterfuge. After reading his story in May *Australian Penthouse*, you'll have to conclude that nothing in pop is entirely what it seems.

The French Connection — He has the body of a brickie's laborer and the face of a pig farmer down from Dubbo for the show. But international cinema's favorite Frenchman, Gerard Depardieu, has just cemented a long, illustrious career with his version of *Cyrano De Bergerac*. Filmgoers are likely to be seeing plenty more of this striking Frenchman and you can find out why in May *Australian Penthouse*.

Beer Bluffer's Guide — Ordering a beer used to be easy. But the proliferation of boutique products, drys and lights has created a confusing array of frothy options. May *Australian Penthouse* tells you everything you ever wanted to know (but were too macho to ask the barman) about Australia's favorite beverage.

Pet Of The Month — Like a true Sydneysider, our May Pet, Samantha Dooley, is a water baby at heart. So we took her down to the water's edge and let her do her own thing. The results are simply spectacular. You'll have to wait for the May edition to catch up with Samantha, but rest assured, it will be well worth it.

Hitmen

Continued from page 134

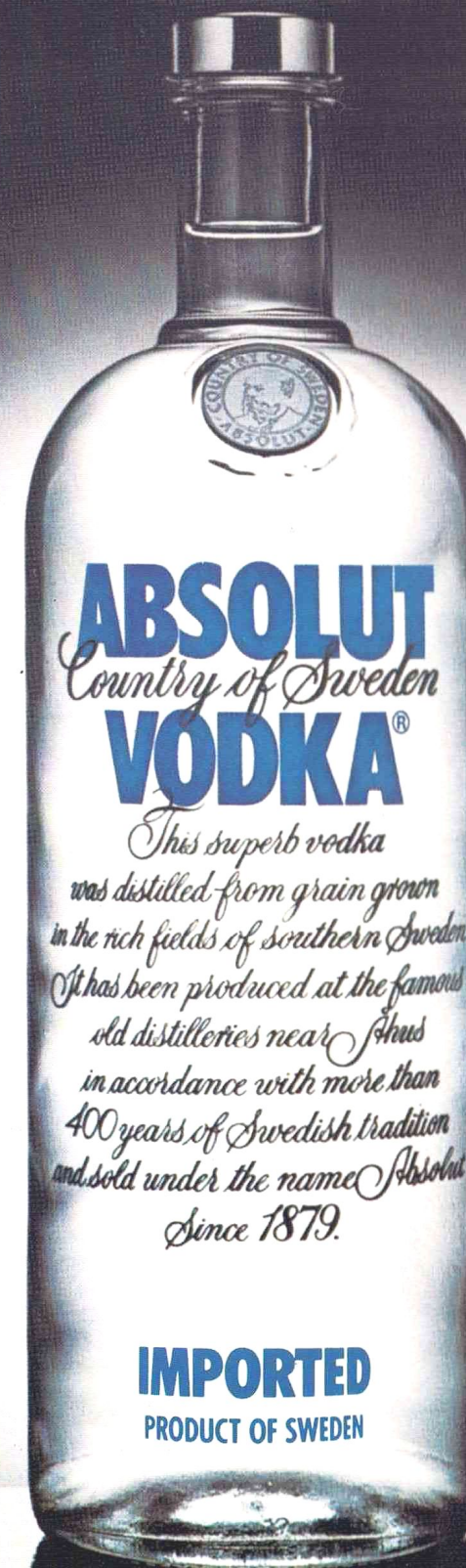
Leonard, an Olympic champion and world title holder throughout the Eighties, was likewise a smooth boxing stylist whose uncanny speed also made him a devastating puncher. Speed is one of the essential components of a big punch. Muhammad Ali, for instance, is not generally regarded as one of the heavy hitters in the history of the sport, but he knocked out many opponents — including George Foreman — simply because his punches were delivered so quickly that many of his victims didn't even see the blow that put them away. So it was with Sugar Ray Leonard.

One of his most devastating knockouts was against the gritty Englishman Dave "Boy" Green, who was iced with a single left hook that didn't register until referee Arthur Mercante had counted to ten over him. Green told the referee: "You could have counted to a hundred and I still wouldn't have got up."

In 1981 Leonard squared off in a welterweight battle with one of the hardest hitters his division had ever seen — Thomas Hearns. At 6ft 1in and 10 stone 7, Hearns was a physical freak, with a heavyweight's body supported by a bird's legs. But he developed terrifying power by using his height to gain leverage, much as a successor, Mark Breland, would do several years later. Hearns had won a version of the world welterweight title in 1980 from another Mexican bomber, Pipino Cuevas, who entered their fight in Detroit having won 12 world title bouts, 11 of them by KO. While many expected Cuevas to pound Hearns' body with that machete-like left hook, he instead ran into a right hand thrown from a mile away. It was the kind of punch Hearns used to ice Roberto Duran four years later.

Like many of the great punchers, Cuevas was a man of unspectacular physique. Punching power, it seems, comes not from bulging musculature but from a combination of factors in which size plays only a small part. Speed, leverage and timing are the keys. Explosive body weight. Most great punchers hit hard without being taught. In fact, sometimes too much thought can ruin a fighter's mind and his punch.

Boshter Bill Squires never gave it too much thought. He was a powerful puncher from Narrabri, NSW, who challenged Canadian Tommy Burns three times for the world heavyweight title in the early years of this century. He came into his first title fight at Colman, California with a string of eight straight KO wins back home. When the Sydney sportswriter Will Lawless asked Boshter Bill the secret of his big punch, the bush champ thought for a moment, shrugged his shoulders and replied: "I just 'its 'em." 



ABSOLUT PERFECTION.

REGULATORTM

***Inflatable Technology
for Peak Performance***



***APPLY
SOME
PRESSURE***

Introducing Regulators, a new group of performance shoes from L.A. Gear with an inflatable advantage system. With just one or two squeezes, the adjustable air bladders inflate to control movement. So your fit is snug and customized to exactly how you want it. Even when your game goes into overtime, the inflatable air advantage is working for you. Regulators also support your foot with front stabilizing straps and a self-adjusting arch.

With the combination of L.A. Gear's unmatched sense of style and Regulators advanced technology, your shoes will look as good as they feel. And priced less than most other inflatable air system shoes.

Regulators from L. A. Gear. See how far a little inflation can take you.

